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LITURGY AND HYMNS

Ellen F. Coggeshall — 1846

FOR

THE USE OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN.

A NEW EDITION.

Come before his presence with singing.—*Psalm* c. 2.
I will sing of thy power; yea I will sing aloud of thy mercy.—*Psalm* lix. 16.
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—*Col.* iii. 16.
I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 *Cor.* xiv. 15.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY JAMES CRISSY;
AND TO BE HAD AT NO. 74 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA;
AT NO. 14 DUTCH STREET, NEW YORK;
AND AT THE BRETHREN'S ESTABLISHMENTS, BETHLEHEM, NAZARETH, LITIZ, IN PENNSYLVANIA; AND SALEM, IN NORTH CAROLINA.
1842.

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PREFACE.

This Collection of Hymns for the use of the PROTESTANT CHURCH of the UNITED BRETHREN, consists partly of translations from the German, and partly of original English compositions. The former are marked with an asterisk.

An INDEX containing the first line of each verse, and a TABLE of TUNES are subjoined.

May all who use these Hymns, delight in, and experience at all times, the blessed effects of the apostle Paul's advice, (EPHESIANS, v. 18, 19,) "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord," yea anticipate already, whilst in the body, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, (HEB. xii. 22, 23.) who being redeemed out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, (REV. v. 9, and vii. 14,) are singing in perfect harmony (REV. v. 12—14,) "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, forever and ever." Amen.

CONTENTS.

		Page.
um Laudamus		v
	THE LITURGY.	
h Litany		vi
r-Morning Litany		xii
ies at Baptism—Children, No. 1		xvi
Children, No. 2		xvii
Adults		xviii
Adults from the Heathen		xxi
firmation		xxii
Holy Communion		xxiv
inations		xxv
tology		xxvi
tologies at Ordinations		xxvii
anies at Burials, No. 1		xxviii
No. 2		xxx
	SUBJECTS OF THE HYMNS.	
	The Word of God	1
.	The Fall and Redemption of Man	4
I.	The Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ	9
V.	The Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth	19
/.	The Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ	23
VI.	The Resurrection of Christ from the Grave	49
VII.	The Ascension of Christ	52
VIII.	God, as our Creator and Preserver	56
IX.	The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	63
X.	Our heavenly Father	66
XI.	Jesus Christ, the Son of God	70
XII.	The Holy Ghost, and his gifts and operations	75
XIII.	God's call of grace to the Unconverted	81
XIV.	Repentance unto life	88
XV.	Faith	9
XVI.	The Forgiveness of Sins	9
XVII.	The Surrender of the heart to Jesus	10
XVIII.	Communion with Christ	1
XIX.	The Happiness of Children of God	1
XX.	Gratitude for our Salvation	1
XXI.	The Love of Jesus	1
XXII.	Love to Jesus	1
XXIII.	Brotherly love and union of spirit	
XXIV.	Following Jesus, and bearing his reproach	
XXV.	Self knowledge, and sighing for grace	
XXVI.	Sanctification	
XXVII.	Humility, Simplicity, and Growth in Grace	
XXVIII.	Patience and Confidence in God	
XXIX.	Praise and Thanksgiving	
XXX.	Prayer and Supplication	
XXXI.	The Christian Church	
XXXII.	For Festal Occasions	
XXXIII.	The Servants of Christ	
XXXIV.	The Spread of the Gospel	
XXXV.	Holy Baptism	
XXXVI.	The Holy Communion	
XXXVII.	Hymns for different Ages and Stations in life	
XXXVIII.	Hymns for various Occasions	
XXXIX.	Death and the Resurrection	
XL.	The Last Judgment	
XLI.	The Church Triumphant	

TABLE OF TUNES.

NOTE. The number of the tune in this Table corresponds with the Tune-book, which is an extract from the Tune-book used in our congregations abroad, with the addition of a few original English Tunes.

TUNE.	NO. OF THE HYMN.
1	721.
4	255, 367, 402, 470, 524, 617, 853, 936.
9	256, 636, 668, 734, 790, 795, 856, 921, 926, 1042.
10	51, 431, 615, 698, 796, 1061, 1070, 1099.
11	17, 44, 55, 75, 78, 133, 155, 162, 286, 299, 319, 356, 391, 467, 474, 479, 482, 483, 496, 497, 508, 542, 562, 613, 673, 697, 885, 897, 899, 965, 967, 983, 985, 1052, 1102, 1135.
14	11, 13, 25, 27, 59, 61, 62, 71, 72, 76, 79, 80, 83, 115, 123, 124, 125, 127, 130, 40, 165, 169, 180, 181, 83, 189, 193, 194, 206, 213, 220, 227, 237, 242, 257 258, 264, 266, 290, 291, 293, 298, 313, 316, 320, 323, 331, 332, 333, 335, 342, 353, 369, 372, 373, 374, 398, 405, 406, 433, 434, 448, 450, 453, 473, 475, 481, 488, 507, 528, 537, 543, 549, 563, 579, 590, 599, 601.

TUNE.	NUMBER.
14	620, 623, 629, 633, 660, 675, 677, 678, 683, 702, 738, 739, 741, 816, 842, 855, 866, 889, 898, 908, 937, 938, 939, 975, 980, 981, 982, 984, 987, 988, 994, 995, 996, 1003, 1004, 1021, 1050, 1063, 1077, 1079, 1084, 1087, 1091, 1092, 1098, 1113, 1122, 1136, 1151, 1154, 1157, 1164, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194.
15	359, 418, 468, 607, 798, 934.
16	7, 49, 56, 301, 330, 426, 505, 509, 523, 582, 603, 637, 701, 703, 751, 755, 758, 760, 1022. 1029, 1030, 1041, 1096, 1155, 1168.
22	2, 5, 6, 8, 12, 28, 29, 32, 36, 46, 47, 48, 58, 81, 84, 121, 126, 128, 131, 164, 176, 184, 185, 187, 216, 217, 219, 221, 233, 235, 248, 251, 254, 267, 270, 277, 278, 279, 310, 311, 317, 318, 327, 340, 344, 346, 377, 400, 466,

TABLE OF TUNES.

Tunes.	Number.
22	480, 407, 502, 506, 518, 526, 532, 533, 536, 544, 550, 558, 561, 570, 597, 598, 605, 612, 621, 627, 630, 641, 648, 651, 674, 676, 713, 714, 715, 729, 730, 781, 801, 805, 832, 833, 839, 846, 857, 867, 870, 875, 893, 895, 896, 901, 906, 911, 930, 943, 947, 968, 977, 979, 986, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 1034, 1036, 1043, 1048, 1049, 1053, 1054, 1069, 1073, 1078, 1083, 1085, 1086, 1097, 1104, 1105, 1109, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1145, 1146, 1166.
23	554, 583, 927, 928, 959, 1009.
26	173, 499, 501, 737, 743, 750, 763, 803, 848, 948, 976, 1071, 1110.
30	522, 765, 1179.
36	89, 101, 120, 305, 306, 371, 445, 545, 705, 1082.
37	314, 456, 516, 812, 1008, 1141.
39	69, 204, 464, 492, 642, 672, 693, 852, 909, 1000, 1001, 1002.
45	148, 151, 471, 1016, 1182.
50	35, 160.
51	110.
54	90, 511.
56	455, 510, 770, 841, 941, 1018, 1025, 1032.
58	16, 39, 73, 171, 178, 207, 208, 223, 225, 249, 253, 260, 261, 341, 363, 408, 512, 529, 559, 687, 761,

Tune.	Number.
58	766, 845, 903, 923 1176, 1184.
66	302.
68	201, 234, 245, 36(578, 655, 753, 830
69	611, 727, 811, 914
70	397, 1120.
71	96, 410, 576, 81(1035, 1177.
74	354, 451, 872, 105(1130.
75	288.
79 (or 580)	23, 30, 43, 102, 163, 174, 23(304, 347, 357, 37: 381, 436, 442, 44: 557, 577, 580, 58: 647, 649, 664, 70 708, 723, 747, 77: 825, 860, 886, 958 1031, 1072, 1076, 1093, 1094, 1103, 1107, 1156, 1172,
82	595, 838, 961.
83	14, 52, 170, 40: 500, 594, 638, 68 962, 973, 978, 104(1180.
84	3.
89	15, 21, 447, 643,
90 see 96 and 106.	222, 228 27 350, 376, 44 452, 503, 646, 66 733, 835, 837, 900
96	87, 132, 244, 29: 338, 538, 972, 113
97	9, 10, 31, 200, 23 326, 399, 417, 43 469, 551, 556, 72: 799, 827, 854, 86: 874, 949, 956, 1019 1112, 1137, 1174.
99	88, 97, 944.

TABLE OF TUNES.

Tune.	Number.
101	665, 794, 806.
102	571, 1153.
106	4, 192, 195, 229, 281, 312, 315, 334, 348, 349, 459, 531, 534, 606, 773, 1080.
107	(see T. 599) 913.
114	85, 146, 386, 591, 691, 709, 754, 787, 871, 1196.
115	387, 395.
119	1, 74, 149, 404, 527, 756, 946, 1132, 1181.
121	309, 519, 686, 777, 780, 876, 1057.
123	322.
124	98, 490, 957, 1142.
125	232, 250.
126	(or 597) 41, 106, 116, 428, 429, 560, 569, 731, 752, 924.
127	99.
132	19, 157, 166, 175, 199, 218, 226, 287, 289, 362, 394, 444, 659, 671, 769, 1133, 1147, 1160.
136	142, 700, 804, 881, 1178.
141	420, 520, 521, 546, 602, 782, 940, 1125, 1127.
142	639.
146	70, 172, 379, 414, 416, 666, 828, 847, 862, 935, 953, 1129.
147	427, 489.
149	415, 954, 1131, 1187.
151	34, 92, 100, 118, 138, 191, 197, 282, 303, 337, 339, 413, 457, 462, 530, 565, 593, 610, 622, 724, 774, 793, 933, 942, 969, 1128, 1149, 1167.
152	109, 950.
155	60, 203, 355, 484, 515.
155	688, 744, 748, 759, 783, 789, 858, 891.
156	463.
157	37, 1090, 1108.
159	65, 368, 424, 493, 494, 514, 539, 540, 541, 624, 670, 719, 814, 817, 998, 1037, 1173, 1199, 1200.
160	915.
161	749, 778, 786, 890.
164	388, 513, 746, 1007, 1089.
165	103, 105, 491, 1088.
166	20, 38, 135, 182, 186, 211, 231, 358, 392, 425, 566, 592, 684, 718, 728, 745, 792, 797, 815, 822, 831, 834, 840, 844, 851, 859, 869, 916, 920, 952, 1011, 1015, 1017, 1045, 1065, 1114, 1126, 1138, 1186.
167	66, 94, 107, 152, 209, 307, 308, 382, 407, 472, 485, 486, 609, 614, 632, 690, 726, 800, 808, 1051, 1064.
168	77, 104, 111, 112, 119, 345, 740, 1023, 1026, 1060, 1140.
169	42.
172	236.
184	(see 549) 136, 321, 325, 360, 458, 604, 955, 1059, 1067.
185	91, 143, 153, 167, 212, 214, 365, 383, 409, 430, 564, 568, 572, 574, 616, 712, 717, 720, 791, 802, 813, 821, 826, 849, 888, 945, 970, 1014, 1020, 1024, 1027, 1055.
189	654.
195	645, 662, 894.

TABLE OF TUNES.

Tune.	Number.
200	461, 575.
201	910.
203	252.
205	67, 154, 168, 274, 280, 294, 300, 401, 423, 432, 656, 716, 742, 818, 865, 880, 883, 887, 917, 1039, 1169, 1185, 1195.
206	205, 370, 422, 459, 667, 877.
208	144, 147, 446, 608, 650, 682, 775, 1183.
211	932.
212	18, 634.
214	118, 555, 807.
216	108.
217	113, 273.
218	389, 548.
221	24, 736, 779, 878, 882.
227	661, 762.
228	364, 419, 437, 477, 517, 588, 618, 619, 850.
230	202, 269, 380, 495, 695, 809, 823, 829.
232	137, 460, 476, 864, 925, 1150.
234	438, 652, 735.
235	657.
237	581.
240	63, 141.
242	931.
243	95, 504, 999.
244	117, 384, 411, 525, 547, 587, 644, 764, 1134, 1148, 1171.
249	68, 247, 692, 694, 1121, 1198.
341	224, 238, 246, 262, 421, 663, 784, 788, 824. 1040.
376	351, 352.
483	1158.
519	156.
520	725.
580	(see T. 79.)
581	145, 198, 295, 9 1044, 1161.
582	(see T. 595) 26 , 129, 259, 263, 2 297, 336, 343, 3 757, 767, 836, 8 912, 951, 963, 9 1152.
583	134, 268, 272, 3 584, 600, 653, 6 710, 711, 768, 7 879, 964, 966, 10 1124.
585	50, 53, 55, 57, 2 573, 640, 902, 10 1159, 1162, 1175.
586	64, 385, 586, 77 1047.
587	(or 596,) 498, 1005
583	139, 1170, 1197.
590	(see 593) 22, 158, 159, 177, 1 328, 361, 393, 4 552, 553, 585, 5 628, 631, 689, 7 861, 868, 892, 9 919, 971, 997, 101 1123, 1143, 1163.
591	276, 626.
592	1165.
593	(see T. 14.)
593 B.	(see T. 590.)
594	(see T. 184,) 93, 1 918, 1188.
595	(see T. 582,) 161, 1 215, 240, 241, 2 680, 1068, 1101.
596	(see T. 587.)
597	(see T. 126.)
598	150.
599	(or rather T. 107.)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thēe, O God;—we acknowledge thēe to be the Lord.
60. *All the earth doth wōrship thee,—the Fāther everlasting.*

To thee all angels crȳ aloud,—the heavens, and āll the powers therein.
22, *To the cherubim and sēraphim—contīnually do cry,*
96.
96.

Holy, hōly, holy,—Lord Gōd of Sabaoth;
07, *Heaven and eārth are full—of the Mājesty of thy glory.*
74,

The glorious company ōf the apostles—prāise thee.
The goodly fellowship ōf the prophets—prāise thee.
78.

The noble ārmy of martyrs—prāise thee.
99, *The holy church throughout all the world doth acknōwledge thee,*
43. *—the Father of an īnfinite Majesty,*
11.

Thine honourable, true, and ōnly Son,—also the Holy Ghōst, the Comforter.
67, *Thou art the King of glōry, O Christ;—thou art the everlasting*
62, *Sōn of the Father.*
06.

When thou tookest upon thee to delīver man,—thou didst not abhōr the Virgin's womb.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpnēss of death,—thou didst open
40. *the kingdom of heāven to all believers.*

Thou sittest at the right hānd of God,—in the glōry of the Father,
10. *We believe that thōu shalt come—to bē our Judge.*
54,

We therefore pray thee, hēlp thy servants,—whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood;
25, *Make them to be numbered with thy saints,—in glōry everlasting.*
19,
05,
38.

O Lord, save thy people, and blēss thine heritage;—govern them, and līft them up for ever.
Day by day, we māgnify thee—and we worship thy name ēver,
world without end.

Vouchsāfe, O Lord,—to keep us thīs day without sin.
6, *O Lord, have mercy ūpon us,—have mērcy upon us.*

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten ūpon us;—as oūr trust is in thee,
6. *O Lord, in thee hāve I trusted;—let me nēver be confounded.*
9.

Glory be to the Father, and tō the Son,—and tō the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ēver shall be,—world
wīthout end. Amen.

LITURGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHR

THE CHURCH LITANY.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Lord, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering. abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thous forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will b means clear the guilty;

Incline thine ear and hear: for we do not present our s cations before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great cies.

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be do earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass ag us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for eve ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us,

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

T. 22. Most holy, blessed Trinity,
We praise thee to eternity. ℣ ℟

T. 132. p. 2. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

From coldness to thy merits and death,
From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in thee,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From self-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needless perplexity,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From all sin,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy life,
By thy human birth and circumcision,
By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,
By thy humility, meekness, and patience,
By thy extreme poverty,
By thy holy baptism,
By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,
By thy griefs and sorrows,
By thy prayers and tears,
By thy having been despised and rejected,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross and passion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy dying words,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By thy divine presence,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

T. 96. We humbly pray with one accord,
Remember us, most gracious Lord;
Think on thy sufferings, wounds, and cross,
And how by death thou savedst us:
For this is all our hope and plea,
In time and in eternity.

We poor sinners pray;

Hear us, gracious Lord and

Rule and lead thy holy christian church;
Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and dim
misapprehensions;
Make the word of the cross universal among those who are c
by thy name;
Unite all the children of God in one spirit;
Abide their only Shepherd, High-priest, and Saviour;
Send faithful labourers into thy harvest;
Give spirit and power to preach thy word;
Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end of da
And through the Holy Ghost daily glorify the merits of th
sufferings, and death:

Hear us, gracious Lord and

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of Satan, and d
us against his accusation;
For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may w
much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men;
Grant us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them
hate us;
Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and la
this sin to their charge;
Hinder all schisms and offences;
Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers;
Bring back those who have erred, or have been seduced;
Grant love and unity to all our congregations:

Hear us, gracious Lord and

Thou Light and Desire of all nations,
Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;
Prosper the endeavours of all thy servants to spread thy g
among heathen nations;
Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy a
ment with demonstration of the Spirit and of power;
Bless our congregations gathered from the Negroes, Greenlan
Indians, Hottentots, Esquimaux, and all other Christian
other heathen nations;

Keep them as the apple of thine eye;
Have mercy on thy ancient covenant-people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness;
And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen:
Praise him, all ye nations.

Give to thy people open doors to preach thy gospel, and set them to thy praise on earth:
Grant to all bishops and ministers of the church soundness of doctrine and holiness of life, and preserve them therein;
Help all elders to rule well, especially those who labour in the word and doctrine; that they may feed thy church, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Watch graciously over all governments, and hear our intercessions for them;
Grant and preserve unto them thoughts of peace and concord;
We beseech thee specially to pour down thy blessings in a plentiful manner upon the President of the United States and the Governors of the individual States of the Union; upon both Houses of Congress, and the respective State Legislatures, whenever assembled. Direct and prosper all their councils and undertakings to the promotion of thy glory, the propagation of the gospel, and the safety and welfare of this country.
Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for thy sake; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell;
Grant them blessing and prosperity;
Prevent war and the effusion of human blood;
Preserve the land from distress by fire and water, hail and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine;
Let the earth be like a field which the Lord blesseth;
Give peace and salvation, O God, to this land, and to all orders of men therein:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

To be prayed in times of war.

[Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he approve himself the father of the people;

Be thou the gracious Protector of these States, and of al fellow-citizens in all parts of the world;

Turn the hearts of our enemies; defeat every evil design ag us; and continue to show thy tender mercy unto these U States, as thou hast done in days past;

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and knowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercie we are not consumed;

Stop in thy tender mercy the effusion of human blood, and discord and wars to cease;

To this end put into the hearts of the rulers of the n thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, t glory of thy name:

Hear us, gracious Lord and

T. 235. p. 2. Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood:
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end:
O Lord, have mercy on us all,
Have mercy on us, when we call:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be. Amen.

O Lord, our heavenly Father,

Supply, we pray thee, all the wants of thy church;

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, th provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, bu in the sight of men;

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business;

Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life;

But may all our labour of body and mind be hallowed unto

Hear us, gracious Lord and

O thou Preserver of men,

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer bonds and persecutio the sake of the gospel;

Defend, and provide for fatherless children, and widows, a who are desolate and oppressed;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and in the midst of suffering let feel that thou lovest them;

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou hast died, not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord, thou who art over all, God blessed for ever,
Be the Saviour of all men;
Yea, have mercy on thy whole creation;
For thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Saviour of thy body, the church,
Bless, sanctify, and preserve every member through the truth;
Grant that each, in every age and station may enjoy the powerful, and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity; and make us chaste before thee in soul and body;
Let our children be brought up in the nurture and admonition of thee;
Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and handmaids;
Purify our souls, in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together eternally in thy presence from our labours:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Christ, almighty God,

Have mercy upon us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Own us to be thine.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Be joyful over us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us.

O Christ hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

DOXOLOGY.

TO BE USED AFTER THE CHURCH LITANY ON SOLEMN OCCASIO:

UNTO the Lamb thāt was slain,

And hath redeemed us out of all nātions of the earth ;

Unto the Lord who purchased our souls fōr himself;

Unto that friend who lōved us,—and washed us from ou īn his own blood ;

Who died fōr us once,

That we might dīe unto sin ;

Who rōse for us,

That we ālso might rise ;

Who ascended for us īnto heaven,

To prepare ā place for us ;

CHOIR. And to whom are subjected the angels, and power dominions ;

To Him be glory āt all times,

In the church that wāiteth for him, and in that which īs a him,

CHOIR. From everlasting to everlāsting : *Amen.*

MIN. Little children, abide in him ; that when he shall appe may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him coming.

In none but him alone I trust for ever,
In him, my Saviour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be graciou thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and giv peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

EASTER-MORNING LITANY.

The Bishop or Minister shall say:

I BELIEVE in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;—who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

This I verily believe.

We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father, glorify thy name.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him;

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit hath sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord:

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen: as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

T. 58. p. 2. Amen, come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore thee:
With longing hearts we now are waiting for thee;
Come soon, O come.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil;

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

This I most certainly believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children;

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father;

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temple;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. *Amen.*

I believe, that by my own reason and strength, I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied as a member of the church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. *Amen.*

In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for us, and shed his blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith, Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope.

And God, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, will quicken all those bodies in which the Spirit of God hath dwelt. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, *N. N.* and with our sisters, *N. N.** who have entered into the joy of their Lord; (and whose bodies are buried here;)

Also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home within this year, and with the whole church triumphant; and let us eternally rest with them in thy presence. *Amen.*

T. 15. They are at rest in lasting bliss.
Beholding Christ our Saviour:
Our humble expectation is
To live with him for ever.

Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive for evermore; And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever. *Amen.*

T. 151. p. 2. Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until we hence are taken
To see thee face to face.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

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* Here are mentioned in each congregation the names of those who have departed into eternal rest since the preceding Easter.

LITANIES AT BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, No. I.

After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.

CHRIST, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us: Amen.

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism is the answer of a good conscience towards God, the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace;

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

T. 90. An infant we present to thee,—As thy redeemed property,
And thee most fervently entreat,—Thyself this child to consecrate
By baptism, and its soul to bless,—Out of the fulness of thy grace.

(*The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.*)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N. N. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 132. p. 2. This grant, according to thy word,
Thro' Jesus Christ our only Lord,
O Father, Son, and Spirit.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, No. II.

After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.

O THOU Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,
Have mercy upon us, and give us thy peace.
By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples, Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

He annexed this promise to it, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

By baptism we are made partakers of the forgiveness of sin, and are cleansed from its pollution by the blood of Jesus Christ, who loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

As many of us as have been baptized, have put on Christ.

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well array'd we need not fear,
When in his presence we appear.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace:

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

(*The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.*)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?
Into his death.

N. N. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death,
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 58. That our Lord's views with *him* may be attain'd,
We now commend this child, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favour,
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and ever:
Hear us, O Lord.

The Lord bless thee, &c.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

T. 22. CHRIST, the almighty Son of God,
Took on him human flesh and blood,
And willingly gave up his breath
To save us from eternal death.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,—And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
That we're from condemnation freed,—Since Christ our ransom fully paid.

(*After a short discourse, follow these petitions.*)

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us,
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

T. 132. p. 2. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

By thy divine presence,
By thy holy sacraments,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

(*Questions put to the candidate for baptism.*)

Dost thou believe in God the Father, almighty Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth?
ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, who loved us, and gave himself for us?
ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy christian church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?
ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, deserving of wrath and eternal punishment?
ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is thy Lord, who redeemed thee, a lost and undone human creature, from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, with his innocent suffering and dying, and with his holy and precious blood?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou in this faith desire to be baptized into the death of Jesus, to be washed from thy sins, and to be embodied into the congregation of the faithful?

ANSWER. *This is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine in the kingdom of Christ to live under him and serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of thy life?

ANSWER. *I sincerely purpose so to do, in the strength of my Lord Jesus Christ and of his Holy Spirit.*

T. 155. Unto *him*, O Lamb of God,—Open thy salvation's treasure
In rich measure;—Graciously *his* sins forgive,
Him receive,—Grant *him* peace and consolation;
Join *him* to thy congregation,—As the purchase of thy death.

T. 22. The water flowing from thy side—Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood—Cleanse *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

[*The candidate for baptism kneeling, the minister offers up a prayer.*]

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized? *Into his death.*

N. N. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

[*During the imposition of hands the minister continues;*]

Now art thou washed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

[*Then the congregation kneeling, the following verses may be sung;*]

T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,—His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body, torn with many a wound,—Preserve thy soul and body sound.

The blood-sweat trickling down his face,—Thy condemnation doth erase;
His cross, his sufferings, and his pain,—Thy everlasting strength remain.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—Will thee protect, we humbly trust.

Lord bless thee, &c.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS FROM THE HEATHEN.

Our Lord Jesus Christ,
Be gracious unto us.

By thy divine presence,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy holy humanity, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

T. 22. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made,
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

T. 132. O Jesus Christ, thou Son beloved
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all enmity's removed,
And all the lost find succour;
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

T. 127. O Lamb of God unspotted,—our crucified Saviour,
Who hast to shame submitted,—with patient meek behaviour:
Thy bearing our transgression—hath saved us from damnation:
Have mercy on us, O Jesus, O Jesus.

T. 30. Lift up thy pierced hands most gracious Saviour,
Now pour out on *him* (*them*) that grace and favour,
Which in thy loving—and kind heart for *him* is ever moving.

(*After these or other verses suited to this transaction have been sung, and a short discourse delivered concerning the aim of baptism, and the grace imparted by it to those who receive it, the minister shall put the following questions to the candidate.*)

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, and on account of thy sins deservest the wrath of God and eternal punishment?

Answer. *I do believe it.*

Dost thou believe, that Jesus Christ became a man for us, and by his innocent life, sufferings, blood-shedding, and death, reconciled us sinners to God?

Answer. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that he hath purchased for thee, by his blood and death, remission of sins, life, and happiness ?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Wilt thou in this faith be baptised into the death of Jesus, and be washed from thy sins in his blood ?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou also desire to be delivered from the power of sin, and of Satan, and to be received into the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and of those who believe in him ?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire, and I renounce the devil and all his works and ways.*

T. 22. Soul, body, spirit, Lord are thine,
The purchase of thy blood divine;
O take *him* as thy property,
And keep *him* thine eternally.

[*During this verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the minister prays that he may be cleansed from all his sins in the blood of Christ, delivered from guilt and punishment, and from the dominion of sin and Satan, buried by baptism into the death of Jesus, and raised together with him unto newness of life, and thus, together with all believers, received into, and made a partaker of, the fellowship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*]

T. 75. Thro' thy atoning blood,
That precious, healing flood,
Remove all sin and sadness,
And fill *his* heart with gladness;
Lord, hear thou *his* confession,
And blot out *his* transgression.

OR, T. 22. The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse *him* and bring *him* nigh to God.

(*After singing one of these, or any other suitable verses, follows the baptism:*

N. N. I baptize thee, into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Now art thou buried with Christ by baptism into his death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 14. With awe and heartfelt thankfulness,
Him in the dust adore;
He who hath look'd on thee in grace,
Hath bliss for thee in store.

(*The congregation now kneels down, and the person baptized falls prostrate, during which may be sung;*)

T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

OR, T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Thy beauty be, thy glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, thou need'st not fear,
When in his presence all appear.

OR, T. 79. p. 2. His death and passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Shall in thy heart engraved remain.

T. 22. All power and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

(*The congregation rising, the minister pronounces the blessing.*)

The Lord bless thee, aad keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

T. 11. Praise on earth to thee be given,
Never ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

CONFIRMATION.

AFTER a suitable discourse, the minister addresses the candidates for confirmation, putting some appropriate questions to them, to which they reply. They then kneel down, and the minister imparts to each the blessing of confirmation with imposition of hands, pronouncing at the same time a text of Scripture, such as:

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. v. 23.

Or, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

After this the minister adds:

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

All then kneel down, and the persons confirmed are commended in prayer to the Lord. The service is concluded with a hymn.

All candidates for confirmation are, previous to it, carefully instructed by the minister in the doctrines of Christianity, with a particular reference to the Lord's Supper, of which they are invited to partake at the next celebration of this Holy Ordinance, subsequent to their confirmation.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

: service is opened by singing verses expressive of penitence and tion of heart, after which a prayer for absolution is offered up. The :gation rising, a verse is sung, and the bread is consecrated by pro- :ing the words of institution:

'ur Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was be- d, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, 'ave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body, ı is given for you. This do in remembrance of me."

consecrated bread is then distributed by the minister and his assist- among the communicants, during the singing of hymns, treating pally of the sufferings and death of our Lord. After all the commu- ts have received the bread, the minister repeats the words:

r Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat: this is my body, which 'en for you.

: congregation partake all together at the same time, kneeling, either :nce, or while a verse is sung, expressive of the solemn act. The con- :ion rising, verses of thanksgiving are sung, after which the minister :rates the wine by pronouncing the words:

ıfter the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them, say- Drink ye all of it: this is my blood, the blood of the New ıment, which is shed for you and for many, for the remis- of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance :."

minister then partaking of the consecrated cup, delivers it to his ants, by whom it is administered to the congregation; during which s are sung, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, s healing and sanctifying power.

service is continued with hymns, treating of brotherly love, com- n with Christ, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion, and and concluded with the blessing.

ORDINATIONS.

THE service being opened by the singing of the hymn, Come, Ghost, come, Lord our God, &c. or some other suitable verses, the B addresses the congregation in an appropriate discourse, ending w charge to the candidate (or candidates) for ordination, after whic offers up a prayer, imploring the blessing of God upon the solemn t action, and commending the candidate (or candidates) to his grace, he may be endowed with power, and unction, and the influences o Holy Ghost, for preaching the word of God, administering the holy s ments, and for doing all those things, which shall be committed unto for the promotion of the spiritual edification of the church. The B then proceeds to ordain the candidate (or candidates) with impositi hands, pronouncing the following, or similar words:

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee, N. N. to be a Deacon (Presb (*Bishop*) of the church of the United Brethren, in the name o Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: *The Lord thee, and keep thee; The Lord make his face shine upon thee, be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance thee, and give thee peace; In the name of Jesus: Amen.*

The bishop having returned to his place, kneels down with the congregation, all worshipping in silent devotion; the brother the dained prostrating, and after a suitable pause, one of the following *D gies* is sung by the choir, the congregation joining in the *Amen*, *Hallel*

The service is concluded with a short hymn, and the bishop pronou the New Testament blessing.

N. B. At the consecration of bishops, two, or three bishops gene assist.

DOXOLOGIES.

(a) TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

Glory be to thy most meritorious MINISTRY,
O thou SERVANT of the true tabernacle,
Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
But to minister.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Amen, Hallelujah.

(b) TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION OF PRESBYTERS.

Glory be to thy most holy PRIESTHOOD,
CHRIST, thou LAMB of GOD;
Thou who wast slain for us;
Who by one offering hast perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Amen, Hallelujah.

(c) TO BE USED AT THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

Glory be to the SHEPHERD and BISHOP of our souls,
The great SHEPHERD of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant;
Glory and obedience be unto GOD the HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Comforter;
Glory and adoration be to the FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST,
Who is the FATHER of all who are called children on earth and in heaven.

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
And every breath His praise repeat.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Amen, Hallelujah.

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 1.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy nam kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven us this day, our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us n temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdo the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears,
By all the troubles of thy life,
By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thine ignominious crucifixion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy divine presence,
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our b home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

T. 83. Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour:
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live for ever:
Can the HEAD forsake his limb,
And not draw me unto him?

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 79. This body, now to rest convey'd,
Into the earth like Jesus' laid,[a]
Like his shall rise again:
Christ soon in glory will appear,
Then we, and these interred here,
With him o'er death shall ever reign.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brother (sister) N. N. whose remains we here inter, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us eternally rest with him (her) in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

Our late brother (sister) desired to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better, and he (she) shall never taste death, but attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for this body which he (she) hath put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption. His (her) flesh here rests in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of God hath dwelt in it. *Amen.*

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[a] During the singing of this verse the corpse is committed to the grave

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well array'd I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, : whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we (unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are t Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and reviv that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrectio on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be prie of God and of Christ.

Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life, w quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and after we have (tained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and t communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 2.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy na kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespass forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kin the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die; for He is the resurrection and the life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Meanwhile none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 14. Now to the earth let these remains*
In hope committed be.
Until the body changed obtaine
Bless'd immortality.

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* During the singing of this verse the corpse is committed to the grave.

We poor sinners pray;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brother (sister) (or with this child) N. N. whose remains we here inter, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us eternally rest with him (her) in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

(* As touching children, Jesus saith, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.)

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body, which we shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of God hath dwelt in it.

Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life. He was dead, and behold he liveth for evermore. And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

T. 79. While here, the great salvation,
Procured by Jesus' passion,
Our fav'rite theme shall be:
By virtue of his merit,
We shall true life inherit
In heaven to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

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* To be used only at the burial of a child.

E.F.6—

HYMNS.

I. THE WORD OF GOD.

1.* T. 119.

HOLY Lord, :||:
Holy and Almighty Lord,
Thou, who, as the great Creator,
By all creatures art adored;
Source of universal nature,
And to man, redeem'd with Jesus'
Gracious God. :||: (blood,

2 Thanks and praise, :||:
Lord our God be ever thine,
That thy word to us is given,
Teaching us with power divine,
That the Lord of earth and heaven,
Everlasting life for us to gain,
Once was slain. :||:

3 Day nor night, :||:
Never let us hold our peace;
In his blood-bought congregation
Never shall his praises cease;
God, as man, made an oblation,
Suffer'd, bled, and died, my soul, for
Joyful be. :||: (thee;

4 Lord our God, :||:
May thy precious, saving word,
Till our race is here completed,
Light unto our path afford;
And, when in thy presence seated,
We to thee will render for thy grace
Ceaseless praise. :||:

2.* T. 22.

(cease,
GOD'S holy word, which ne'er shall
Proclaimeth pardon, grace and peace,
Directs to Jesus and his blood,
And teacheth us the will of God.

2 As fallen creatures could not bear
The awful voice of God to hear,
By men the Spirit of the Lord
Reveal'd God's holy covenant word.

3 This sacred word exposeth sin,
Convinceth us that we're unclean;
Points out the wretched, fallen state
Of all mankind, both small and great.

4 It also shows God's boundless grace
Towards the fallen human race,
Eternal life to every one
Who turns to Jesus Christ his Son.
(heart

5 This gospel cheers the poor in
And heavenly riches doth impart;
Sets forth the mystery of the cross,
And that Christ's blood atoned for us;—

6 It gathers God's elect, a flock,
Grounded on Jesus Christ the rock,
Serves to instruct us and reprove,
Confirms our hope, inflames our love;—

7 Preserves believers in the faith
Of Christ and his atoning death;
Prompts us to do God's holy will,
And leads us safe to Salem's hill.
(Lord!

8 Receive our cordial thanks, O
For granting us thy holy word;
O may we thereby guided be,
Till we in heaven shall dwell with thee.

3.* T. 84.

DEAREST Jesus, we are here,
By thy word to gain instruction;
Grant to us an open ear,
And thy Spirit's manuduction;
That we freed from things terrestrial
May aspire to joys celestial.

2 Reason gives no saving light
Unto fallen human nature;
But thy Spirit clears our sight,
Makes the sinner a new creature;
And by his divine emotion
Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3 Holy Ghost, eternal God,
We now humbly ask the favour:
Shed in all our hearts abroad
The great love of God our Saviour:
Bless our prayer and meditation,
And accept our supplication.

4. T. 106.

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst the saints of old inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their lips with sacred fire:
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart
The truth to man, instruct each heart.

2 Most holy and Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
May we believe thy written word,
Which was by inspiration given:
Thou only canst thyself explain
As truth divine to fallen man.

3 Come, thou divine Interpreter,
Our sloth & ignorance thou know'st:
Ah! teach us humbly to revere
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For all the mercy, truth and grace
We in the holy scriptures trace.

5. T. 22.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 O God, my eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

6.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy children stay
Till dawn of thy eternal day;
And let thy glorious gospel-light
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of night.

2 In these degenerate, evil days
We pray for constancy and grace,
That we keep pure, most gracious Lord,
Thy holy sacraments and word.

3 Thy sacred word is all our boast;
In this thy church can boldly trust;
This doth alone to bliss direct:
All other doctrines we reject.

4 Lord, from such teachers us preserve, (swerve,
Who from the holy scriptures
And by false doctrines would deceive
Those who thee love & thee believe.

5 The cause & glory, Lord, are thine;
Thy word is pure and truth divine:
Assist us to rely on thee,
And keep us thine eternally.

7.* T. 16.

FROM the doctrines I'll ne'er waver
In the holy scriptures stored;
O what sweetness do I savour
In each sacred covenant-word.

2 And if I myself examine,
While the book I 'fore me hold,
To each truth my heart saith Amen;
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth
With deep awe attentively:
What thy holy word declareth
Shall my rule and practice be.

8. T. 22.

FAIN would I, dear Redeemer, (learn,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty know;
O let thy word the secret show.

2 Sigh after sigh to thee I send,
That I thy word may comprehend,
That word, which learnt and understood,
Affords the soul a lasting food.

3 Let human arts make others wise,
My learning from the cross shall rise,
Thy wounds, thy passion, death and grave
Are all the knowledge that I crave.

4 With pity view me at thy feet;
To be instructed, Lord, I wait:
Here will I lie, nor wish to rise,
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

9.* T. 97.

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we
With gladness and humility
The holy scriptures may believe,
And with a grateful heart receive

As thy own word, to make us truly wise,
And not as man's invention or device.

10. T. 97.

HERE in thy presence we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ, thy word to hear;
Our wandering thoughts and hearts incline (vine;
With thirst to imbibe thy word di-
That all our minds, drawn from this earth to thee,
May love thee more, and serve thee faithfully.

2 God, Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with thy heavenly light and fire
To sing to pray, and preach inspire;
Thus blest in spirit and in truth shall we
Give praise unto the Father, Son, and Thee.

11. T. 14.

JESUS, thy word is my delight,
There grace and truth are seen;
Ah! could I study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polish'd glass,
Thy glory lets us see;
And by beholding there thy face
We're render'd like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4 That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
To us the promises apply,
Contained in thy word.

12. T. 22.

O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord;
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I'll think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining (wealth.
The strength of youth, the bloom of health? (those
What are all joys compared with
Thine everlasting word bestows?

13. T. 14.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given,
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping
In this dark vale of tears; (hearts,
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious
Of life shall guide our way, (night
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

14.* T. 83.

O WHAT peace divinely sweet
Fills my soul when I've the favour
To sit down at Jesus' feet,
And his gracious words to savour;
Then I open heart and ear;
What he saith finds entrance there.

15. T. 89.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For this word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

16.* T. 58.

MOST gracious God, to thee we render praise,
Since thy blest word, replete with truth and grace,
Teacheth us to know thee and seek thy favour;
To us it proveth a life-giving savour
Through Jesus Christ.

17.* T. 11.

LET the splendour of thy word
Light unto our path afford;
That we in thy truth and grace
May proceed throughout our race.

II. THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

18.* T. 166.

WHEN Adam fell, the frame entire
Of nature was infected;
The source, whence came the poison
Was not to be corrected, (dire,
The lust accurst, indulged at first,
Brought death as its production;
But God's free grace hath saved our
From misery and destruction. (race

2 By one man's guilt we were enslav-
To sin, death and the devil; (ed
But by another's grace are saved
Through faith from all this evil:
And as we all by Adam's fall
Were sentenced to perdition;
So for us hath Christ by his death
Regained life's fruition.

3 Since God bestow'd his only Son
On his rebellious creature,
To save our souls which were un-
And free our sinful nature (done,
From shame and guilt by his blood
His death and resurrection; (spilt,
Do not delay, make sure this day
Thy calling and election.

4 I send my cries unto the Lord,
My heart implores this favour,
To grant me of his living word
A never-failing savour;
That sin and shame may lose their
To hinder my salvation: (claim,
In Christ, the scope of all my hope,
I fear no condemnation.

5 His word's a lamp unto my feet,
My soul's best information;
My surest guide and path to meet
Eternal consolation;
This light, where'er it doth appear,
Revealeth Christ our Saviour
Unto the lost, who firmly trust
In him alone for ever.

19.* T. 132.

OUR whole salvation doth depend
On God's free grace and Spirit:
All our best works can ne'er defend
A boast in our own merit:
Derived is our righteousness
From Christ and his atoning grace;
He is our Mediator.

2 The Law cried, Justice must be done,
And man doom'd to damnation;
But Mercy sent the eternal Son,
Who purchased our salvation,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And answer'd every legal claim,
To spare the sons of Adam.

3 Christ having all the law fulfill'd,
Thro' his blest cross and passion,
Is now the rock whereon we build
Our faith and whole salvation:
We call him Lord our righteousness
Whose death hath purchased life and grace,
And ransom'd us for ever.

4 The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,
Enhanced the accusation;
The gospel tenders saving grace,
To sinners consolation;
Bids all lay hold on Jesus' cross:
The law could ne'er retrieve our loss
Ev'n with our best performance.

5 True faith by Jesus in us wrought,
By works is manifested;
That faith is empty, which is not
By works of love attested;
Yet faith alone us justifies;
Love to our neighbour but implies
We are sincere believers.

20.* T. 166.

WHEN the due time had taken (place,
God look'd upon the sons of men,
Saw them a sinful, cursed race,
Perverse, polluted, and unclean:
Then Jesus came to set us free,
And for our guilt to shed his blood:
His death procured our liberty,
And reconciled us unto God.

2 Our Lord now calleth constantly:
Come, sinners, come to me and live;
Surrender ye yourselves to me,
Repenting sinners I receive:
My life I freely gave for you;
Now all your wants I will supply,
Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow;
O turn to me, why will ye die?

3 Sinners, attend to Jesus' voice;
He is the Lord our righteousness:
Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,
Accept of his redeeming grace:
He fills the hungry soul with good,
The thirsty heart may take its fill;
He guides us in the narrow road
That leads to Salem's blessed hill.

4 Ah! come, Lord Jesus, hear our (prayer,
Thou worthy Son of God most high,
We humbly ask: our souls prepare
That we may to thy mercy fly;
That we may all believe on thee,
And on thy flesh and blood may feed,
True members of thy body be,
For ever join'd to thee, our Head.

21.* T. 89.

IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st (me,
Gavest me being out of love;
Though I fell yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above:
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

2 Love, by whom I was ordained
To salvation, rest, and peace,
Ev'n before I life obtained,
Or could know thy saving grace:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

3 Love, who hast for me endured
Keenest pains of death and hell;
Love whose sufferings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell;
Sacred Love, &c.

4 Love, my life, and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal Word,
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford:
Love almighty, &c.

5 Love, thy yoke I gladly carry,
It is easy, gentle, light;
Grant that I may ne'er be weary
Thee to serve with all my might:
Sacred Love, &c.

6 Love who intercedest in heaven
For my soul when I'm oppress'd,
Bear'st my worthless name engraven
Upon thy high-priestly breast:
Love almighty, &c.

7 Love, thou me wilt raise to glory
From the grave, the bed of dust,
And as conqueror place before thee,
Crown'd with bliss among the just;
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

22.* T. 590.

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, God's (own Son,
From all eternity,
Urged by his love, exchanged his (throne
For human misery;
His wand'ring sheep gone far astray
He sought with pungent pain,
And did for all a ransom pay
To bring them home again.

2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost,
Art thou, my sinful soul;
His life it hath the Shepherd cost
To save and make thee whole:
Now hear his voice with gratitude,
Call on his saving name;
For thee he shed his precious blood,
And now his own doth claim.

23. T. 79.

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Didst leave thy glorious blest abode
In love to sinners vile,
To bleed for fallen Adam's race,
Who were accurst, unclean, & base,
Entangled fast by Satan's guile.

2 Thou, for their sake who hated (thee,
Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
Thy life for ours didst give;

Thou barest our curse; our debt was paid,
Thy soul for sin an offering made,
Thou diedst, that we with thee might live.

3 Thus hast thou bought us with thy blood,
That price accepted was by God;
With him we are at peace;
No wrath remains on any one,
Who will but come unto the Son,
Take and put on his righteousness.

4 Never may I depart from thee;
Thou hast procured my liberty,
Thanks to thy boundless grace:
Thy wounds, whereon I trust by faith,
My refuge are from sin and death,
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

24*. T. 221.

YE bottomless depths of God's infinite love,
In Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!
Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove,
Though from man's wisdom quite conceal'd:
Whom dost thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;
Whom dost thou bless? Children, who scorn'd thy grace;
O Being most gracious! whom angels adore,
Thou takest delight in things worthless and poor.

2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful God!
Equal thy love and boundless grace;
On us thou more blessings and love hast bestow'd, (passes:
Than strip:s deserved our tres-
O teach us to trust thy fidelity,
And closely united with Christ to be,
The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,
Yea, live to thy honour, thee serve, praise, and love.

3 We pray thee, O being most gracious and mild!
Instruct our minds and teach us now,
So that in Immanuel, thine image and child, (know.
How great thy name is, we may
Ah! show us how easy it is to bear
Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal care,
That, till the short period of this life shall end,
Our faith and our love may their author commend.

25. T. 14.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
How Satan binds our captive soul
Fast in his slavish chains! (grace,

2 But there's a voice of sovereign
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
Believe in Christ the Lord.

3 My soul, obey the gracious call,
And haste to gain relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help mine unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteous- (ness,
My Jesus and my All.

26. T. 582.

NOT one of Adam's race,
If in the balance tried,
Can by his works of righteousness
'Fore God be justified:
The works which we have done
Are all, alas, unclean;
Bnt we are saved by faith alone,
And cleansed thereby from sin.

2 Ye sinners, who with grief
Your condemnation feel,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
And to his blood appeal;
God gave his only Son,
That sinners who believe,
Might not be lost, but be his own,
And in his kingdom live.

27. T. 14.

I, WITH the human fallen race,
Lay weltering in my blood;
O'erwhelm'd with shame and deep disgrace
And banish'd far from God.

2 The loving Jesus passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see
Me, wretched sinner, helpless lie
In deepest misery.

3 Inclined to me in tenderness,
My soul he would relieve
From all its misery and distress:
He said, Arise and live.

4 He wash'd away my every stain,
And cleans'd me in his blood;
Deck'd me with righteousness divine,
And brought me nigh to God.

5 My heart no condemnation fears,
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads:
Christ at the mercy seat appears,
His blood my pardon pleads.

6 Against the fiercest powers of hell
He is my strength and shield;
Beneath his cross I safely dwell;
He fights, I win the field.

7 Since he became my sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke;
Now to my willing neck he ties
His soft and easy yoke.

8 A pardon'd sinner I remain,
But sin its power hath lost;
Sin still I have, but grace doth reign;
Mercy is all my boast.

9 Arise, my ransom'd soul, rejoice
In endless happiness;
Open to thee is paradise,
Go in and take thy place.

28. T. 22.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean; (fall,
Sprung from the man whose guilty
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin engender death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 O God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O! make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace: (clean,
No outward forms can make me
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 My sin I feel, my guilt I know,
Thy blood can make me white as snow; (voice,
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning
And make my broken heart rejoice.

29. T. 22.

WHEN justice did demand its due,
And sins increased the dreadful strife,
My Saviour to my succour flew,
And by obedience bought my life.

2 My ransom from the power of sin
Could not be paid on other terms:
Run, hide thyself, my soul, within
Thy bleeding Saviour's out-stretch'd arms.

3 The law condemns, & justice cries
For dreadful vengeance without end,
But when to Christ I turn my eyes
He tells me he will stand my friend.

4 God now to man is reconciled
In Jesus his beloved Son:
I am become his favour'd child;
Christ's dying love my heart hath won.

5 What can be laid unto my charge,
When God saith, Freely I forgive?
Tho' Satan on my crimes enlarge,
Christ saith, I shall not die, but live.

6 The curses which the law of God
Pronounced o'er me, he freely bore;
I'm now, by faith in Jesus' blood,
Acquitted of sin's dreadful score.

7 Away then doubts & anxious fears,
Be silent all my needless sighs;
My Saviour wipes away my tears,
O'er sin and death I conqueror rise.

30. T. 79.

ARISE, ye who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Christ our Head
From sin can set you free:
Redemption Jesus freely gives,
Repenting sinners he receives,
He came to save both thee and me.

2 He meekly all our sorrows bore,
Us fallen sinners to restore
To life and liberty:
For us he suffer'd deep distress,
Was without form or comeliness;
O depth of love, O mystery!

3 The Almighty Judge condemned was,
That he by death might gain our cause;
The Prince of life was slain:
And since he suffered in our stead,
We need no condemnation dread,
Eternal life in him we gain.

4 The Holy One, made sin for us,
Was nail'd to the accursed cross,
And shed his precious blood;
Thus he obtained a righteousness
For all who mourn for pardoning grace; (God.
Thro' Jesus we have peace with

5 Rejoice, O heavens, & earth reply!
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
All grace his death procures;
Your woes to blessings he will change,
You in his children's order range,
Thro' him eternal life is yours.

III. THE INCARNATION AND BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

31.* T. 97.

JESUS, the almighty son of God,
Takes up with mortals his abode;
He who was sworn to Abraham,
Who ever was and is the same,
Came in due time and mysteries reveal'd,
Which from the world's foundation were conceal'd.

2 We, dead in sins and trespasses,
The narrow way to life and peace
Had neither will nor power to find;
Nor were our stubborn hearts inclined (know,
To wish, or seek that happiness to
Which love alone on sinners could bestow.

3 Then love brake forth, Behold me still
Prepared, O God! to do thy will;
I freely come, I freely die,
For guilty man to satisfy:
I in his stead will suffer on the tree,
From sin, and death, and hell to set him free.

4 And thus, to save our souls from guilt, (spilt;
Our Surety's precious blood was
The sins of all on him were laid,
And he for all hath fully paid:
Now God, as children, freely will receive
Repenting sinners who in Christ believe.

5 Out of mere grace unmerited,
Salvation showers upon our head;
Because the Lamb was crucified,
Because the Lord of glory died,
Are we invited to receive a crown,
Before the world was made ordain'd our own.

32.* T. 22.

TO God we render thanks and praise,
Who pitied mankind's fallen race,
And gave his dear and only Son,
That us as children he might own. (lence,

2 What grace, what great benevo-
What love, surpassing human sense!
For this great work no angel can
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3 The Word eternal did assume
Our flesh & blood, and man become:
The First and Last with wonder see
Partake of human misery.

4 He came to seek and save the lost;
We sinn'd & he would bear the cost,
That we might share eternal bliss;
O what unbounded love was this!

5 For what is all the human race,
That God should show such matchless grace, claim
To give his Son, that we might
Life everlasting in his name? (pise

6 How wretched they who still des-
Jesus, the Pearl of greatest price;
Such as neglect to hear his voice,
Must perish by their own free choice.

7 Unhappy those who turn away,
Or such as carelessly delay
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came
Their souls from misery to reclaim.

8 Come, sinners, Jesus will receive
The worst of sinners; come and live:
I'll dwell with you, our Saviour
saith;
Receive him in your hearts by faith.

9 Your crimes & self-made holiness,
Your carnal reason and distress
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,
Who did for all your sins atone.
(grace,
10 Thus saved by God's unbounded
You'll humbly render thanks and
praise, (host,
With all the numerous ransom'd
To Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

33. T. 590.

BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Unto the wretched and forlorn
Descends the Lord from heaven:
The promised seed, Immanuel,
The everlasting God, (and hell,
Comes down to save from death
Poor sinners by his blood.

2 Great is the hidden mystery
That God became a man:
He had from all eternity,
In mercy form'd a plan
To save from misery and distress
The fallen human race;
And now the Sun of righteousness
His healing beams displays.

The Father loved us as his own,
Tho' we from him had stray'd,
And freely gave his only Son
To suffer in our stead:
The Son, in love to us declared,
I come to do God's will;
And in this fallen world appear'd,
His counsel to fulfil.

4 The Holy Ghost had long foretold
That Jesus should appear;
And thus the patriarchs of old
Did his salvation share:
Of [illegible] blest Mary did conceive,
[illegible]ly child she bore;
[illegible] instructs us to believe
[illegible]Christ, and him adore.

5 Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
In this decree are one,
To save us sinners, vile and lost,
By Jesus Christ the Son:
The Father's love we plainly trace
In Christ, the incarnate God;
What we possess of life and grace
The Spirit hath bestow'd.
(Word,
6 Come, sinners, view the incarnate
Who us and all things made;
This helpless babe is Christ the Lord,
Tho' in a manger laid:
For us to die is Jesus born,
Adore his saving name:
Rejoice, rejoice, for all that mourn
May his salvation claim.

34.* T. 151.

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?
What manner of behaviour
Is now required of me?
I wait for thy salvation,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
Thus will my preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2 While with her fragrant flowers
Thy Zion strews thy way,
I'll raise with all my powers
To thee a grateful lay:
I'll thee, the King of glory,
For thy great goodness praise,
And thankfully adore thee
Throughout my future days.

3 Man, at his first creation
With fairest gifts endow'd,
Lost by his sad transgression
The image of his God:
But thou, almighty Saviour,
Our losses to retrieve
And us from death deliver,
Thy heavenly throne didst leave.

4 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou camest to set me free;
My shame I was bemoaning,
With grace thou clothedst me;
Thou raisedst me to glory,
Endowedst me with bliss,
Which is not transitory,
As worldly grandeur is.

5 Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me,
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:

O love beyond all measure,
Wherewith thou dost embrace
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
Which since the fall takes place.

6 No sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw his sovereign favour
To sinners in despair:
Uncall'd he comes with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

7 Ye who with deep contrition
Bemoan your sinful state,
Fear not, Christ gives remission
Of sins, however great:
He comes, repenting sinners
With life and love to crown,
And make them happy winners
Of glory like his own.

35.* T. 50.

JESUS, all praise is due to thee,
That thou wast pleased a man to be:
O'ershadow'd by the Spirit's power,
A virgin thee conceived and bore.
Hallelujah.

2 The Son of God, who framed the skies,
Now humbly in a manger lies;
He who the earth's foundations laid,
A helpless infant now is made.
Hallelujah.

3 The eternal and almighty God
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood;
He deigns with sinful men to dwell,
Is God with us, Immanuel.
Hallelujah.

4 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Which riseth with resplendent grace,
And doth dispel sin's gloomy night,
That we may share his saving light.
Hallelujah.

5 To grant us pardon, peace, and rest,
He in this world became a guest,
And open'd thro' himself, the way
To life and everlasting day.
Hallelujah.

6 For therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might heavenly riches claim,
To make us heirs of glory bright
With all the ransom'd saints in light.
Hallelujah.

7 For us these wonders hath he wrought,
To show his love surpassing thought:
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.
Hallelujah.

36.* T. 22.

REJOICE, our nature Christ assumes,
Born of a virgin, lo, he comes,
As the Messiah fore-ordain'd;
Adore and wonder, every land.

2 He left his bright, his glorious throne,
He bow'd the heavens, to earth came down
And thus his wondrous race began,
As God with God, & man with man.

3 To save mankind from ruin sent,
From God he came, to God he went
He stoop'd to death and to the tomb,
Ere he his glory did resume.

4 Behold a great, a heavenly light,
From Bethlehem's manger shining bright
Around those who in darkness dwell,
The night of evil to dispel.

5 Incarnate God, exert thy power,
Arise, thou glorious Conqueror,
Subdue sin, death, and every foe,
Erect thy kingdom here below.

37.* T. 157.

RISE, my soul, shake of all sadness,
Christ is near—thee to cheer;
Angels sing with gladness:
Unto you is born a Saviour
On this day;—don't delay
To accept God's favour.

2 Our eternal, kind Creator
Leaves his own—glorious throne,
And assumes our nature:
From perdition full exemption
To procure,—and endure
Death for our redemption.

3 O the amazing demonstration
Of his love,—which we prove
By his incarnation!
If mankind by him were loathed,
How could he—deign to be
With our nature clothed?

4 See your Saviour in a manger;
'Midst his own,—yet unknown,
Treated like a stranger,
Tended by an earthly mother:
Him believe,—and receive,
He is Christ your brother.

5 Lo, he in the manger lieth;
Full of grace,—truth and peace,
Thus methinks he crieth: (ing,
Cease, my brethren, now from griev-
Anxiousness,—and distress;
Your loss I'm retrieving.

6 Ye that feel quite poor and needy,
Come, who will,—take your fill,
All things now are ready:
He is come to be your Saviour,
Full of love,—to remove
Guilt and curse for ever.

7 Jesus hear my supplication,
Grant me grace,—to embrace
Thee as my salvation:
Then like Simeon (O what favour!)
I desire,—to retire
Hence in peace for ever.

38. T. 166.

INFINITE Source whence all did spring,
Thou of all things the Head & Lord,
Thou mighty and eternal King,
Who art in heav'n and earth adored:
Thou whom the heavens cannot contain, (above,
Didst deign to leave thy throne
To be an infant poor and mean:
O mystery deep, O boundless love!

2 The cause of this, I know it well,
Was thy great love and my great wo;
I was an heir of death and hell,
This prompted thee to stoop so low;
My misery moved the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place,
His deep compassion to display.

3 What offering shall I bring to thee,
Immanuel, my King and God?
Thou didst vouchsafe a man to be,
To save me by thy precious blood;
Thou at whose birth the angels sing
Peace upon earth, good will to men,
To whom the sages humbly bring
Their gifts, though thou appear so mean.

4 This will I do, thou Child divine!
I'll give thee that for which thou camest,
My soul and body, Lord are thine,
And them in love to me thou claim'st:
My humble sacrifice receive,
Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in thee might live,
And with thee live eternally.

39. T. 58.

O! COME and view the greatest mystery; (and sky,
He who made all the world, the seas,
Now is born an infant: the virgin Mary
Upon her arms the Lord of hosts doth carry, A feeble child.

2 He who prepared for every bird a nest, (rest,
And gave the foxes holes wherein to
Poverty endured, became a stranger
In his own world; then rested in a manger, The Lord of all.

3 But why was Jesus born in poverty?
Why did our Maker in a manger lie?
'Twas that he might purchase life and salvation,
And gain for us a glorious habitation
In realms of bliss.

4 O Jesus Christ! thou only holy child, (sinners spoil'd!
How canst thou show such love to
But since thou thus lovest, we now adore thee,
We humbly praise thy name and bow before thee, Hallelujah.

5 Thy sacred meritorious infancy
Our crown and everlasting glory be:
From world, sin, and Satan keep us estranged,
Till we shall once around thy throne be ranged For evermore.

40 T. 590.

COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring,
And celebrate with one accord,
The birth of Christ our King:
Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore the incarnate God.

2 All glory to Immanuel's name,
The choirs of angels sing;
Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,
Peace from our God and King:
Well might the shepherds haste away
This wondrous babe to see;
Well might the sages homage pay,
Before him bow the knee.

3 We all have reason to rejoice,
When we this mystery view,
That God assumed our flesh & blood,
O wonder ever new!
We humbly in the dust adore;
Lord, who is like to thee!
That thou, vile sinners to restore,
Didst deign a man to be.

41. T. 126.

SINNERS with adoration
Receive this wondrous child,
Who came and brought salvation,
The eternal Father styled:
Behold him with our nature drest,
Divested of his glory,
In his own world a guest.

2 Behold, laid in a manger,
The Ancient of all days;
Upon this heavenly stranger
With awe and reverence gaze;
He who the world's foundation laid,
Must now be fed and nourish'd
By creatures whom he made.

3 Though to his boundless mercy
No limits can be set,
Yet without controversy
The mystery is great;
Angels into its depths can't pry,
'Tis great, immense, stupendous:
Immanuel, born to die!

42.* T. 169.

ARISE, my spirit, bless the day
Whereon the ages' Sire
A child became; thy homage pay,
Receive him with desire.
This is the night in which he came,
Was born and put on human frame,
Us sinners to deliver
From sin and death for ever.

2 Glory to God, the angels sing,
A child is born in weakness;
Glory to God: our heavenly King
Descends, array'd in meekness:
Hosanna, cry the sons of men,
Hosanna, in the highest strain:
Hosanna, God is gracious,
Jehovah comes to bless us.

3 Welcome, thou source of every good,
O Jesus, King of Glory:
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of God,
To this world transitory:
In grateful hymns thy name I'll praise,
With heart and voice throughout my days:
For thy blest incarnation
Procured my salvation.

4 Ah! Jesus, thy unworthy bride
Deserved to be loathed,
And yet thou hast her to thyself
Upon the cross betrothed:
Her portion had been infamy,
Eternal shame and misery,
Hadst thou not left thy glory:
Who duly can adore thee!

5 O lovely infant! thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than every other treasure:
Come, Jesus, come, abide with me,
O let my heart thy dwelling be!
Then I without cessation
Shall joy in thy salvation.

43. T. 79.

ALL glory be to God on high;
Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky
With praise and thankfulness;
God, moved by everlasting love,
Decreed with his dear Son above,
A sinful world to save and bless.

2 Stand still and see what God hath done;
His only and beloved Son
For us he freely gave;
For us and for the numerous race
Of fallen sinners, vile and base:
Yea, ev'n the worst he came to save.

3 He as a poor mean child was born;
His birth no palace did adorn,
A manger was his bed;
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till tears of love your eyes o'er-run:
This lovely Babe is Christ our Head.

44. T. 11.

WHAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!

Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2 He who rules both heaven & earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his bir h;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love.

4 Peace on earth, good will to men:
Now with us our God is seen;
Angels join his name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor he came to save,
They in him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

45.* T. 11.

ALL the world give praises due;
God is faithful, God is true;
He to man doth comfort send,
In his Son, the sinners' friend.

2 What the fathers wish'd of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophesy,
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3 My salvation, welcome be;
Thou, my portion, praise to thee;
Come, and make thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God!

4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind;
O may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside!

5 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my judge to be,
Grant in grace that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

46.* T. 22.

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2 Thou, Lord, tho' heaven belongs to thee,
On earth a stranger deign'st to be:
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state express.

3 On wither'd grass reclines thy head,
A wretched manger is thy bed:
Tho' thou appearest among thine own,
No kindness unto thee is shown.

4 I thank thee, gracious Lord, that thou
On my account didst stoop so low;
O that my words, my works & ways,
May all proclaim thy matchless praise.

47.* T. 22.

CHRIST, whom the Virgin Mary bore,
We all with humble hearts adore;
O might all nations, tribes, and tongues,
To our Immanuel raise their songs.

2 God, who to all things being gave,
The fallen human race to save,
Assumed our feeble flesh and blood,
And for our debt as surety stood

3 He who the wants of all supplies,
Now in a manger helpless lies;
He, who the whole creation feeds,
An earthly mother's nursing needs.

4 The angels at his birth rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful voice;
The shepherds, hearing Christ is born,
To Jesus our chief Shepherd turn.

5 Thanks to the Father now be given,
Who sent his Son to us from heaven:
Thanks to the Son who saves the lost,
Thanks to our Guide, the Holy Ghost.

48.* T. 22.

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
Man as his property to claim,
And from perdition to redeem.

2 Awake my heart; my soul rejoice;
Look who in yonder manger lies;
Who is that child, so poor and mean?
'Tis he who all things doth sustain.

3 Welcome, O Welcome, noble guest,
Who sinners not despised hast,
But camest into our misery:
How shall we pay due thanks to thee?

4 Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode:
O may I through thy aiding grace
In all I do, show forth thy praise!

49. T. 16.

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born; O shout aloud!
Man by him is made victorious;
Praise your Saviour, hail your God.

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ, the Sun of righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pardoning grace.

3 Praise the Lord, whose saving splendour
Shines into the darkest night;
O what praises shall we render
For this never ceasing light?

4 Praise the Lord, God our salvation,
Praise him who retrieved our loss;
Sing with awe and love's sensation;
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US.

50. T. 585.

HAIL, thou wondrous infant-stran-
Born lost Eden to regain; [ger
Welcome in thy humble manger,
Welcome to thy creature man;
Hail Immanuel, :‖:
Thou who wast ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker down?
Say, why did he leave your regions,
Why forsake his heavenly throne?
Notes melodious :‖:
Tell the cause; Good-will to man.

3 We this offer'd Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with joy;
We by none will be exceeded,
While we laud this mystery;
And with wonder :‖:
God incarnate glorify.

51.* T. 10.

THE Sun of grace is rising,
Man with his beams rejoicing;
He renders undone sinners
Life's glorious heirs and winner

2 God makes with man his dwel
Free grace and truth revealing;
Assumeth, clothed in weakness,
Of sinful flesh the likeness.

3 What welcome shall I give the
Or how shall I receive thee,
Thou long predicted Saviour,
In whom the lost find favour?

4 Accept our prayers and praise
O lovely infant Jesus!
While at thy humble manger
We hail thee, heavenly stranger

5 By all in earth and heaven
To God be glory given,
Who, by compassion moved,
Gave up his Son beloved.

6 Here, of Christ's incarnation
And death, we make confession;
There, shall his love unbounded
In nobler strains be sounded.

52.* T. 83.

TRULY, that eventful day,
When the God of our salvation
Helpless in a manger lay,
Of our bliss laid the foundation;
Centuries had never gain'd,
What he then for man obtain'd.

2 But why do we Jesus see,
Thus assuming human nature?
Ah! 'twas done for me, for me;
To redeem a wretched creature,
Even me, yea thousands more;
Yet as mine I him adore.

3 Of such love what mortal can
Fathom the unbounded ocean?
God, the Holy One, loves man;
Sink, my soul, in deep devotion
First in love the plan he laid,
And man in his image made.

4 When this favour'd creature f
Forfeiting his Lord's communio
And with Satan, sin and hell
Formed a rebellious union;
Still with love lost man he soug
And with blood & torments bou

5 Stronger far his love than death:
Yea before the world's foundation,
Ere first creatures drew their breath,
Or the elements took station,
Worms or seraphs had their place,
Fixed stood his scheme of grace.

6 Who would venture to explain,
With what holy exultation
He foretold his blood-bought gain,
What the heavenly hosts' sensation
When, with joy and wonder mix'd,
They beheld his purpose fix'd?

7 Scarce had Adam fall'n from grace,
Ev'n in paradise ensnared,
When with parent's tenderness
God his will to save declared:
Should not such great mercy move
All to praise, adore, and love?

8 See the almighty God descend,
At the time by him directed,
Thirty years on earth to spend,
As a man despised, rejected,
As a victim to be slain.
His love's purpose to obtain.

9 What sure prophecies foretold,
And mysterious types depicted,
Sacred covenants of old,
Solemn promises predicted,
All was made Amen and yea,
On that great eventful day.

10 What shall I now give to thee?
Take my heart as a thank-offering:
What hast thou not done for me,
By that life of wo and suffering?
This restores far more than all
I had lost by Adam's fall.

53. T. 585.

MAN, by Satan's wiles deceived,
Forfeited God's image bright:
But Christ hath this loss retrieved,
Brought redemption's plan to light:
Glorious mystery! God, revealed
In the flesh, our fall made good.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,
Condescends with man to dwell;
See your Saviour, meek and lowly,
Hail your God, Immanuel:
We wait for him, he will save us;
In his name we will be glad.

3 We unite to render praises
Unto our incarnate God:
Sing hosanna to Christ Jesus,
Who assumed our flesh and blood;
Blessed, blessed, he that cometh,
In the name of God the Lord.

4 Happy they who here adore him,
As he in a manger lay;
Unconfounded they before him
Will appear, and hear him say:
Come, ye blessed of my Father,
In my bliss and glory share.

54. T. 595.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 His arm supports the sky,
The universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most (high,
The King Messiah reigns.

3 His name, his nature soar
Beyond the angels' ken.
Yet whom the angelic hosts adore,
He pleads the cause of men.

4 Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above,
Who daily in his church displays
His miracles of love.

5 The almighty God is he,
Author of life and bliss,
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

55. T. 585.

HEAR, ye sinners, peace and par-
Freely offered, glad receive; (don
Nor your hearts yet longer harden,
Hear his voice and ye shall live:
To God glory in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men.

2 Meek and lowly see your Saviour
Meet returning prodigals;
He receives them into favour,
Therefore come, 'tis God who call
Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a Child is born.

3 Now to Bethlehem we're invited,
Or to Calvary, him to know;
But ere long we shall be cited,
When the trump of God shall blow,
'Fore the presence of his glory,
As the Judge of quick and dead.

4 Then on clouds in glory seated,
He'll pronounce their final doom,

Who, while here, tho' oft entreated,
For Immanuel found no room:
Gracious Saviour, since thou callest,
May not one of us refuse.

5 May we all then stand before thee,
Given unto thee without loss,
As thy saints, who here adore thee,
In the manger, on the cross:
To God glory in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men.

56. T. 16.

WELCOME, blessed heavenly stranger!
Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 O most Mighty, O most Holy,
Far above the seraphs' thought!
Zion, view thy King, as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

57. T. 585.

PEACE on earth, heaven is proclaiming:
Peace descending from above, (ing,
Peace, good will, lost man reclaim-
Peace from God, God who is love;
Peace in Jesus, :‖:
Peace that never shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain:
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men:
To Immanuel :‖:
All the glory doth pertain.

58. T. 22.

MAKER of all things, Lord our God
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless wo and misery:—

2 What heights, what depths of love divine
In thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heaven & earth unite their lays
To magnify thy boundless grace.

59. T. 14.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we fi
And offspring are the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wre
With peaceful news from hea
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

60.* T. 155

O THOU Day-spring from on hi
When we, lost in deepest wond
Duly ponder
On thy love in coming down
From thy throne,
To save sinners from damnatio
For thy love and great compassi
Thee we praise, thank, and ado

61.* T. 14.

A WONDROUS change Christ wit
The praise is his alone; [ma
His own to impart our nature t
To raise us to his throne.

2 In servant's form, lo, he appe
Our freedom to obtain;
To show his love our shame
bears,
And glory thus we gain.

62.* T. 14.

BOTH to the seraph and the wo
God's goodness doth abound;
He calms the sea, calls forth
And fructifies the ground. [st

2 But yet his mercy to man's ra
More richly was displayed;
He pitied us in our distress,
And therefore flesh was made

3 That he as man might sympat
With every grief we feel,
And, being made a sacrifice,
With blood our pardon seal.

63.* T. 240.

ALL hail, Immanuel,
Eternal Word, all hail!
O Jesus! sinners' friend,
Whose mercy knows no end,
Love made thee condescend
With men to make abode.

And, veil'd in flesh and blood,
To bring us nigh to God:
Thy sacred name we bless,
Jesus, Jesus,
Full of truth and power;
Blessed, blessed,
Blessed evermore.

64. T. 586.

I WILL rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love;
I'm lost in wonder at his favour,
Which him to leave his throne could move,
To take upon him human nature,
To suffer for his wretched creature,
Dire anguish, keenest pain.
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

65. T. 159.

WISDOM and power to Christ belong
Who left his glorious throne;
The new, the blessed gospel-song
Is due to him alone;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraphs' lays:
To us, to us God's Son is given,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

66. T. 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,
Thou, the woman's promised seed:
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
Deign throughout the earth to spread:
By thy holy incarnation,
Life and death, our guilt remove,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Bless us with thy heavenly love.

67. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Saviour, moved by love,
Thou the lofty heavens didst bow,
Thou didst leave thy throne above,
With lost man to dwell below;
Here among us thou wilt be,
We rejoice alone in thee,
Here thy name we will record,
O Immanuel, our Lord!

68. T. 249.

WITH awe and deeply bow'd,
We praise :‖: the incarnate God,
Who took our flesh and blood;
Unto the child at Bethlehem,
Whose birth the angelic choirs proclaim,
We our thank-offerings bring,
And grateful sing
Praise to our heavenly King.

69.* T. 39.

TO GOD our Immanuel, made flesh as we are,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Brother most dear,
Be honour and glory: Let with one accord
All people say, Amen, Give praise to the Lord.

IV. THE NAME OF JESUS, AND HIS WALK ON EARTH.

70.* T. 146.

LORD Jesus, when I trace
Thee as the great Creator,
With fear I hide my face;
But when in human nature
I see thy deep distress,
And lowliness of heart,
I freely must confess
That thou my brother art.

Therefore I'll thee adore
With deep humiliation,
And own thee evermore
Lord of the whole creation;
But thy humanity,
Thy birth, thy life and death
Unite my soul to thee,
While here on earth I breathe.

71. T. 14.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
To a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear,

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:—

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King:
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak are the efforts of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may thy saving Jesus' name
Refresh my soul in death.

72. T. 14.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
I gladly would thy praises sound,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
In thee is all my trust;
Jewels to me are gaudy toys.
And gold is sordid dust.

3 O may thy name still cheer my [heart,
And shed its fragrance there:
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
When speechless, thou shalt be my [hope,
My joy in life and death.

73.* T. 58.

SACRED name of Jesus,
So great and holy,
That all our tongues can never praise thee truly,
'Fore thee we bow.

2 Saving name of Jesus,
In which salvation
Is preach'd to every kindre
and nation, Might all the

3 Blessed name of Jesus,
How efficacious
To save, to sanctify, and to
us, Thee

4 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Name so revered
By all believers, they can
wearied In prais

5 Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesu
Fore

74. T. 11

JESUS' name, :‖:
Source of life and happines
In this name true consolati
Mourning sinners may poss
Here is found complete salv
Blessed Jesus, we thy n
All our days. :‖:

2 God with us, :‖:
God appears in human fran
In his name rejoice with gl
Since to save lost man he c
None need sink in hopeless
For Immanuel is now with
God with us. :‖:

75.* T. 1

JESUS is our highest good,
He hath saved us by his blo
May we love him evermore
And his sacred name adore.

2 Jesus, when stern justice
Man his life hath forfeited,
Vengeance follows by decre
Cried, Inflict it all on me.

3 Jesus gives us life and pe
Faith, and love, and holine
Every blessing, great or sm
Jesus for us purchased all.

4 Jesus therefore let us ow
Jesus we'll exalt alone,
Jesus hath our sins forgiven
Jesus' blood procured us hea

76. T. 14.

MY God a man, a man indeed,
An infant truly poor:
Born for a sinful race to bleed;
Salvation to procure!

2 Who can describe the loveliness,
Which was, blest Child, in thee?
Thy whole deportment heavenly
And true humility. [grace

3 According to the appointed plan,
My infant Saviour grew
In favour both with God and man,
In years and stature too.

4 My Saviour learned Joseph's trade,
Was call'd a carpenter,
And therefore that he earn'd his
We justly may infer. [bread

5 Often oppress'd with human care,
He to his Father sighs,
Or spends the night in fervent pray'r
And offers tears and cries.

6 Again, as teacher of mankind
I see my humble Lord:
How cheerfully was he inclined
To preach the saving word.

7 To comfort men was his delight,
To help them in distress,
He ready was by day and night
To pardon, heal, and bless.

8 Oft he was hungry, spent, and sad,
In his own world a guest,
And of his own no place he had,
His weary head to rest.

9 Ah! might my heart a mirror be,
Reflecting Jesus' grace,
That all who my behaviour see,
May some resemblance trace.

10 Grant me that meek and lowly mind,
Thou hast on earth display'd,
Which in thy holy life I find,
My Pattern, Lord, and Head.

77.* T. 168.

MAN of sorrows and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on thee lay:
Had I seen thee clothed in weakness
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend thee day and night
Would have been my heart's delight.

2 O that to this heavenly stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till he cried, 'Tis finished:
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own, and I had waited
On him from his infancy
In a constant liturgy.

3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watch'd his every motion,
And my Lord my pattern made:
More have angels ne'er desired,
Than on him, or far retired,
Or at home, awake, asleep,
Fix'd their wondering eyes to keep.

4 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace?
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find!

5 Oft to prayer by night retreated;
See him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes and sighs repeated
Witness'd still the morning dawn,
There, where he made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins he wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

6 Should I thus to thee have cleaved
'Midst thy poverty and woes,
On thee as my Lord believed,
Or perhaps have join'd thy foes?
Ah! thy mercy I had spurned:
But thyself my heart has turned;
Now thou know'st, beneath, above,
Nought compared with thee I love.

78. T. 11.

SEE, my soul, God ever blest
In the flesh made manifest;
Human nature he assumes,
He, to ransom sinners, comes.

2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place;
From the manger to the cross
All he did, he did for us:—

3 All our woes he did retrieve,
He expired that we might live:
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our pardon's seal'd.

4 Lord, conform us to thy death,
Raise us to new life by faith;
Through thy resurrection's power
May we praise thee evermore.

5 Circumcise our sinful hearts;
Purify our inward parts:
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find.

6 In thy righteousness array'd
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

79*. T. 14.

IMMANUEL'S meritorious tears
Assuage our every pain;
His bitter sufferings, cries & prayers
Our fav'rite theme remain.

2 When Jesus' suffering life we trace,
In every scene we find,
That he a man of sorrows was,
Though of unspotted mind.

3 All they who weeping now go forth
And bear the precious seed,
May in our Saviour's walk on earth
Pattern and comfort read.

4 Among the evils of the fall
Which soul and body grieve,
This the most dreadful is of all,
That sin to us doth cleave.

5 Whene'er the Holy Ghost displays
To our benighted hearts,
That we are wretched, vile and base,
And light to us imparts,—

6 How do we blush with conscious [shame,
While tears of anguish flow;
And did we not the suffering Lamb,
The friend of sinners know,—

7 Despairing, we should never cease
To weep most bitter tears;
But faith in Jesus' saving grace
The mourning sinner cheers.

8 When we have that great bliss at-
To find, that in all need [tain'd
Christ is our counsellor and friend,
Then are we help'd indeed.

9 Oh! 'tis the greatest happiness,
When of his peace divine
We have a feeling, and he says,
Fear not, for thou art mine.

10 Our thankful tears then testify
That Jesus wept for us,
And we, possessing heavenly joy,
For him count all things loss.

11 Yet tears of grief at times bedew
Our cheeks while here we stay;
When we in heaven his face shall [view,
He'll wipe all tears away.

80. T. 14.

O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears
And I bow down my head,

2 Thy suffering life I cannot trace
Or read thy sacred word,
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
To thee, my gracious Lord.

3 What am I, Lord, that thou so [much
Shouldst love and value me;
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such
Didst bear thy misery.

81. T. 22.

MY dear Redeemer, God and Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Set forth in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More likeness of thine image here;
And at thy right hand me confess,
Arrayed in thy righteousness.

82. T. 79.

THE wise men from the East adored
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King:
Jesus, grant us thy light that we
The way may find, and unto thee
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2 May Jesus Christ, the spotless [Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rites to pay,
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we his precepts may fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

83. T. 14.

SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

2 In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me show forth thy praise;
Thy bright example still pursue
Through all my future days.

3 By faith thro' outward cares I go
From all distraction free:
My hands alone engaged below,
My spirit still with thee.

4 When thou my Saviour shalt ap- [pear,
Then gladly may I cry,
The work thou gavest me while here
Is done,—to thee I fly.

84.* T. 22.

WHEN we in spirit Jesus see,
Array'd in frail humanity,
As toiling, sleeping, or awake,
Abased we own, 'twas for our sake.

2 May all those blessings on us flow,
And in our lives their virtue show,
Which from the manger to the cross
Thou, Lord, hast merited for us.

V. THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

85. T. 114.

WHAT human mind can trace the condescension
Of our Almighty Maker's love to man? [scan;
No angel can the hidden mystery
Redeeming love is past our compre- [prove
hension;
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can
From Jesus' agony that God is love.

2 Pursue, my soul, the sacred medi- [God;
tation,
And view the agonizing Lamb of
See him oppressed with the pon- [mind.
derous load
Of all thy sins, to purchase thy sal-
vation:
He riseth with a heart-affecting look,
And with his followers passeth Ce-
dron's brook.

3 My spirit now with solemn, deep devotion
Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane:
There he on my account doth weep and pray,
O'ercome with horror at the bitter potion;
Yet to his Father's will he is re- [mind.
sign'd:
Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient

4 I see my Saviour kneeling, groaning, weeping;
He prostrates on the ground and prays for me,
Yea, trembling, wrestleth in an agony;
And while his sad disciples all are sleeping,
His soul in grief, his eyes in tears are drown'd,
His sweat as drops of blood falls to the ground.

5 By all thy grief, thy tears and supplication,
Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony,
O grant that I may love thee ardently: [consolation:
Be thou, dear Lord, my life and
Whene'er temptation would my soul beset,
I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

86. T. 79.

BEHOLD, how in Gethsemane
The incarnate God doth sweat for
Till drops of blood fall down; [thee,
For thee the Lord lies prostrate there, [prayer,
Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful
Mark every dol'rous sigh and groan.

2 I'm lost in wonder and amaze:
Here I'll abide, and melt, and gaze;
'Tis God's beloved Son:
How heavy is the weight he bears;
His soul is fill'd with grief and fears;
Lo, now the bitter cup comes on.

3 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me?
Dost thou endure such misery,
To give me life and peace?
Then will I henceforth ne'er forget,
That thou didst on Mount Olivet
By pray'rs and tears gain my release.

87. T. 96.

OFTEN I call to mind the place
Gethsemane, to which the Lamb,
Who loved to be in loneliness,
With his disciples often came;
Where out of boundless love to me,
He wrestled in an agony.

2 There, overwhelm'd with grief, he said:
My soul is sorrowful to death;
And suffering freely in my stead,
He drank the bitter cup of wrath:
Now on his knees, then on his face,
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds, and prays.

3 So loved me the eternal God,
That he became the Son of man,
And took my sins' prodigious load;
My soul admire the gracious plan:
Thy stripes, thy guilt, and curse he
Believe and thankfully adore. [bore;

88.* T. 99.

MOST awful sight! my heart doth [break:
Oh! it can ne'er my mind forsake,
How thou for me hast wept and pray-
Might I for thy soul's agony, [ed:
When wrestling with death bitterly,
Lord, as thy trophy be displayed.

89.* T. 36.

GOD in a garden suffers in our nature;
He faints who cheers and comforts every creature;
An angel strengthens his Creator yonder: Adore and wonder.

90.* T. 54.

GO, congregation, go and see
Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;
There is a scene which with amaze
Must strike thee: there astonish'd gaze: Thy Maker prays.

91.* T. 185.

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with anguish,
Went to Olivet for me:
There he kneels, his heart doth heave and languish
In a bitter agony;
Fear and horror seize his soul and senses, [mences:
For the hour of darkness now com-
Ah! how doth he weep and groan,
For rebellious man to atone.

2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load: [ed
Tho' an angel comforts the distress-
Weak and fainting Lamb of God,
Yet, what trembling seizeth him all over, [age cover,
Tears, and sweat, and blood his vis-
And in drops fall to the ground,
While his heart in grief is drown'd.

3 Stripes and cruel mockeries he endured,
Meek and patient, in our stead;
How are Jesus' gracious eyes obscured:
View his wounded back and head;

He, whom thorns and scourges lacerated, [created;
Is the Lord, who all things hath
Ah! his sufferings, pain, and wo
Make my eyes with tears o'erflow.

4 See him bear his cross in deep affliction
On his sore and wounded back,
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
Where his limbs they stretch and rack: [ter,
As a Lamb he's led unto the slaugh-
And his soul is poured out like wa-
Vinegar and gall he tastes, [ter;
While his suffering body wastes.

5 Now behold him weeping, bleeding, crying,
'Midst two thieves upon the cross:
Lo, he bows his sacred head, and,
Life eternal gains for us: [dying,
Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction, [punction;
To consider this with heart's com-
Might our words and actions prove
That we know thy dying love.

6 Our enraptured hearts shall ne'er be weary
On our dying Lord to gaze: [ry,
At his cross in faith we wish to tar-
There shall be our hiding-place;
May his dying look remain engraven
On our hearts; for pardon, life, and heaven
Our Redeemer then procured,
When he death for us endured.

7 Therefore all his agony & passion,
And his sin-atoning death
Shall remain thro' grace our faith's foundation,
While we draw our vital breath:
Thus shall neither honour, wealth, nor pleasures, [sures;
Rob our souls of everlasting trea-
Jesus both by day and night
Shall remain our sole delight.

8 Could we tune our hearts and voices higher
Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest praise: [sion,
Jesus' love exceeds all comprehen-
But our love to him we scarce dare mention;
We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

9 O delightful theme, past all expression!
Thy Redeemer died for thee:
Ah! this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear, He died for me:
Might my thoughts, my words and whole behaviour. [Saviour;
Prove that I believe in Christ my
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

10 Lamb of God, thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme:
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favour,
We will praise thy saving name:
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded, [sounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the Church above.

92.* T. 151.

THOU Source of my salvation,
Thou Conqueror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation
In torments yield thy breath;
Who barest the dreadful sentence
Due to man's cursed race,
To screen my soul from vengeance;
Accept my thanks and praise.

2 I'll go with thee, my Saviour,
Up to Mount Calvary;
And view with spirit's fervour
All thou hast done for me:
Thus with intense devotion
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through his pores in anguish
The blood ev'n forced its way:
The load which him oppresses,
I, I deserved to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

4 My Saviour was betrayed,
Reproach and sufferings met;
My sins the Lord conveyed
'Fore Pilate's judgment-seat;
These, these did him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
I should have felt for ever
The pangs my God sustain'd.

5 Behold the man, he beareth
God's wrath and curse for us:
A crown of thorns he weareth,
For us endures the cross:
There, to complete his passion,
His sorrows, pain, and wo,
His blood for our salvation
In copious streams doth flow.

6 Thou for thy foes entreatest;
Lord Jesus, who was I?
Thy friends thou not forgettest;
Turn, Lord, to me, thine eye:
Thy mouth now grace declareth
To the repenting thief;
My guilty soul this cheereth;
Of sinners I am chief.

7 Thou anxiously complainest,
My God forsaketh me:
I thirst, thou then exclaimest,
Yet none refresheth thee:
Thy passion being ended
Thou criest, 'Tis finished:
My spirit be commended
To God:—'Twas finished.

8 My heart with love is glowing,
I see my Saviour die;
His head I see him bowing,
This brought me endless joy:
He gave his soul an offering
For sin, that I might live;
He saved me by his suffering,
To him myself I give.

9 Thou God of my salvation,
In whom I trust by faith,
Who hast for my transgression
Lain in the dust of death;
I place upon thy merit
While here my confidence;
And will commend my spirit
To thee, when I go hence.

10 Lord, grant me thy salvation
And peace divine, I pray,
While under tribulation
On earth below I stay;
Till I shall stand before thee,
And for redeeming grace,
With all thy saints in glory,
My hallelujah raise.

93.* T. 594.

WITH my sins' heavy load oppressed,
In spirit I my Saviour view,
I see him mourning and distressed,
While floods of tears his cheeks bedew:
To change my sorrow into gladness,
His sweat was mix'd with blood, and he,
Fill'd with unutterable sadness,
Trembled and agonized for me.

2 O'erwhelm'd with grief and rack'd with torment,
He's pain'd in every weary limb;
They that should watch with him lie dormant,
An angel comes to comfort him:
O how heart-piercingly he prayed,
When he his Father did accost,
To have the bitter cup delayed:
Here is my soul in wonder lost.

3 I see his countenance defiled,
His forehead spit on I behold;
I see him laugh'd at and reviled,
Sharp-pointed thorns his head infold:
Thus to the multitude displayed,
His back with cruel scourges torn,
A reed he beareth, is arrayed
In purple, and then hail'd in scorn.

4 Fainting beneath the cross's bu[rden]
He enters on his dolorous road;
For us to purchase peace and parde[n]
Aforehand feels the curse of God:
I see him now in sore affliction
Ascend the brow of Calvary;
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,
Thereby it was he saved me.

5 I see his hands and feet extend[ed]
Upon the cross in keenest smart
He bows his head, the conf[lict]
ended:
I see the spear transfix his hea[rt]
Thus closed he his bitter passi[on]
Expiring on the accursed tree,
Then horror seized the whole
But streams of grace came ove[r]

6 The thought of blood and
bursting
From God, my rock, o'ercom[e]
I for that living flood am thir[sty]
O may it stream thro' every
Lord, for thy love with adorr
I'll thank and laud thee all
Long as I live shall each pu
And every breath declare th

7 This awful, blessed medit
Oft fills my soul with
shame,
That Jesus died for my sal
Who to his mercy had no

or I am, how void of glory,
ord, know'st best; but yet
n I [thee,
ll my ailments come before
is granted presently.

Jesus, art my God and
our,
ll I serve with all my power,
I'll meditate for ever,
thy goodness thee adore:
ng love hath captivated
t, and now my chief delight,
heaven I am translated,
oy thee day and night.

1. T. 167.

High-priest, we view thee
ping,
oar names upon thy breast,
arden, groaning, drooping,
ground with horrors prest;
aw, struck with amazement,
Creator suffer thus;
fill'd with deep abasement,
we know 'twas done for us.

to thy garden lead us,
hold thy bloody sweat, [us,
ou from the curse hast freed
ve ne'er the cost forget:
roans and cries rehearsed
Spirit in our ears,
viewing whom we pierced,
fore thee in grateful tears.

cross thy body broken
ls every legal charge;
this authentic token,
souls are set at large,
ished, truth hath said it,
no more, believe your
l;
reason give no credit,
ave his unerring word.

we fain would trust thee
y,
for us thy blood was spilt;
Saviour, take us wholly,
ind form us as thou wilt;
st borne the dreadful sen-
,
on man's devoted race:
faith and true repentance,
e thy gifts, thou God of
.

95. T. 243.

GO, follow the Saviour,
Consider his travail,
Adore him for ever,
Ye sinners, and marvel;
It is for you—he suffers so.

2 With tears interceding
Your load he sustaineth,
And sweating and bleeding
Your pardon he gaineth;
All who believe—he'll freely save.

3 He's mock'd and defamed,
'Midst scourging and torture;
By sinners is blamed,
And led to the slaughter;
While thorns disgrace—his royal face.

4 Behold the Lord Jesus,
For you he is wounded,
He bleeds to release us;
His love is unbounded:
For evermore—his name adore.

5 When to the cross nailed
He hung on the mountain,
That we might be healed,
Blood, as from a fountain,
Flow'd from his wounds:—there health abounds.

6 Our meek suffering Saviour
Pray'd for his oppressors,
And gained God's favour
For us vile transgressors;
He thus displays—his boundless grace.

7 When he had prevailed,
And all was accomplish'd,
By prophets revealed,
He cried: "It is finish'd;"
Then bow'd his head—and join'd the dead.

8 Accept for thy passion,
Most merciful Saviour,
Our deep adoration:
Remain thou for ever
Our highest good,—O Lamb of God.

96. T. 71.

HAIL, suffering Lamb of God,
Whose sweat was mix'd with blood
In Olivet's garden,

When thy prevailing prayers,
Join'd with strong cries and tears,
Procured our pardon.

2 Thy bitter agony
Upon my heart shall be
Deeply impressed;
O may I ne'er forget
The price, at which my debt
Hath been erased.

3 Thy countenance divine,
Round which sharp thorns did twine,
Thy dereliction,
Thy having borne our curse,
To us now proves a source
Of benediction.

4 'Tis finished, Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies,
Our pardon's sealed.
All hail, in death tho' pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail!
Thou hast prevailed.

5 Thy head bow'd down in death.
Thy last expiring breath,
Thy side thro'-pierced,
Thy wounds in hands and feet,
By us in accents sweet
Shall be rehearsed.

97*. T. 99.

I SMITE upon my guilty breast,
And stand myself the cause confest
Of all my Saviour hath sustained:
On Olivet and Golgotha
Deeply abased I gaze with awe;
There, there he bliss for me obtained.

2 O that my sins might find their grave,
There, where my Lord, my soul to save,
In sweat and blood lay agonizing:
I weep, and feel both joy and pain:
Saviour, till sight of thee I gain,
May I this scene be oft revising.

3 Behold, he sinks in death! 'Tis done;
See drops of blood still trickling run,
From head and feet and hands extended:
Mark that last groan! He bows his head;
The tortured soul at length has fled;
His heart-strings break, the conflict's ended.

4 Look up, my soul, by faith and see,
His heart was pierced, was pierced for thee!
Thence blood and water free streamed,
Blood, to atone for heinous sin,
Water, to wash the sinner clean:
Our debt is paid; we are redeemed

5 Heart-piercing sight! He bleed he dies,
For guilty man a sacrifice;
The earth the sacred trust receiveth
Soon shall he rise triumphantly,
And then with shouts ascend on high
Where he to God for ever liveth.

98.* T. 124.

JESUS, till my latest breath,
May I ponder
On thy agony and death:
As thou yonder
Barest my sins' heavy load,
Suffering Saviour,
Me regard in favour.

2 Looking to Gethsemane,
In that Garden
Both the guilt of sin I see
And its pardon;
Mercy, truth, and righteousness,
Here combined,
Man's release have signed.

3 From the cross look down at me,
Blessed Saviour,
As at John complacently:
Grant that favour,
That I by thy dying love
Be inspired,
And with ardour fired.

4 In thy hands and feet I see
Tokens bloody
Of thy love to worthless me;
From thy body
Drops of blood successively
Now are streaming,
All with blessings teeming.

5 Jesus bows his head and dies;
Dark'ning heaven,
Lo, the sun his beam denies,
Rocks are riven;
While earth's pillars shake, I find
In his passion
Cause for exultation.

6 Blood and water from his side
Freely floweth:
Hence I'm fully certified,
My heart knoweth

That eternal life for me
Was acquired,
When my Lord expired.

7 Now to Joseph's tomb convey'd,
He's interred;
Be my members with him dead,
With him buried:
Here, here is my resting place,
Here with Mary
Weeping I will tarry.

8 Yea, I give my heart to thee,
Faithful Saviour:
Living, dying, I will be
Thine for ever;
From the tomb I shall arise,
Freed from weakness,
In thy glorious likeness.

99.* T. 127.

O LAMB of God unspotted,
Our crucified Saviour,
Who hast to shame submitted
With patient, meek behaviour;
Thy bearing our transgression
Hath saved us from damnation;
Have mercy on us, O Jesus; O Jesus!

2 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Own us to be thine, O Jesus! O Jesus!

3 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Leave thy peace with us, O Jesus! O Jesus!

100.* T. 151.

O HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn;
O Head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded;
Saluted be by me.

2 Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on thee dependent,
Now bruised and spit upon;
How art thou grown so sallow;
How are those gracious eyes;
Whose radiance knew no fellow,
Clouded in cruel wise.

3 O Lord, what thee tormented
Was my sin's heavy load;
I had the debt augmented
Which thou didst pay in blood:
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light;
O thou, my health's beginner,
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

4 Own me, Lord, my preserver,
My Shepherd, me receive;
I know thy love's strong fervour
By all thy pain and grief:
Thou richly hast supplied
My soul with heavenly food,
For which I've often sighed,
Thy holy flesh and blood.

5 I'll here with thee continue,
(Though poor, despise me not)
I'm one of thy retinue:
As were I on the spot,
When, earning my election,
Thy heart strings broke in death,
With shame and love's affection
I'll watch thy latest breath.

6 What heavenly consolation
Doth in my heart take place,
When I thy toil and passion
Can in some measure trace;
Ah! should I, while thus musing
On my Redeemer's cross,
Ev'n life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

7 I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me didst bleed;
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken,
To see thee face to face.

8 Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart:
Support, at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seized with death's agony,
Oh! by thy pain and anguish
Set me at liberty.

9 Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath;
Ah! then, though I be dying
'Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
I shall, on thee relying,
Eternal life obtain.

101.* T. 36.

DEAR Jesus, wherein art thou to be blamed,
Why is death's sentence against thee proclaimed?
What is thy crime? of what art thou accused, While thus abused?

2 I see thee scourged, plunged in a sea of sorrows,
Beat in the face, thy back plough'd with deep furrows,
Thy temples crown'd with thorns in mockery hailed,
To the cross nailed.

3 Why was thy soul with pains of hell surrounded?
Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour, wounded!
I should have waded thro' that sea of anguish,
Which made thee languish.

4 There is no good at all in my whole nature,
Sin hath diffused its shame thro' every feature;
And death had been thro' everlasting ages Its dreadful wages.

5 How highly wonderful is this proceeding;
The Shepherd for his wand'ring sheep is bleeding;
The Master pays for servants' misbehaviour, That loving Saviour.

6 O boundless love, O love beyond expression!
Constraining thee to choose such bitter passion:
I lived in the world and sin's enjoyment, Thou bearest torment.

7 O greatest King, whose power is unbounded,
How can thy mercy be aright expounded!
O mystery deep! the incarnate God is sighing, For sinners dying.

8 Thy dying love all other love doth swallow:
My mind to trace its limits is too shallow:
For such compassion, and for love so tender, What shall I render?

9 One thing I'll gladly do to give thee pleasure,
No more to sin I'll yield in any measure;
Lest it again seduce my mind and senses To old offences.

10 But as my strength is far too weak and feeble
To crucify my flesh and innate evil;
Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct me, From sin protect me.

11 Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly venture,
Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely enter;
Nor pain, nor death shall change my resolution, Nor persecution.

12 Do not despise, I pray, my weak endeavour,
To praise and love and serve thee dearest Saviour:
Take soul and body, Lord as an oblation For all thy passion.

13 When thou shalt give to me a crown of glory,
When all is swallow'd up that's transitory,
Then shall my voice be suited to the matter, And praise thee better.

102*. T. 79.

O WORLD, see thy Creator
Extended, like a traitor,
Upon the cross's tree:
Behold him, while expiring,
And for mankind acquiring
Thereby life, grace, and liberty.

2 Draw near, thou wilt discover,
How blood and sweat all over
His sacred body dyes;
Out of his heart most noble,
From inexhausted trouble, [sighs.
Sighs are successive following

3 Who hath thee thus abused,
Dear Lord, and so much bruised
Thy most majestic face?
Thou knewest no transgression,
From that contamination [race
Free, which defiles the human

4 I, I and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions
Exceed the sea-shore sands,

These, these have been the reason
Of thy whole bitter season, [bands.
Of all thy bruises, stripes and

5 The wrath upon thee poured,
I ought to have endured,
And borne the pangs of hell;
The bonds and scourges tearing,
Which thou, my God, wast bearing,
My soul, my soul deserved to feel.

6 I'll be with the beholders,
And see thee on thy shoulders
Bear my prodigious load:
Thou takest the curse-infliction,
Givest for it benediction; [God.
Thy death procures my peace with

7 As surety thou presentest
Thyself, to die consentest
For me in debt all o'er;
A crown of thorns thou wearest,
All scorn and pain thou bearest
With patience never known before.

8 Death's horrors thou endurest,
And my escape procurest;
Its sting I need not prove·
My curse and condemnation
Thou bear'st for my salvation;
O undeserved, boundless love!

9 The highest obligations,
Bind me through all life's stations,
To express my thanks to thee:
Weak as I am and feeble,
As far as I am able,
I'll yield thee service willingly.

10 While here on earth I'm living,
I nothing have worth giving
To thee for all thy pain;
Yet shall thy passion ever,
Till soul and body sever, [main.
Deep in my heart engraved re-

11 Its fresh representation
Shall raise my admiration,
Where'er I turn or move;
I'll take it for a mirror
Of innocence for terror [love.
To guilt, but seal of truth and

12 How greatly man incenses
The Lord, by his offences;
God's holiness how stern;
How rigorous he chastises,
When he with wrath baptizes;
This from thy sufferings will I learn.

13 From thence I'll be taught truly
How to be pure and holy,
Resign'd, composed, and still;
How patiently to suffer,
When any to me offer
Rude acts of malice and ill-will.

14 I'll be my flesh denying,
And gladly crucifying
With Christ each sinful lust:
With all that thee displeases
I'll gladly part, O Jesus,
By help and strength which thou bestow'st.

15 Thy sighs and groans unnumber'd
And from thy heart encumber'd,
The countless tears forth press'd;
These shall, at my dismission
To final rest's fruition,
Convey me to thy arms and breast.

103.* T. 165.

THOUSAND times by me be greet- [ed,
Jesus, who hast loved me,
And thyself to death submitted
For my treasons against thee:
Ah! how happy do I feel,
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel,
At the cross where thou expiredst,
And true life for me acquiredst.

2 Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
Cover'd o'er with blood & wounds:
Now salvation through thy merit
For my sin-sick soul abounds;
Oh! who can, thou Prince of peace,
Who didst thirst for our release,
Fully fathom all that's treasured
In thy love's design unmeasured.

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad:
All the woes of my condition
By thy balm be now allay'd;
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought
Or which on myself I've brought;
If thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

4 On my heart thy wounds for ever
Be inscribed indelibly,
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
What thou hast endured for me:
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
End of all solicitude;
Let me, at thy feet abased,
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5 With the deepest adoration
Humbly at thy feet I lie;
And with ardent supplication
Unto thee for succour cry;
My petition kindly hear;
Say in answer to my prayer:
I will change thy grief and sadness
Into comfort, joy, and gladness.

6 Jesus, at my dissolution
Take my longing soul to thee;
Let thy wounds at the conclusion
Of this life my refuge be:
When in death I close mine eyes,
Let me wake in Paradise,
And in endless bliss and glory
With the saints in heaven adore thee.

104.* T. 168.

JESUS, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell,
Thou who didst as my oblation,
Feel what I deserved to feel;
Through thy sufferings, death and merit,
I eternal life inherit;
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2 O how basely wast thou used,
Buffeted and spit upon,
Scourged, & torn, and sorely bruised,
Thou the heavenly Father's Son!
Me, poor sinner, to deliver
From the devil's power for ever;
Thousand, &c.

3 Lord, thy deep humiliation
Paid for my presumptuous pride;
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast died:
Thou becamest a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favour.
Thousand, &c.

4 Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever
Who for me wast crucified;
For thy agony, dear Saviour,
For thy wounds and pierced side,
For thy stooping under sentence
Of God's wrath and fiery vengeance,
For thy death and love divine,
Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

105.* T. 165.

CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter passion,
Bloody sweat, cross, death, and tomb,
Be my daily meditation,
Till I to thy presence come:
When a sinful thought wou'd start
Ready to seduce my heart,
Thy sore pain effectually
Me forbid with sin to dally.

2 Should my bosom with lewd passion
Be inflamed, and burn with sin,
Let the thoughts of thine oblation
Quench that spreading fire within:
Would the tempter make his way
To my heart, Lord, grant I may
By thy wounds, thy pain & anguish,
All his vile intrusions vanquish.

3 Would the world with gay temptation
Draw me to its own broad way;
Let me think upon thy passion,
And the load which on thee lay:
Sure the sweat and precious blood
Of the dying Lamb of God
Can arm me on each occasion,
To oppose the infatuation.

4 Lord, in every sore oppression
Let thy wounds be my relief;
When I seek thy intercession,
Add new strength to my belief;
Ah! the feeling of thy peace
Sets my troubled heart at ease,
And affords a demonstration
Of thy love and my salvation.

5 All my hope and consolation,
Christ, is in thy bitter death;
At the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath:
Most of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That thy deep humiliation
Hath procured my salvation.

106.* T. 126.

O LORD, when condemnation
And guilt afflict my soul,
Then let thy bitter passion
The rising storm control;
Remind me that thy sacred blood
Hath cancell'd my transgressions
By paying what I owed.

2 O wonder, far exceeding
All human thought and sense!
Heaven's Sovereign was seen bleeding
To blot out my offence:
The Prince of life gave up his breath
For me, whose vile rebellion
Deserved an endless death.

sins exceed a mountain,
s on ocean's shore,
ısting fountain
ı' blood hath power
ıll sin and guilt away,
e me from that terror
ld me in dismay.

:t, while here 'tis moving,
at with fervent praise
/ho art so loving
ost human race:
; words and agony
my meditation,
call'd to thee.

:t thy bitter passion
lways in my mind,
ın indignation
sin of every kind;
:eforth I may ne'er forget
:atness of that ransom,
.id my endless debt.

ns and tribulations,
ıpt and worldly spite,
ıo bear with patience;
ways fix my sight
ınerring rule of faith,
:ssed steps to follow,
latest breath.

my life and labour
s what thou hast done,
owards my neighbour,
/ing every one
self-interest or disguise;
ay thy pure example
:st exercise.

I give up my spirit
e, my Judge and God,
ı apply the merit
atoning blood;
ny faith its power display,
:st upon thy promise
me in that day.

7.* T. 167.

ove wherewith I'm loved,
undeserved grace!
Love! by mercy moved,
t upon thee my distress;
mb led to the slaughter
to the cross's tree,
by love with blood & water,
t the world's iniquity.

so strikingly displayed
tears and bloody sweat:
Love, by sinful men betrayed,
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat:
Love, who for my soul's salvation
Willingly didst shed thy blood,
Thro' thy death and bitter passion
I am reconciled to God.

3 Love, who as my bleeding Saviour
Didst my heart in righteousness
Unto thee betroth for ever,
Ah! I thank thee for thy grace:
Love, who thus thyself engaged,
Let all misery which I feel
By thy sufferings be assuaged;
By thy stripes my sorrows heal.

4 Love, who hast for me endured
Death upon the accursed tree,
And eternal bliss procured,
Fill my soul with love to thee:
Lord, how hast thou captivated
My else cold and lifeless heart:
Let me, till to heaven translated,
Never more from thee depart.

108.* T. 216.

A LAMB went forth, and bare the
Of all the world together; [guilt
Most patiently his blood he spilt
To pay for every debtor;
He freely took sin's heavy load,
To reconcile us unto God;
All comfort he refused:
He underwent reproach and blame,
Death on the cross, with stripes and shame,
And said, I freely choose it.

2 This Lamb is God omnipotent,
Of all things the Creator:
The Son who, by the Father sent,
Assumed our feeble nature:
O love no human tongue can tell,
O love divine, unsearchable!
God gave his well-beloved
To sufferings, death, and to the grave,
That he lost man thereby might
His mercy thus he proved. [save:

3 Jesus, I never can forget
The pangs thou hast sustained:
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
Adore with thanks unfeigned;
Yea, thou shalt be my heart's delight; [night,
Thou, when I sink in death's dark
Shalt be my consolation;

In life and death I will be thine,
And on thy faithfulness recline
With humble resignation.

4 My song in thy great loveliness
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness
I'll on thy service venture;
My life's whole stream for thee shall [flow;
O may, by all I speak or do,
Thy holy name be praised,
And all that thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
For ever be impressed.

5 Thou canst true comfort to me
In my life's every station; [yield
In combat thou dost prove my shield,
In grief my exultation;
In happy hours the source of joy;
And when all other meat doth cloy,
This manna shall support me;
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring [be,
In solitude my company,
At home and on a journey.

6 What harm can I from death sus- [tain,
Since thou art my salvation?
From scorching heat thou art my [screen,
In pain my consolation;
When gloomy thoughts surround my [rest,
breast,
Thou, Lord, alone, canst give me
'Tis by thy power I conquer;
Thou art, when storms of trial blow
And toss my vessel to and fro,
My sure and steadfast anchor.

7 When I in heaven shall rest with [thee,
Thou God of my salvation,
Thy blood and righteousness shall be
My glorious decoration:
Thou on my head wilt place a crown,
Thus shall I stand before the throne
Of thy dear heavenly Father,
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee
To live to all eternity
In bliss no tongue can utter.

109.* T. 9.

JESUS, I am richly bless'd
By thy bitter passion;
Oh! how is my soul refresh'd
In the meditation
On the pain and deep distress,
Which thou hast endured:
By thy death for me a place
Is in heaven procured.

2 Jesus, who hast once been dea
Now for ever livest:
Thou in every time of need
Kindly me relievest,
And dost help to me afford:
Faithful Lord and Saviour,
Give me what thy death procured
And I'm rich for ever.

3 Grant, O Christ thou Son of Go
Through thy bitter passion,
That we may, as thy reward,
Joy in thy salvation:
May we ever weigh the cause
Of thy death and suffering,
And a poor, but contrite heart
Bring as a thank-offering.

110.* T. 51.

WHEN Jesus hung upon the cro
Expiring to retrieve our loss,
Bereft of consolation,
The dying words he spoke, deser
Our serious meditation.

2 First for his foes he intercedes,
And with his Father for them ple
(His matchless goodness showing
He saith, Forgive them; they kn
What they to me are doing. [

3 Weigh next the pardon and rel
Bestow'd on the repenting thief,
The object of his favour:
To-day thou shalt in Paradise
Be with me, and for ever.

4 Observe the sympathy and care
Which he for John and Mary bar
Behold thy son, O mother!
O John! thy mother there behold
Thus, Christians, love each othe

5 Hark, how the meek and suffe
Lamb
Doth on the cross, I thirst, excla
Such thirst the Lord sustained
For our salvation, but now he
Joy for his grief hath gained.

6 Next take to heart his ang
great, [ous wei
When, press'd beneath sin's pon
All comfort from him taken,
He cries aloud, My God, my God,
Why hast thou me forsaken?

7 'Tis finish'd, was the solemn w
When for mankind our dying Lo

a'd complete salvation;
'ning sinners, all rejoice
this declaration.

ıst, attention due demands:
r! now into thy hands
nend my spirit:
l his head, gave up the ghost
might life inherit.

ıse who here enjoy by faith
sed fruits of Jesus' death,
s in him possessing,
ıis seven dying words
re of rich blessing.

.1. T. 168.

LD your Saviour wounded,
ıg on the accursed cross;
h e'er the love expounded,
deemer show'd to us:
ı at his crucifixion
foes, 'midst keen affliction,
give, they do not know,
Father, what they do.

cross's foot now tarry,
is languid, marred face.
care for John and Mary;
thief he offers grace:
hirsts with love unshaken;
hast thou me forsaken?
finish'd, Jesus cries,
ı spirit, droops, and dies.

2.* T. 168.

h awe in strains melodious,
th awe, behold the man;
ıt in tones harmonious,
hold, behold the man!
ing look, dear Saviour,
my eyes for ever;
r tired to gaze
vely, bleeding face.

is makes me think with
ıg,
cause: Behold the Man!
ove which I'm enjoying,
s me: Behold the Man!
cruelly abused
nce, so marr'd and bruised,
eyes with tears o'erflow,
ı I've leave to go.

d head, back plough'd with
rs,
narr'd: *Behold the Man!*

Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief, Behold the Man!
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb.

113*. T. 217.

WHEN thou in death didst bow thy head, [wonder:
All nature, Lord, was struck with
The opening graves gave up their dead, [sunder:
Earth trembled, rocks were rent in
Then felt the powers of hell below
Their last irrevocable blow;
Thy aim was then by right obtained,
To free the souls by Satan claimed;
Now, thro' thy anguish and distress,
The captives find a full release.

2 Thou, who as our High-priest above [est,
Still as the Lamb once slain appear-
And there the tokens of thy love
In thy once wounded body bearest:
This is thy most transcendent form
Which doth our hearts transport and warm,
As thou upon the cross didst languish,
Extended there in keenest anguish,
Or, as thy body, pale and dead,
In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3 'Tis the most lovely attitude,
Wherein we can behold our Saviour,
When by the eye of faith he's view'd
With blood and bruises stain' all over: [Head
That love, which urged our Lord and
To suffer freely in our stead,
Sinks deep into our hearts' recesses:
The blessed fruits of his distresses
We richly can enjoy by faith,
While meditating on his death.

4 Christ's agony, his death & blood,
Shall be our joy and consolation;
The grace unmerited, bestow'd
On us our constant meditation;
Fresh proofs of his fidelity
And tender care we daily see;
He will continue still to feed us,
Till he at last will thither lead us,
Where all his glories shall be seen,
Without a veil to intervene.

114.* T. 594.

ONE view, Lord Jesus, of thy pas-
[sion
Will make the fainting spirit glad;
This yields us solid consolation,
When thy dear blood, so freely shed,
Pervades and heals both soul & body;
When thou dost give to us thy peace:
Ah! then our arms of faith are ready
Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

2 No drop of blood thou deem'dst too precious,
To shed for sinners vile like me;
O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
Inflamed my heart with love to thee:
May thy atoning death and passion,
Thy agony and bitter pain,
Until my final consummation,
Deep in my heart engraved remain.

3 O might I live in the enjoyment
Of all my Lord for me hath gain'd;
Might this be daily my employment,
To muse upon what he sustained:
O may his hands, whereon engraven
My poor and worthless name doth stand,
Support me, till I in the haven
Of endless joy shall safely land.

115*. T. 14.

MY life-supplying element
Is Jesus' blood and death:
My soul is eagerly intent
To live therein by faith.

2 Lord Jesus, who is like to thee?
O might by night and day
My spirit upon Calvary,
That scene of suffering, stay.

3 How that blest moment I regard,
When thou didst bow thy head:
Oh! had my list'ning ear but heard
The groan that left thee dead.

4 How highly favour'd had I been,
Had I with John stood by,
And my beloved Saviour seen
In keenest anguish die.

5 Beholding with deep reverence
Thy side for me then pierced,
With what emotion had I thence
Seen blood and water burst.

6 It is as tho' my eyes now view'd
This heart-affecting sight,
And every scene depicted stood
'Fore me in clearest light.

7 O might thy dying love divine
Become to me more clear,
And smile in every smile of mine,
And flow in every tear.

8 When I depart, my latest breath
To thee, Lord, shall ascend,
As a thank-offering for thy death;
Thus, blest my race will end.

116.* T. 126.

WITH grateful heart's sensation
At Jesus' feet I fall;
Him with deep adoration
My Lord and God I call,
Since he sustained death for me,
Procuring my redemption
Upon the accursed tree.

2 His stripes, whereby I'm healed,
Are precious to my soul,
His blood is now revealed,
The balm to make me whole;
His cry: My God, my God, ah, why,
Why hast thou me forsaken?
To God now brings me nigh.

3 In holy contemplation
I day and night review
The theme of Christ's salvation,
And find it ever new!
My pulse shall to his honour beat,
And till his blest appearing,
Each breath his praise repeat.

4 Myself I now deliver
Into his faithful hand;
He will support me ever,
Till I before him stand;
Till then I never can forget,
That his atoning passion
Hath cancell'd all my debt.

117. T. 244.

THE slaughter'd Lamb, my Saviour,
Remains my sole delight,
My fav'rite theme for ever,
My object day and night;
The incense of his prayers,
His cries and bitter tears,
For me to God ascendeth;
My mournful cry he hears.

2 With God my habitation
Upon Mount Calvary,

I'll fix without cessation:
Here it is good to be:
Thus from my Saviour's death
Deriving life by faith,
Of heaven I have a foretaste,
Until my latest breath.

118.* T. 151.

HERE am I blushing, weeping,
A breeze of heavenly bliss
From Jesus' cross perceiving,
Rejoicing that I'm his;
To him what shall I render,
My grateful heart to show?
Did but my love more tender,
More ardent for him glow.

2 I was defiled all over,
Depraved and unclean;
His blood my guilt did cover,
And wash'd my soul from sin;
The time I well remember
When, fill'd with deepest awe,
My name among the number
In the Lamb's book I saw.

3 My Saviour's death and passion,
His anguish, grief, and pain,
Until my consummation
My fav'rite theme remain;
Himself hath sanctified
The grave, my resting place,
And since for me he died,
I shall lie down in peace.

119.* T. 168.

THOU hast cancell'd my transgres-
Jesus, by thy precious blood; [sion,
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since thou for sinners suffering
On the cross wast made an offering,
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly thine may be.

2 All the pain thou hast endured,
All thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Hands & feet, with nails thro' bored,
The reproach which thou hast borne;
Thy back, ploughed with deep fur-
rows,
Cross and grave, and all thy sorrows,
Thy blood-sweat and agony,
O Lord Jesus, comfort me.

120. T. 36.

LAMB, for thy boundless love I
praises offer,
That love, which urged thee in my
stead to suffer,
While all the wrath which I should
have endured,
On thee was poured.

2 How highly is poor man by thee
esteemed!
Thou gavest thyself, that he might
be redeemed;
Take soul and body, Lord, as an
oblation
For all thy passion.

3 Thou richly dost deserve, that each
pulsation
Thy praises should express without
cessation,
And that each drop of blood be hal-
low'd ever
To thee, my Saviour.

121.* T. 22.

ROUND Tabor heavenly glories
shone,
But what on Olivet was done,
What signalized Mount Calvary,
Calls forth my praise:—'twas done
for me.

122. T. 582.

WAS ever grief like thine,
Jesus, thou man of wo?
The visage and the form divine,
Why was it marred so?
That man by thee restored,
God's image might regain,
And by the sorrows of his Lord
In joys eternal reign.

123.* T. 14.

SEE, world, upon the shameful tree
Thy Maker sinks in death:
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for
thee,
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2 Behold the streams of sacred blood,
Behold his pierced side; [flood,
What hath drawn forth this copious
And swell'd this flowing tide?

3 My sins, as num'rous as the sands
Upon the ocean's shore, [hands,
Have been the cruel, murderous
That wounded thee so sore.

4 Thy wondrous love to evidence
Thou wouldst my surety be:
Thyself wouldst pay my debt im-
Thereby to set me free. [mense,

5 Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe;
That each in bondage as its slave,
Might now be saved from fear.

6 My debt to thee, God, who art love,
Weak words can ne'er express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Return due thankfulness.

7 Grant me the grace while I am
Since I can nothing give, [here,
Thy sufferings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

124. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world,
Imbrued with sweat and gore,
Expiring on the accursed cross,
Where he our sorrows bore.

2 Compassion for man's fallen race
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for our sins atone.

3 Who can to love his name forbear,
That of his sufferings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?

4 When earth and hell's malicious
Encompass'd thee around, [powers
Thy sacred blood, O Son of God!
Stream'd forth from every wound:

5 Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy cheeks
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

6 Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7 May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love;
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above,

125. T. 14.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness
And shut his glories in, [hide
When the Almighty Maker died,
An offering for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While Jesus' cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

126. T. 22.

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see,
Expiring on the cross for me,
Satan and sin no more me move,
For I'm fill'd with Jesus, love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro'
my heart,
In every groan I bear a part; [eyes;
I view his wounds with streaming
But see, he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of
God, [blood,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel;
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and
fear, [ear;
Revives my heart and charms mine
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

127. T. 14.

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood from all his veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know;
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?

4 Alas, we own with conscious shame,
While we behold his cross,
Our sins have slain the guiltless Lamb,
He suffer'd all for us.

5 But hence our confidence begins,
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6 Our God is fully reconciled,
His justice satisfied;
Each sinner may become his child;
Since Jesus bled and died.

7 Come then, ye needy sinners, come;
If ye accept, he'll give;
Oh! suffer him to lead you home;
Whoever will, may live.

128. T. 22.

THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
His visage marr'd, his head reclined,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,
Declare his love divinely great.

2 His flesh is torn with whips and nails,
His strength decays, his spirit fails,
His side is pierced, his heart is broke,
Our sins upon himself he took.

3 The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they done?
died:
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou done?
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine own.

4 Jesus, and didst thou bleed for me?
O great, O boundless mystery!
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

129. T. 582.

GO forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount;
See there thy Friend between two thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procured.

3 Fix on that face thine eye:
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,
Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,
Look with an eye of pity down,
And grant thee all thy prayer.

130. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid;
'Tis finish'd, Jesus cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 Salvation thus did he obtain;
O mystery divine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

131. T. 22.

THE cross, the cross, O that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile:
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face,
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who loved me.

5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss;
I glory only in the cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free grace:
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

132. T. 96.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done;
Th' incarnate God hath died for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross
And gladly catch the healing stream
All things for him account but loss
And all give up our hearts to him;
O may we nothing know beside
The Lamb of God as crucified.

133. T. 11.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While upon the cross I see
Jesus bleed and die for me.

2 That dear blood for sinners spilt
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark, his dying word: Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay.

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd
And obtain my pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross
Now I see the blood-stain'd cross
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

6 He hath dearly bought my soul
Lord, accept and claim the whole
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

134. T. 583.

I KNEEL in spirit at my Saviour's cross,
Where he in blood expired
With deepest reverence he
adore
My dying Lord, who all my

2 I, sinful worm, with av
him bow,
While I the deep unfathc
Poor man must highly val
deed.
For whom so great a ra

3 This blessed truth I
maintain,
That my Creator for m

May this constrain me gladly to obey
And love the Lord, who took my sins away.

135. T. 166.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride:
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
In aught beside my ransom price;
All the vain things which charm'd me most
For Christ I freely sacrifice.

2 Behold the dying Lamb of God,
And say, was grief like his e'er known? [blood,
See from his wounds in streams of
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
What can I offer that's not thine?
My thanks, O Lord, how short they fall!
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

136. T. 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast wounded,
Our sins, O Lord, on thee were laid;
Thy sufferings, O what love unbounded!
For guilty man the debt have paid:
With humble thanks we now adore thee,
Thy cross our glory shall remain;
Yet oft ashamed we weep before thee,
That we by sin the Lord have slain.

137. T. 232.

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of God, [blood,
Baptised with tears and sweat and
Spent, comfortless, forsaken:
See, how he bows his head and dies,
While to the world the sun denies
His light, and rocks are shaken:
My dear Redeemer, let thy death
Subdue my heart, confirm my faith:
Teach me thy dying love to know,
And in return with love to glow:
Thy love divine
My heart incline,
Lord, to be thine,
Till I in death my soul resign.

138.* T. 151.

THY blood, so dear and precious,
Love made thee shed for me:
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love thee most fervently:
May the divine impression
Of thy atoning death,
And all thy bitter passion
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

139.* T. 588.

'TIS finish'd now,
Salvation's finish'd now;
Redeemed sinners, bow,
Adore, and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death :‖:

2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierced for thee;
The rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee. :‖:

3 The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin atoning blood,
Now freely floweth
On him who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God. :‖:

4 We are redeem'd,
Redeem'd to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlarged
We see our debt discharged,
Our ransom paid. :‖:

5 O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks, and adoration,
Hallelujah. :‖:

140. T. 14.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

5 Lord, I believe, thou hast prepared,
Unworthy tho' I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

6 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

141. T. 240.

ALL hail, thou Lamb of God,
Bearing sin's ponderous load:
Thanks for thy agony,
Thy bloody sweat for me,
Thy sufferings willingly;
All hail, 'midst pain and scorn,
Spit upon, crown'd with thorn,
And by the scourges torn;
All hail, in purple clad:
Sinners, sinners,
Ah! behold the man!
Sinners, sinners,
Ah! behold the man!

2 Bearing the cross's weight
Thou mountest Calvary's height:
I, weeping, follow thee,
For all is done for me,
For me, thine enemy:
All hail, as in my stead,
Thou, a sin offering made,
In torments bow'st thy head:
Thanks for thy pierced side:
Sinners, sinners,
All ye who pass by,
Hearken, hearken,
Mark his dying cry.

3 'Tis finish'd, Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies:
The veil is rent in twain,
Burst is the captive's chain,
Man is restored again:
All hail, in death though pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail,
Then did thine arm prevail:
O glorious sacrifice!
Ever, ever
To thy promised word
Faithful, faithful
Saviour, God, and Lord.

142. T. 136

I WEEP for joy
And tender love's emotion,
When I Christ's sufferings trace deep devotion,
From Olivet
To Calvary's bloody brow:
When him, with scoffing multi surrounded,
I view from head to foot fo transgressions wounded,
Ah! then it is my blest employ To weep fo

2 He died for me,
For me became an offering;
My sin-sick soul he healeth b
His precious blood, [suff
For my redemption shed,
An open fountain is for my t gression; [of salv
I in his sacred wounds, those pl
Discover my election free; He died fo

143.* T. 185.

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now ret
There my Saviour's pierced fee
(Dying love a grateful sense i ing,)
Bathed in tears I humbly greet
Might I never lose this blest im sion,
But in spirit fix my happy stat
On those heights so dear to me,
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might thy dying love dear s ing Saviour,
Which subdued my stubborn h
Me constrain, and rule my who haviour,
Till I from this world depart:
Thus my mortal body I shall no
And as thine with holy reve
Earnestly intent to bear [ch
More of thy blest image here.

[div
3 With a mind, from earthly
Let me dwell by day and night

Where the body of my Saviour rest.
Here I find supreme delight; [ed:
Here 'tis good for me with pardon'd
Mary
At his sepulchre in faith to tarry:
Thus in blessed fellowship
With my Lord I wake and sleep.

144.* T. 208.

HAPPY meditation
On my Saviour's passion,
On his death and grave;
It can't be expressed
What a feeling blessed
At such times I have,
When I Christ in Spirit view,
In his suffering scenes revising
My Lord agonizing.

2 All the pains and sorrows
He endured for us;
All the tears he shed,
When he in the garden,
Bearing our sins' burden,
In soul's anguish pray'd;
Yea, each scene of suffering love
Raises in me an emotion
Of intense devotion.

3 Lamb of God, thus dearest
Thou to me appearest;
O might I each breath
Spend, while here I'm living,
In praise and thanksgiving
For thy wounds and death;
Till I, for thy dying love,
Shall wi h all the saints in glory
Praise, thank, and adore thee.

145. T. 581.

MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to tears?
He will soon, e'en as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,
Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family:
Till they saw him, and believed,
And as Lord and God received.

3 Now with tears of love and joy
We remember all his pain,
Sighs, and groans, and dying cry;
For the Lamb for us was slain,
And from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead;
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never-ending rest.

5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
Hast thou suffered thus for me;
Ah! I hide my blushing face;
How have I requited thee?
Should not I with ardour burn
Some love's token to return?

6 But alas, the spark how small;
Scarcely seen at all to glow;
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,
And my growth in grace how slow;
Yet, when to thy cross I fly,
Soon all strange affections die.

7 In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made;
And when once, consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise thy dying love.

8 But while here I'm left behind,
Burden'd with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary, and Joseph's tomb,
Till my sabbath's also come.

146. T. 114.

NOW haste, my soul, with awe and
deep devotion
To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to
behold, [cold:
Laid in the dust, his body pale and
Ah! in thy stead he drank death's
bitter potion: [and slain,
He as a Lamb was wounded, bruised,
For thee eternal happiness to gain.

2 For worthless me, (O godlike con-
descension!) [sphere,
The Maker of creation's boundless
Whom all celestial hosts as Lord re-
vere, [comprehension,
Whose power divine is past their
Became a man, my guilty soul to
save, [grave.
And rests from labour in the silent

3 Here is the place where weary souls may tarry:
Tho' near the dead, death can no power assume,
For life, eternal life rests in this (tomb:
Come then, my pardon'd soul, with humble Mary
Behold thy wearied Master sweetly (sleep;
Admire his matchless love, adore, and weep.

4 I view in thee, thou wan and mangled body,
My Lord, Redeemer, Priest, and Sacrifice, (est price:
The Bread of Life, the Pearl of great-
My soul's Beloved, the Fairest, white and ruddy,
The promised Seed, the Lord our righteousness,
The long-predicted Lamb, and Prince of peace.

5 Here will I stay, engaged in contemplation
On my Redeemer's agony and death;
This shall increase and fix my wavering faith (tion;
In thee, the finisher of my salva-
Yea, in my soul and body mortify
The sins which did my Jesus crucify.

6 Thou Lord of life, fix thou my soul and senses
On thee, the dearest object of my (heart:
That, when from this vain world I shall depart,
And when the awful scene of death (commences,
I may resign my spirit unto thee,
And in thy presence live eternally.

7 Meanwhile I'll love and thank without cessation
Thee, my Redeemer, who my soul hast bought, (mercy sought:
And me, a wandering sheep, in
Accept my tears, my prayer and adoration:
To thee my life, my all I now resign
In life and death; O keep me ever thine.

147. T. 208.

NOW will I like Mary
My best spices carry
To my Saviour's tomb;
I'll behold his body
Mangled, pale, and bloody;
Now my sabbath's come:
But alas,—what spices has
My poor heart, save tears and crying,
Heart-felt throbs and sighing.

2 Lo, methinks his body,
There stretch'd out already,
Lifeless I behold:
Yes, I view him yonder,
And astonish'd ponder
O'er him dead and cold:
Deep and wide,—I see his side,
Livid wounds on every member
I see without number.

3 Back, the scourges ploughed:
Side, whence blood-streams flowed
Hands, and feet, and head;
Lips, o'er which death hover'd,
Now with paleness cover'd;
Cheeks, whose colour's fled;
Bruised face,—still full of grace:
On this scene I gaze ashamed,
Weep whene'er 'tis named.

4 Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou shalt be for ever
My most fav'rite theme:
And for thy atonement
Might I every moment
Praise thy saving name:
Constantly,—thy passion be,
Till my final consummation,
My heart's meditation.

148.* T. 45

O DEEPEST grief,—which
Of mankind has procured!
God's beloved and only Son
In a tomb was buried.

2 Ye sons of men,—this do
Was laid by your transgres
What Christ suffer'd for y
Is beyond expression.

3 The Lamb of God—ha
Which flow'd upon the m
This for all iniquity
Is an open fountain.

4 O Prince of peace,—th
And Author of salvatior
Thy unbounded love der
Humble adoration.

5 How blest he is,—w
That God became his S
To bestow eternal life
Upon him for ever.

6 O Jesus blest,—my heart's true rest,
Be thou my soul's desire,
Till I too can in my tomb
From this world retire.

149. T. 119.

SLAUGHTER'D Lamb, :||:
My Redeemer, while I view
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder
On the cause of all thy grief and smart, Melts my heart, :||:

2 Holy Lord, :||:
By the body given to death,
Mortify my sinful nature
Till I yield my dying breath:
Ah! protect thy feeble creature,
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside, Thine abide. :||:

150. T. 598.

BELOVED, white and ruddy,
Of thousands none so fair;
I with thy wounded body
No beauty can compare:
Here to thy care consigned
Within thy tomb enshrined,
Might but my body lie;
To thee my soul would fly.

2 But while on earth I tarry,
Wrapt in this mortal vest,
Within thy sanctuary
My troubled soul finds rest:
Admit no strange affections,
But 'midst all imperfections,
Might in my looks be seen,
That I with God have been.

3 In this sepulchral Eden
The tree of life I've found,
Here is my treasure hidden,
I tread on hallow'd ground:
Ye sick, ye faint and weary,
Howe'er your ailments vary,
Creep hither, and make sure
Of a most perfect cure.

4 Here lies in death's embraces
My Bridegroom, Lord, and God;
With awe my soul retraces
The bloody, dolorous road,
That leads to this last station;
Here in sweet meditation
I'll dwell by day and night,
Till faith is changed to sight.

151. T. 45.

WEEP, Zion, weep,
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head has bowed:
Closed are those lips, whence late
Truth and mercy flowed.

2 In strains of wo
Our songs shall flow,
What love is here displayed;
See God's dear and only Son,
To a tomb conveyed.

3 Yet, O rejoice
With heart and voice,
Soon will he rise most glorious;
And at the right hand of God
Seat himself victorious.

152. T. 167.

O WHAT love is here displayed!
See the Father's only Son
To the silent tomb conveyed;
Ah, my soul, what hast thou done!
Yet, while I my sins bewailing,
Own that they his blood have spilt,
May that blood, for me prevailing,
Wash away my sin and guilt.

2 Here my sabbath is completed,
Here my soul enjoys sweet peace;
At the feet of Jesus seated,
Here I taste true happiness;
I adore my paschal offering,
I adore God's counsel deep,
I adore my Jesus suffering,
And while I adore him, weep.

153.* T. 185.

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain;
Since 'tis only from his death and merit
I can life and strength obtain:
Jesus' cross, his last hours in his passion,
Jesus' stripes, his wounds and expiration,
Jesus' body and his blood
Shall remain my highest good.

154. T. 205.

RESTING in the silent grave,
Spent with torments, pangs & cries,

See the Lord God, strong to save;
Him whose thunders shake the skies:
'Twas for me he groan'd, he bled,
And was number'd with the dead:
Sacred body, with amaze
Thankfully on thee I gaze.

155. T. 11.

GO, my soul, go every day
To the tomb where Jesus lay;
Be my members with him dead,
Be his sepulchre my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;
Evil never can molest
These who near his body rest.

156.* T. 519.

MOST holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death:
Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour;
Thou eternal God;
Bless thy congregation
Through thy sufferings, death, and (blood
Have mercy, O Lord.

VI. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST FROM THE GRAVE.

157.* T. 132.

CHRIST Jesus was to death abased
Because of our transgression;
But now for us, by being raised,
Hath gain'd life and salvation:
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice
To praise the Lord with heart and (voice,
In singing hallelujah.

2 By none of all the human race
Could death and hell be foiled;
Sin render'd all men weak and base,
All ruined were and spoiled;
Death having enter'd by the fall,
Bore sway and was entail'd on all;
All sinners are by nature.

3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
In love and great compassion,
To free us from sin's galling load,
Appear'd in human fashion:
He hath destroy'd sin's power and (name;
claim,
And left death nothing but the
Its sting can't hurt believers.

4 How great and wondrous was the
strife,
Life was by death assailed;
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
O'er sin and death prevailed;
He triumph'd over them in death,
And we are conquerors too by faith
In Christ our risen Saviour.

5 He is the blessed Paschal Lamb,
By God himself appointed:
The prophets all aloud proclaim
That he is the Anointed:
If on our hearts his blood appear,
We're freed from death's enslaving (fear
Subdued is that destroyer.

6 This is the day the Lord hath made
To lively hopes to raise us:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad
And join to sing his praises;
For Christ, our everlasting light,
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night
And all the powers of darkness.

7 The bread of life we eat in faith,
Is Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Who conquer'd Satan, sin, and death
And liveth now and ever:
Our souls desire no other food,
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,
Which gives us life eternal.

158.* T. 590.

SING Hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore;

Come, ransom'd souls, and glory give,
Sing, worship and adore:
With grateful hearts to him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise:
Who aught unto our charge can lay?
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn, since Christ (was dead
And ever lives to God?
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by his blood: (heaven
The ransom'd hosts in earth and
Thro' countless choirs proclaim:
He hath redeem'd us, praise be given
To God and to the Lamb.

3 God rais'd him up, when he for all
Had freely tasted death,
And thus redeem'd us from the fall;
On this we ground our faith:
For God thereby his sacrifice
Declared, unto his praise,
An all-sufficient ransom-price
For Adam's fallen race.

4 The God of peace to guilty man
Doth pard'ning grace afford,
Since from the dead he brought again
Our Shepherd, Head and Lord;
That Shepherd who so freely shed
His blood for sinners poor;
Who died, but now is risen indeed,
And lives for evermore.

5 The God of mercies let us praise,
Who saveth fallen men,
That by his power which Christ did
He us begets again (raise,
Unto a lively confidence,
That we for Jesus' sake
Shall of that blest inheritance,
Reserved for us, partake.

6 His resurrection's power divine,
By grace on us bestow'd,
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,
May live alone to God:
Thus we, supported by his might,
From strength to strength proceed;
And, walking in his truth and light,
Praise him in word and deed.

7 In all we do, constrain'd by love,
We'll joy to him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord:
Sing Hallelujah and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heaven shall evermore
Exalt his name, Amen.

159. T. 590.

BELIEVING souls, rejoice and sing,
Your risen Saviour see,
And say, O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?
He died your guilty souls to save;
And, dying, conquer'd death;
Was buried in the gloomy grave,
But re-assumed his breath.

2 Rejoice, your conquering Saviour
He lives to die no more; (lives,
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore,
To all who their lost state bewail;
For Jesus' precious blood
Doth for each contrite soul prevail
Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss are now restored
For all; for you and me:
Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

4 The Prince of life reclin'd his head
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is risen indeed,
Is risen and lives for us:
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

160. T. 50.

REJOICE, O church, the Saviour's bride,
All grief and mourning lay aside:
With cheerful hearts and voices sing
The resurrection of our King.
Hallelujah.

2 He, having triumph'd over death,
Now re-assumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise.
Hallelujah.

3 Our gracious Saviour, Head, and (word;
Lord,
Hath well perform'd his promised
And now would have his church re-
joice;
He loves to hear her cheerful voice.
Hallelujah.

4 Let us then with the heavenly throng
Now join in that eternal song:
Salvation to our God and King,
Whose death did our redemption bring. Hallelujah.

5 Blessing and praise we give to thee,
That thou from death hast set us free;
Thy resurrection from the grave
Proves clearly thou hast power to save. Hallelujah.

6 Thy blood shall wash our garments white,
Then we with all the saints in light
Shall joyful meet our Lord and head;
We know for us thy blood was shed. Hallelujah.

7 Astonish'd, at thy footstool low,
With humble gratitude we bow:
Our words can never fully tell
What in our thankful hearts we feel. Hallelujah.

161. T. 595.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed,
The joyful news with gladness hear,
The Lord is risen indeed:
The promise is fulfill'd
In Christ our only head;
Justice with Mercy's reconciled;
He lives who once was dead.

2 The Lord is risen again,
Who on the cross did bleed;
He lives to die no more, Amen;
The Lord is risen indeed:
He truly tasted death
For wretched fallen men;
In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;
But now is risen again.

3 He hath himself the keys
Of death, the grave, and hell;
His is the victory and praise,
And he rules all things well:
Death now no more I dread,
But cheerful close mine eyes;
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed;
With Jesus I shall rise.

162. T. 11.

GLORY unto Jesus be.
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done;
God's well-pleased in his Son;
For he raised him from the dead;
Christ now reigns the church's hea

3 His redeem'd his praise show fort
Saints above and saints on earth;
Angels sing around the throne,
Thou art worthy, thou alone.

4 Ye who love him, cease to mour
He will certainly return;
All his saints with him shall reign;
Come, Lord Jesus, come: Amen.

163. T. 79.

JESUS, who died the world to sav
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power;
From sin and death he sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
He lives again, to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and se
Your Saviour clothed with majesty
Triumphant from the tomb:
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off you
fears, [pare
In heaven your mansions he pr
And soon will come to take yo
home.

3 His church is still his joy & crown,
He looks with love and pity dowa
On her he did redeem: [know
The members of his church h
He shares their joys and feels thei
woes, [hi
And they shall ever reign wit

164.* T. 22.

REJOICE, the Lord in triump
reigns, [chain
Breaks death and hell's inferna
Resumes his life and majesty;
Praise him to all eternity.

2 Behold the great accuser cast;
The hour of darkness now is past,
No right to us can Satan claim,
If we believe in Jesus' name.

165. T. 14.

ON this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,

By God, the eternal Word, than
The universe was made. [when

2 He riseth, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Tis greater to redeem. [

166*. T. 132.

CHRIST, being risen from the tomb,
To Mary show'd his favour,
And kindly called her by name:
She, when she saw her Saviour,
Directly turn'd about in haste,
His feet with heart-felt joy embraced
And hail'd her risen Master.

2 His holy name for ever be
Adored, bless'd, and praised,
That he hath such invariably
To taste his friendship raised,
As Mary Magdalen and me,
Who nought can boast, but know that he
Hath pardon'd our transgressions.

3 How happy feels a contrite heart
Enjoying Christ's salvation:
Those who have chosen Mary's part
And fav'rite occupation,
Find in our Saviour, day and night,
A source of comfort and delight;
'Tis this makes life important.

4 He pardon'd me, like Magdalen;
I love him, my Preserver;
I love him, but (it gives me pain)
I love not with such fervour:
When Jesus I shall once behold,
I then shall feel as she of old,
When he to her appeared.

167.* T. 185.

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, that great favour
To embrace thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2 O thou matchless source of consolation,
Scarce thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation
To thy children thou dost send:
We would share thy dear disciples' feeling,
As before their risen Master kneeling:
Thus shall we, with all our heart,
Witness what a friend thou art.

168. T. 205.

JESUS, who is always near
To assuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
To remove his unbelief:
Come, he said, my nail prints view,
And my side, the spear pierced thro';
Bold in faith he then avow'd:
Christ, thou art my Lord, my God.

2 I would go from pole to pole
To behold my risen Lord;
But content thyself, my soul,
Listen to thy Saviour's word:
They who me by faith receive,
Without seeing who believe,
Trust my word and thereon rest,
They abundantly are blest.

VII. THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

169. T. 14.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of victory rend the sky
And heaven with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King,
The angels strike their harps of gold
And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice; he died for you,
For you prepares a place;

His Spirit sends, you to endow
With every gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

170.* T. 83.

SURELY God is present here;
Since the Lord with grace and fa-
To my spirit doth appear, [vour,
As my Jesus, as my Saviour;
For the Holy Trinity
Is to us in Jesus nigh.

2 O might all my wishes tend
Unto Christ without cessation,
He's my best and nearest friend,
Full of grace, truth, and salvation;
I, when he is present, feel
Happiness no tongue can tell.

3 Holy awe pervades my heart,
When I see my great Creator
Of man's nature taking part,
That he, as my Mediator,
Might lay down his life for me,
And from death might set me free

4 In the grave for me he lay,
Then arose with power and glori-
Grace triumphant to display, [ous,
Proving over death victorious;
And for forty days was seen
By his followers, God with men.

5 When the Lord's disciples saw
Jesus, gloriously array'd,
From their longing sight withdraw,
In a cloud to heaven conveyed;
Sure, alternate grief and joy [ploy.
Did their hearts and thoughts em-

6 He ascended up on high,
Glorious and with honour crown-
Clothed in godlike majesty, [ed:
And at God's right hand enthroned,
He doth still as man appear,
Pleading for poor sinners there.

7 God be prais'd, they who are his,
In this present dispensation
Nought essential ever miss,
Since they share in his salvation;
Tho' unseen, he's nigh to all
Who in truth upon him call.

8 O when will the time draw near,
That he who to heaven ascended,
Will in majesty appear,
By the heavenly hosts attended?
But we're silent;—to believe
Is our lot, while here we live.

171.* T. 59

YE, the Lord's redeemed,
Holy, beloved,
Who as new creatures are in (
approved,
Look heaven-

2 That he who ascended
For our salvation,
May give you of his grace a
sensation, Tho' still ur

3 Countenance majestic,
Yet kind and gracious,
Of our once suffering, now e
Jesus, We gaze at

4 Hark, the Father welcomes
His Son beloved:
Come thou, whose powerful arr
torious proved,
Come to my thro

5 Sit thou at my right hand,
Till for thy passion
Thy foes shall at thy footstool
prostration Confess thee

6 To the Father's glory,
With awe before him,
The countless heavenly host
down, adore him,
And homage

7 While on earth we tarry,
His death and passion
We will show forth, and our s
fication From him d

8 With his ransom'd people
Each day that passes,
Shall be devoted unto solemn p
For Jesus' d

9 Lamb of God most holy,
Praise, honour, blessing
Be given to God thro' thee h
possessing Thy saving

10 Everlasting praises
And adoration
To him, who hath himself by
passion To us made kn

11 Holy, holy, holy!
In earth and heaven,
To God and to the Lamb be
given By all that bre

172.* T. 146.

GO up with shouts of praise,
Go up, High-priest, to heaven,
Who hast the ransom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven:
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our pray'r;
Nor art ashamed to own
That we thy brethren are.

173.* T. 26.

O COMFORT, words can ne'er express,
That, by the angelic hosts attended,
Our gracious Lord to heaven ascended,
There to prepare for us a place.

174. T. 79.

WHEN thou, dear Saviour, didst ascend,
My hosts, thy Father said, attend,
And worship ye the Son:
With loud acclaims of joy they gazed
And cheerful hallelujahs raised,
Adoring humbly at thy throne.

2 Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join the angelic throng,
In singing that eternal song, 'slain.
Worthy the Lamb, for he was (at rest

3 The assembly, which with thee
Appears in spotless garments drest,
Bows down and humbly sings;
We too thy saving name will bless,
And thee our gracious Lord confess
The Lord of lords and King of kings.

175.* T. 132.

RAISE your devotion, mortal tongues;
Be your exalted Saviour (songs,
The theme of your triumphant
Extol his name for ever: (strings,
Lo, angels strike their loudest
For heaven and all created things
Must sound Immanuel's praises.

2 Ye mourning souls, look upward
For Christ is now preparing (too,
At God's right-hand a place for you,
Shake off all thoughts despairing:
Thence he, your gracious Lord, will come
To fetch your longing spirits home,
And crown your love and labour.

3 Since he o'er heaven bears sovereign sway,
By all its powers attended,
And has more graces to display
Than can be comprehended;
Fear not, for he his blessing pours
On such meek, humble breasts as
The objects of his favour. (yours,

176. T. 22.

TO thee, our Lord, all praise be given,
For thy ascending up to heaven:
Support us while on earth we stay,
And kindly hear us when we pray.

2 Tho' seated on thy Father's throne
Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to own,
But always in their midst appear,
When in thy name assembled here.

3 For us to heav'n thou didst ascend
To plead our cause, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us, thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from thy little fold,
Thy second advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerness,
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

177. T. 590.

WE sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
Who worthy art alone:
Thy sacred, bruised body bore
Our sins upon the tree;
And now thou livest evermore;
O may we live to thee.

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died;
(What theme can sound so sweet!)
His drooping head, his streaming side,
His pierced hands and feet:

With all that scene of suffering love,
Which faith presents to view;
For now he reigns and lives above,
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can aught so great be named?
What pow'rful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflamed:
Ye angels, praise his glorious name
Who loved and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewise laud the Lamb
For he was slain for us.

178.* T. 58.

THE man of sorrows, whose most precious blood
Pleads now our cause before the throne of God,
Is in glory seated, and with compassion
Beholds, both far and near, each congregation
With looks of love.

179. T. 595.

JESUS who died, is now
Seated upon his throne:
The angels who before him bow,
His just dominion own.

2 The unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend
My advocate to be:
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

180. T. 14.

JESUS, our High-priest & our head,
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
And always interced'st for us
Before the throne of God:—

2 We know thou never canst forget
Us, thy weak members here:
Yea, when we suffer in the least,
Thou part with us wilt bear.

3 Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel;
When by temptation we are press'd
Thou know'st well what we ail.

4 Thou hast a tender sympathy
With every grief and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth
Thou didst the same sustain.

5 And tho' in heaven exalted now,
Yet thou to us art near; (wants,
Know'st all our weaknesses and
And list'nest to our prayer.

6 What shall we say for this thy love
But 'fore thee prostrate lie,
And thank thee that thou wast a (man,
To all eternity.

181. T. 14.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 In all our griefs he takes a share,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking (flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face; (plead,
Give him, my soul, thy cause to
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

* T. 166.

. bottomless abyss,
tongue cannot define,
godlike properties,
ghts, thy depths divine:
nfathomable sea;
nature Lord:
dge is not found in me,
thy glories to record.

d I view and duly praise,
weakness me surround;
s everlasting rays
nd my soul confound:
rom thine omnipotence
conceives, or eye hath

om comes by chance:
not, nothing e'er had

with thee are possible,
heav'n and earth is done;
n's depths who can re-

mind hath fully known?
ee can circumscribe,
m every where extends;
y greatness e'er describe
inion never ends.

tchest to infinity,
heavens are thy seat,
s name, thy majesty
an conceive or mete:
Lord by all adored,
nee to thee must bend;
ave knelt and grace im-

thee an almighty friend.

and deed are one with

in thy court presides:
thine without degree,
y character abides;
faithfulness, and grace,
ing unto us are new,
day brings fresh displays
ecting care to view.

6 Ah! who can reader thee just
praise? (combined;
Who? tho' his heart and tongue
No temple is thy dwelling place,
Thy worship cannot be confined:
By building shrines where thou shalt
dwell,
Thy proper aim is ne'er attain'd;
To such thou dost thy love reveal
As humbly on thy word depend.

(mand
7 Service, not gifts, thou dost de-
From man, this shall his profit be:
Salvation, life, flow from thy hand,
But no increase accrues to thee;
Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine:
Thy fire in wrath consumes thy foes,
While in its genial warmth and
shine (pose.
Thy friends with heavenly joy re-

8 The seraphim with sweetest tone
Express the glory of thy sway,
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,
Serve thee, and deepest homage pay:
Like them, before thy majesty,
With humble awe I sink asl.amed;
Thou art in truth, O Lord, most high,
All that is great and holy named.

183. T. 14.

ALMIGHTY God, thou sovereign
'Fore thee we prostrate fall, (Lord,
In heaven and on earth adored,
As the great cause of all.

2 Thou canst not by our eyes be
Thou art a Spirit pure, (seen,
Who from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 What e'er thou wilt, thou, Lord, canst do
Here and in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Almighty God is love.

6 Thou lovest whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.

7 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

8 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King:
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds harmonious sing.

9 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
May we who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

184.* T. 22.

MONARCH of all, with humble fear
To thee heaven's hosts their voices share:
Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties share:
Let earth & dust attempt thy praise.

2 Before thy face, O Lord most high,
Sinks all created glory down:
Yet be not wroth with me, that I,
Vile worm, draw near thy awful throne.

3 Of all thou the beginning art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix my wavering heart,
To thee let all my actions tend.

4 Thou, Lord, art light; thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows;
To my dark soul thy light display,
The brightness of thy face disclose.

5 Thou, Lord, art love: from thee pure love
Flows forth in unexhausted streams;
Let me its quick'ning virtue prove,
O fill my heart with sacred flames!

6 Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone:
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in every thought aspire;—

7 So shall my every power to thee
In love and endless praises rise:
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever living sacrifice.

8 Lord God Almighty, ceaseless praise
In heaven, thy throne, to thee is given;
Here, as in heaven, thy name we bless,
For where thy presence shines is heaven.

185. T. 22.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
He fills the sun with morning-light,
He bids the moon direct the night.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

186. T. 166.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils on earth thy wise designs;
For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Great are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man & beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care:
My God, how excellent thy grace
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,

The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
Thence mercy, like a river flows,
And we the living water taste:
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from thy presence, gracious Lord,
And in thy light divine we see
The glories promised in thy word.

187. T. 22.

LORD, I contemplate with delight
Thy various works both day & night:
What glory shines thro' every part,
What boundless power, what wondrous art.

2 All things in beauteous form ap-
By thy Almighty Fiat rear'd; (pear'd
At last thou from the dust didst raise
Thine image, Man, unto thy praise.

188.* T. 214.

1 WILL sing to my Creator,
Unto God I'll render praise,
Who by every thing in nature
Magnifies his tender grace:
Nought but loving condescension
Still inclines his faithful heart
To support and take their part,
Who pursue his blest intention:
All things to their period tend,
But his mercy hath no end.

2 Yea, his Son his heart paternal
Freely did give up for me,
Me to save from death eternal,
And from endless misery:
Depth of love past comprehension,
Whence can my weak spirit fetch
Thoughts profound enough to reach
This unfathom'd condescension:
All things, &c.

3 His good Spirit's blest instruction
In his word to me is given,
Whose unerring manuduction
Leads me in the way to heaven:
He endows my soul and spirit
With the light of living faith,
To o'ercome sin, world, and death,
And escape the hell I merit:
All things, &c.

4 My soul's welfare he advances,
For my body he doth care:
Aid and comfort he dispenses,
When I call on him by prayer:
When my nat'ral strength is shrink-
In the time of utmost need, (ing,
He, my God, draws nigh with speed,
And recovers me from sinking:
All things, &c.

5 As a hen is used to gather
Her young brood beneath her wings,
So hath God, my heavenly Father,
Kept me safe from hurtful things;
Had my God withdrawn his favour,
Had not his protecting grace
Saved me in each trying case,
I should have been helped never:
All things, &c.

6 Since nor end, nor bounds nor measure
In God's mercies can be found,
Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,
As a child in duty bound:
Humbly I request the favour:
Grant me grace both day and night
Thee to love with all my might,
Till I change this infant savour
For that state of bliss above,
Perfect praise and endless love.

189. T. 14.

IN thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2 From thee I am, thro' thee I am,
And for thee I must be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserved:
Yet I have lacked nought.

4 I do not praise my lab'ring hand,
My lab'ring head, or chance;
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is my inheritance.

5 Thy bounty gives me bread with
A table free from strife (peace,
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

6 The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

7 Lord, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread:
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

8 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

190.* T. 590.

LORD when thou saidst, So let it be,
The heav'ns were spread & shone,
And this whole earth stood glori-
ously;
Thou spak'st, and it was done;
The whole creation still records
Unto this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of lords;
Thee all things must obey.

191.* T. 151.

COMMIT thou every grievance
Into his faithful hands,
To his sure care and guidance,
Who heaven and earth commands:
For he, the cloud's director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God, thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on;
Build on his grace and favour,
So shall thy work be done:
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care;
But he his help dispenses,
When call'd upon by prayer.

3 Thy faithfulness eternal,
O Father, certainly
What's good or detrimental
Doth for thy children see:
Thee all things serve in nature,
According to thy will;
Thou, as the great Creator,
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4 My soul, then with assurance
Hope still, be not dismay'd;
He will from each incumbrance
Again lift up thy head;
Beyond thy wish exte
His goodness will a
When he hath fully e
What caused thy ne

192.*

HE that confides in hi
Depending on him
Shall be preserved in
And saved in m
ways:
He that makes God his
Builds not on sand th

2 What gain'st thou
caring?
What causes thee t
Thy rest and health
pairing
By sighs and groa
Thou art but adding
Instead of getting sur

3 O could we be resig
And rest in God's g
Who oft prescribes
diet,
By methods cross
sense:
To him who chose us
Our wants and cares a

4 He knows the hou
gladness,
The proper time an
Are we but faithful
ness,
Seek not our own
He'll come before we
And dissipate our gri

5 God can this hour wi
The poor man's tabl
And strip the rich of
And send him out t
God can do wonders,
Humble the one, the

6 Do thou with faitl
station,
Keep God's comma
Rely on him for prese
On whom the whole
The man that's truly
Makes God, and God

93. T. 14.

all thy mercies, O my God,
ing soul surveys,
rted with the view, I'm lost
nder, love, and praise.

v shall words with equal
mth
ratitude declare,
ws within my ravish'd heart,
ou canst read it there.

rovidenee my life sustain'd,
ll my wants redress'd,
the silent womb I lay,
ung upon the breast.

my weak complaints & cries
ercy lent an ear, (learnt
my feeble thoughts had
m themselves in prayer.

nber'd comforts to my soul
nder care bestow'd,
ıy infant heart conceived
whom those comforts flow'd.

in the slippery paths of
h
heedless steps I ran,
m, unseen, convey'd me safe,
d me up to man.

hidden dangers, toils, and
ly clear'd my way, (deaths
' the pleasing snares of vice
o be fear'd than they.

worn with sickness, oft hast

ıealth renew'd my face;
n in sin and sorrow sunk,
d my soul with grace.

ıousand thousand precious
ly thanks employ; (gifts
e least a cheerful heart,
astes those gifts with joy.

every period of my life
odness I'll pursue:
r death, in heaven with thee,
rious theme renew.

gh all eternity to thee
ıl song I'll raise:
eternity's too short
er all thy praise.

194. T. 14.

LONG ere the lofty skies were (spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Ere man was form'd, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

2 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
ETERNITY'S his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

195.* T. 106.

WELL art thou leading, Guide supreme,
Thy people on their pilgrimage:
Thy paths may strange and devious seem (pests rage,
But yet are straight:—should tem-
Amid the desolating blast,
Thy calming voice is heard at last.

2 Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most high, (bine;
What human prudence would com-
Thy power upraises to the sky,
What some in fetters would confine:
Man, reading not thy perfect will,
Walketh in some vain shadow still.

3 Thy thoughts are high, and soar above
The vanities which all admire:
No eloquence thine ear can move,
Thy impulse must the tongue inspire:
The Pharisees thou passest by
While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

4 We magnify thy grace, pure love
Doth thy paternal heart excite;
Thy pillar doth before us move,
To dwell with us is thy delight:
Thou watchest o'er us day by day,
And lead'st us in the narrow way.

5 Thou can'st discern our ignorance,
Thou know'st how very weak we are;
Our actions prove our impotence,
Thine—wondrous power and faithful care: (sheep
Though to the world unknown, thy
Thou in thy fold dost safely keep.

6 Sometimes thy rod may seem severe,
Again thy love thou dost display;
Thy gentle chastisement is near,
When we are prone to go astray:
Soon as we mourning seek thy face,
Thou bid'st our wayward wand'rings cease.

7 Shed wisdom's ray, that I discern
Nature from grace, thy light from mine:
That no strange fire within me burn,
Which I might vainly think divine;
Thou source of life, how blest is he
Who in thy light the light can see.

196.* T. 595.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy (tears,
God shall lift up thy head;
Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He every where hath way,
And all things serve his might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light:
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends
Who, who shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command, (own
With wonder fill'd thou then shalt
How wise, how strong his hand;
Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He rules all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee,
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

197. T. 151.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them thro';
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

2 Tho' vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Tho' all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

198. T. 581.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth th

2 What thou shalt to-day provi
Let me as a child receive:
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt ca
Why should I the burden bear

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong n
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abid
As my Father, Guard, and

4 Thus preserved from Sata
Safe from dangers, free f
May I live upon thy smile
Till the promised hour s
When the sons of God sha
All their Father's boundl

IX. THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

199.* T. 132.

TO God on high all glory be,
And thanks that he's so gracious,
That hence to all eternity
No evil should oppress us:
His word declares good will to men,
On earth is peace restored again
Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 We humbly thee adore and praise
And laud for thy great glory:
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,
Not fail, nor transitory;
Thy power is endless as thy praise
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys;
In such a Lord we're happy.

3 O Jesus Christ, thou Son beloved
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all enmity's removed,
And all the lost find succour;
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

4 O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,
Thou source of consolation,
From Satan's power thou wilt, we trust,
Protect Christ's congregation;
His everlasting truth assert,
All evil graciously avert,
Lead us to life eternal.

200.* T. 97.

MOST holy, blessed Trinity,
God, praised to all eternity,
Lord over all, whose power did frame [same:
The world, and still upholds the
All things thou reconcilest unto thee;
With awe we now adore thy majesty.

2 Father of Jesus, Lord of all,
Thee we our God and Father call,
Since Jesus made us by his blood
Children and blessed heirs of God;
Eternal praise and thanks are due to thee,
From Christ's redeemed, blood-bought property.

3 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Who didst the human race regain,
And claim'st it as thy property;
Worthy art thou eternally;
For all we are & have, is thine alone,
Ah! take and keep us evermore thine own.

4 O Holy Ghost, to thee we raise
With joyful hearts our thanks and praise,
For leading us to Christ by faith
And glorifying Jesus' death;
O grant that we may all in him abide, [bride.
That he may glory in a faithful

5 We all say, Amen, deeply bow'd
In presence of the Triune God,
By whom in Christ we're fore-ordain'd
To happiness that knows no end;
With grateful hearts we thank and praise the Lord:
His saving name for ever be adored.

201. T. 68.

HOLY Trinity,
We confess with joy,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from God's blest incarnation,
And his death for us
On the shameful cross.

2 Had we angel's tongues
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
Triune God, we would adore thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

202.* T. 230.

TO the Father thanks and praises,
Whose love in Christ to life us raises,
And comforts us in all distress;
Glory, thanks, and adoration,
Be given to Christ without cessation.
Whose presence yields us joy and [peace;
The Spirit magnify,
Who doth to us apply
Jesus' merit;

Our God revere,
He's present here,
Come, worship him with filial fear.

2 Father of the congregation,
O what abundant consolation
We in thy gracious counsel find,
Which by Christ was manifested;
His coming in the flesh attested
Thy tender love to all mankind;
Thy name we magnify
To all eternity;
For thy mercies
Unbounded are;
Thy love and care
Exceed our utmost wish and prayer.

3 Lord our matchless Friend and Brother, [other
Thy praises from each day to the
I'll sing while I have breath in me:
God, as man to us related,
The grateful sense thou hast created
To praise excites me powerfully;
Rise, joyful spirit, rise,
Exalt his sacrifice,
Hallelujah,
In highest strain
To the Lamb slain;
Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

4 Holy Spirit, we adore thee,
And to thy name give praise and
For graciously directing us [glory,
To seek pardon, peace, and favour
With God, thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.
From whom alone salvation flows;
O fill us with his love,
So that our walk may prove
To his honour;
And grant that we
Continually
May to thy voice obedient be.

203.* T. 155.

TO the Father thanks are due,
For he gave his Son Christ Jesus,
To release us,
And with gifts abundantly
Doth supply,
From the fulness of his treasure.
Those whom he regards with plea-
As the Saviour's property. [sure,

2 Angels, principalities,
Thrones, and powers in heavenly
Worship Jesus [places
As the author of their frame;
We with them
Praise him for his incarnation,
Human life, and bitter passion,
And adore his saving name.

3 Praise the Spirit's mighty worl
For he proves himself most glorio
And victorious,
And o'er all who him obey,
Bears the sway:
Doth he not from Christ's salvati
Truth dispense and consolation,
And to bliss direct the way?

204. T. 39.

O FATHER of mercy, be e
adored; [our L
Thy love was displayed in send
To ransom and bless us: thy go
ness we praise
For sending in Jesus salvation
grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, who dei
edst to die, [to b
Our curse to remove, and our par
Accept our thanksgiving, almight
save, [lie
Who openest heaven to all that

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, a
of power,
We prove thy blest influence,
grace we adore:
Whose inward revealing applies
Lord's blood, [G
Attesting and sealing us children

205. T. 206.

O FATHER, hear :‖:
Our humble prayer;
Us kindly own
As children, :‖: since thy Son,
Whom thou, that we might live,
Didst give,
So freely died,—and satisfied
For Adam's race, :‖:
Proclaiming truth and grace. :‖:

2 Most gracious Lord, :‖:
Eternal Word,
Who flesh wast made,
Our Saviour, :‖: friend and head:
Thou holy Lamb of God, :‖:
Thy blood,—thy pain and death
Preserve in faith
Thy church while here, :‖:
Till we 'fore thee appear. :‖:

3 Dear Comforter, :‖:
Receive our prayer,
Instruct us, Lord,
That we :‖: may know thy word,
And thus in love and peace :‖:
Increase.—O grant that we
May, taught by thee,
Count all thing loss :‖:
Save Jesus and his cross. :‖:

206. T. 14.

OUR heavenly Father, source of love,
To thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by [thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's [love
Shed in our hearts abroad:
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

4 Honour to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

207.* T. 58.

GLORY to the Father,
Who in Christ Jesus
Doth as dear children own and richly bless us,
World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,
The man of sorrows,
Who suffer'd, died, rose, and revived for us,
That we might live.

3 Glory and obedience
To the Holy Spirit,
Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and his merit
To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded
For our salvation,
Let all who breathe, proclaim thy bitter passion
For evermore.

208.* T. 58.

THAT our Lord's views with us may be attain'd,
We now commend ourselves, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favour,
The holy Spirit's guidance now and ever;
Hear us, O Lord.

209. T. 167.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

210. T. 590.

FATHER of angels and of men,
Saviour, who us hast bought,
Spirit, by whom we're born again,
And sanctified, and taught;
Thy glory, holy Three in One,
Thy people's song shall be,
Long as the wheels of time shall run,
And through eternity.

211. T. 166.

THAT peace which God alone re-[veals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, & cheer our hearts:
And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

212.* T. 185.

WITH thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,
Bless us all, we humbly pray;
Our dear heavenly Father's love and favour
Be our comfort every day;

May the Holy Ghost in each proceed-
ing [leading;
Favour us with his most gracious
Thus we shall be truly blest,
Both in labour and in rest.

213. T. 14

TILL God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Fill with dismay my mind:—

2 But when Immanuel's face ap-
My hope, my joy begins; [pears,
His name forbids my slavish fears,
His grace removes my sins.

214.* T. 185.

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his
favour,
As his chosen property;
The Lord make his face shine on
thee ever,
And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift his countenance most
gracious
Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,
And his peace on thee bestow:
Amen, Amen, be it so.

215. T. 595.

YE angels round the throne
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

216.* T. 22.

[pa
WITH grateful hearts we hur
Our heavenly Father for his grac
Our Saviour who for sinners bl
The Holy Ghost by whom we're

2 O righteous Father, how divin
Thy grace and mercy! praise
thine, [
Since thou our souls with cord
Hast drawn to thy dear Son abc

3 Jehovah Jesus, unto God,
Thou, with thine own most prec
blood,
Hast reconciled the world; to th
For so great love, all glory be.

4 God Holy Ghost, blest Comfort
With solemn praise we thee rev
Since we, by thee convinced
taught, [broc
Are to the blood of sprinl

217. T. 22.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Ch
The love of God so highly prized
The Holy Ghost's communion be
With all of us most sensibly.

218.* T. 132.

NOW sing thou happy churcl
His favour'd congregation, [
Redeem'd with Jesus' precious l
From every tribe and nation:
Most holy, blessed Trinity,
For the Lamb slain all praise to
Both now and ever. Amen.

X. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

219. T. 22.

OUR heavenly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundless grace
We see display'd in Jesus' face.

2 O God, how dreadful was thy name
Until the God-man Jesus came;
We cannot love nor honour thee,
Unless the Son hath made us free.

3 O love, no human tongue can
O love divine, unsearchable!
The Father gave his only Son
For guilty sinners to atone.

4 Can any ill distress my heart,
Since God with his own Son
part?
What'er I want can't be denied
Since Christ for me was crucifie

220. T. 14.

BEHOLD what love the Father hath
On guilty men bestow'd,
That we, who children are of wrath,
Should children be of God.

2 O how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like himself, the eternal God,
Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of [God,
Who for us lived and died,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to [man
Most gloriously display'd,
And life eternal we obtain
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 O let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing with joyful hearts
The wonders of his love.

221*. T. 22.

THOU hast the world so greatly loved,
Father, that thou by mercy moved
Didst give thy well-beloved Son,
By death for all our sins to atone.

2 That he all who in him believe,
Might in thy family receive.
His sacrifice so great, so dear,
Thou all-sufficient didst declare.

3 As children we are own'd by thee,
Since Christ our brother deign'd to be;
We feel thy kind paternal heart
To us who have in him a part.

4 The whole salvation of thy Son,
And all his merits make our own;
Yea, grant us richly, for his sake,
Of heavenly blessings to partake.

5 Thou art our Father and our God,
Since Christ assumed our flesh and blood;
Therefore in thee our trust we place,
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

222.* T. 90.

DEAR heavenly Father, we adore,
And thank thee for the dreadful pain
Thy Son, when he our sorrows bore,
For our redemption did sustain;
O grant that we may all our days
Live to exalt redeeming grace.

223.* T. 58.

O SANCTIFY us by thy truth we pray,
Christ's glorious brightness in our hearts display:
We to thy protection ourselves surrender,
With filial confidence and love most tender, O Lord our God.

224. T. 341.

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing,
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive:
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy Son,
In Christ I am thine own:
Stranger long to thee and rest,
See, the prodigal is come:
Open wide thy arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity view'd me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine.

225.* T. 58.

LORD God, Abba Father,
The whole creation
With us unites in prayer and adoration, To thy great name.

2 Unto thee we render
Eternal praises,
For having manifested in Christ
Jesus Thy love to us.

226.* T. 132.

WHEN Christ, who saved us by his
blood,
His followers call'd together,
His farewell was, I go to God,
To mine, and to your Father;
Therefore, believing in the Son,
With filial love we humbly own
Thee, God, our God and Father.

227. T. 14.

FATHER of all, almighty Lord,
Our Father and our God,
Since Jesus Christ, th' eternal Word,
Assumed our flesh and blood.

2 Let all with love and filial fear
Thy sacred name adore;
O may thy kingdom soon appear,
And spread the world all o'er.

3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heavenly powers;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
And let that will be ours.

4 Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food which thou seest best;
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.

5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which justice must condemn;
As some have wrong'd us many
And we would pardon them. [times

6 Let not temptation us befall,
While here our race we run;
But rescue and defend us all
From sin and the evil one.

7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the
O'er angels and o'er men; [power
The glory too for evermore
Is thine; Amen, Amen.

228.* T. 90.

BE of good cheer in all your wants,
And steadfast on God's word rely,
He who the greatest favours grants,
The smallest never will deny:
If God could give his Son for us,
What can he then to us refuse?

229.* T. 1

DRAW me, O Father, to
That he may draw me
Thy Spirit render me his
And rule without cont
Shed in my heart thy lo
And keep me in thy pea

230.* T.

REJOICE, my soul, G
Trust to his word assure
However things may
Thy heavenly Father,
Of thy concerns will not
And mercy freely to t

2 My griefs and cares
known,
My God, I cast on thee
In thee is all my trust
Since thou dost govern,
Into thy hands resign m
And thank thee pro
duct.

3 I confidently do believ
Me, thy poor child, th
For thou my Father a
Fill thou my soul with
Thus I am rich in life a
And from thy love
me part.

231. T.

OUR Father, who in he
Hallow'd be thy most b
Thy kingdom come; thy
Always in heaven & ea
Give us this day our da
Forgive our sins, as we
Into temptation do not
But full release from ev

232.* T.

OUR Father, great and
On heaven's exalted
Thy kingdom prove vic
That Jesus Christ, th
May, for his death and
From every tongue an
Receive a rich rewar

XI. JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

233. T. 22.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger
Almighty Ruler of the sky, [laid,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see,
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

234.* T. 68.

O ETERNAL Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord!
While the hosts of heaven adore thee
We with awe fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed,
Comfort in all need,
Thou becamest a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God.

235. T. 22.

BEFORE the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace
Was Christ, in whom the Godhead shone.

4 Archangels left their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

236.* T. 172.

THY majesty how vast it is,
And how immense the glory,
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess;
Both heaven and earth adore thee:
The numberless heavenly hosts laud thy name, [ent;
Thy glory and might are transcend-
Ten thousands of angels thy praises proclaim,
Upon thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's equal, God the Son,
With him thou ever reignest;
Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou sustainest:
Both angels and men view their Maker as man,
With joy that is past all expression:
O happy, unspeakably happy who
Find in him life and salvation. [can

3 This mystery every throne and
Admires with adoration; [power
The angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation:
The angels and elders before him fall down, [ing;
With accents melodious him prais-
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him on the throne,
They render glory unceasing.

4 The church on earth in humble [strain
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;
She sings, The Lamb for us was slain,
Our foe is cast for ever;
For Christ hath redeem'd us by his precious blood
Out of every nation and kindred,

And made us thereby kings and
priests unto God,
To him thanksgiving be render'd.

5 When Christ in majesty shall come
With all his bright attendance,
On every man pronounce a doom,
An awful, final sentence:
Then shall all his enemies quaking
with dread, [cover;
Wish mountains and rocks them to
The ransom'd with gladness will lift
up their head,
And live with Jesus for ever.

237. T. 14.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest
Of his o'erflowing grace. [beams

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers re-
To see him wear the crown. [joice

4 Upon that dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around.

5 This is the man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes shall see his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

238. T. 341.

WORTHY, O Lord art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers:
Source of power he rules alone:
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of kings, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring:
Christ the mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promised aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride, and self, and every foe;
All subdue, thro' all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

239.* T. 97.

THOU reign'st above on heaven's
throne,
The Father's equal, God the Son;
The Holy Ghost to us displays
Thy majesty and boundless grace,
And in the Scriptures clearly doth
explain,
That thou, Lord, madest and re-
deemedst man.

2 With awe and reverence 'fore thee
And at thy name we bow the knee,
As all in earth and heaven join
To extol thy majesty divine, [call
And thee, to God the Father's glory,
The great Jehovah, mighty Lord of
all.

240. T. 595.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each
And every heart inflame. [tongue

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured.
That rebels, such as you and I.
From wrath might be secured.

3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.

4 And now he pleading stands
For us before the throne,
And answers all the law demands.
With what himself hath done.

5 He sees us willing slaves
To sin, and Satan's power;
But with an outstretch'd arm he saves,
In his appointed hour.

6 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

9 Tho' press'd, we need not yield,
But shall prevail at length:
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

10 Assured that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

241. T. 595.

JESUS, my Lord, my God,
The God supreme thou art,
The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2 Jehovah is thy name;
And thro' thy blood applied,
Convinced and certified I am,
There is no God beside.

3 Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood divine.

4 Yea, only he who feels,
My Saviour for me died,
Is certain that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

242. T. 14.

ALL glory to the Saviour's name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints in glory, who with joy
Have left this earthly ball,
Your most triumphant songs employ,
Extol the Lord of all.

3 Children of God, who walk by faith,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Show forth your dear Redeemer's death,
Confess him Lord of all.

4 Let every tribe, and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And hail him Lord of all.

243. T. 595.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

244. T. 96.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
Thy like, nor man, nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair;
E'en those, whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round.
Find light and life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began:
Thou, when the appointed time was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, wast man with man.

3 The world, death, sin, oppose in vain;
Thou by thy dying death hast slain;
My great deliverer and my God,
Against thee vain is Satan's rage,
In vain doth hell its powers engage,
Nought can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord, who thine own and Father's will,
Which is but one, camest to fulfil,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous rev'rence at thy feet
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be; [dear;
No charms but these to thee are
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace
be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That, life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

245.* T. 68.

JESUS, who with thee
Can compared be?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life, and light, and full salvation:
Son of God, with thee
None compared can be.

2 Life, thou diedst for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ,
Thy dear sceptre is embraced
By me at thy feet abased;
I choose Mary's seat
At thy holy feet.

4 Nigh to thee draw me,
Give me faith on thee
To depend, and daily bolder
Cast all misery on thy shoulder,
Which I feel in me;
Draw me nigh to thee.

5 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following thee with love most ten-
So that Satan may not hinder [der,
Me by craft or force;
Further thou my course.

6 By thy Spirit's light
Me instruct aright,
That I watch and pray with fervour,
Trusting thee, my soul's preserver:
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

7 Give me courage good,
That my wealth and blood
I for thee could spend, my Saviour,
Hating world and sin for ever;
Since for me, my God,
Thou didst shed thy blood.

8 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,
And into thy realms convey me,
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

246. T. 341.

O DAY-SPRING from on high,
In mercy hear my cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Rule in me without control,
May I ever thine abide.

2 Jesus, who art the Tree
Of immortality,
Feed this tender branch of thine;
By thy influence I shall thrive;
Thou, the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou;
I know, I feel it now:
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou revivest me, thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Unto life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art;
From thee I'll never part:
Thou, my keeper and my guide,
Watch me still with tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head;
Countless benefits on me,
As thy body's member flow;
Nourish'd I and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee;
Lord, may I by thee be taught,
May I listen eagerly
To thy words with comfort fraught.

7 High priest, on thee I call,
Thy blood atoned for all:
Thou dost still in heaven above
As the Lamb once slain appear;
There remember me in love,
Plead for me a sinner there.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,
Praises to thee I sing:
Kept by thy almighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand,
By the faith thou dost dispense.

247. T. 249.

WE bow before thy throne,
Jesus, :‖: and thee alone
Our God and Saviour own;
While pilgrims here on earth we are
We to thy courts will oft repair,
To offer prayer and praise:
O God of Grace,
Thy saving name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,
Worthy :‖: the Lamb once slain
For evermore to reign: [more,
Thee, Christ, God bless'd for ever-
Our lips confess, our hearts adore:
Honour and majesty
Be given to thee,
Now and eternally.

248. T. 22.

COME, worship at Immanuel's feet;
Behold in him what wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 Christ is the Head; each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

3 He is the Vine; his heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit:
O may a lasting union join [
My soul, as branch, to Christ the Vine!

4 He is the Rock; how firm he proves;
The Rock of ages never moves:
But the sweet streams, that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace:
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace
When we behold him face to face.

249.* T. 58.

OUR gracious God be praised evermore,
That Jesus Christ, who all our sorrows bore,
To our hearts so clearly is manifested,
That with conviction 'tis by us attested That he is God.

2 O blessed truth, which with deep awe is heard, [vered:
Truth, worthy evermore to be re-
To the man Christ Jesus a name is given
Above all names; all knees in earth and heaven
'Fore him must bow.

3 Of this great truth we boldly witness bear,
And to mankind this doctrine will declare,
That he, who to save us assumed our nature,
And suffer'd on the cross, is the Creator Of heaven and earth.

250.* T. 125.

THOU Maker of each creature,
The Father's arm and might,
Thou rulest o'er all nature,
In thine own name and right:
May we in every station
Enjoy thy great salvation,
And simply follow thee.

2 Lord, let us be increasing
In love and knowledge too;
That we, on thee believing,
In spirit serve thee so,
As in our hearts to savour
Thy matchless grace and favour,
And always for thee thirst.

3 O shed abroad, Lord Jesus,
Thy love in us, we pray;
And let its influence gracious
Our thoughts and actions sway:
Thus in the path proceeding,
To life eternal leading,
We shall thy word obey.

251.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, praise to thee be given,
Creator both of earth and heaven,
Who wast from everlasting Lord,
And art as God and man adored.

2 Praise be to thee in Christendom,
Who wast, who art, and art to come;
Thy lauds shall dwell upon our tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

3 Thy incarnation claims our praise,
We thank thee for thy boundless grace:
We love thee since thou man wast made,
And hast as man our ransom paid.

4 Receive our thanks, O Lamb of God,
Who hast redeem'd us by thy blood;
Might all mankind thy name adore
For thy atonement evermore.

XII. THE HOLY GHOST, HIS GIFTS AND OPERATIONS.

252.* T. 203.

COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,
And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad
On us, and unto every heart
True faith and fervent love impart:
O Lord, who by thy heavenly light
Hast call'd thy church from sinful night,
Out of all nations, tribes and places;
To thee we render thanks & praises:
Hallelujah.

2 Thou Light divine, most gracious Lord,
Revive us by thy holy word,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On God, the Father of us all:
From all strange doctrines us preserve,
No other master may we serve,
But Christ who is our only Saviour:
In him we will confide for ever:
Hallelujah.

3 O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
Help us with watchfulness & prayer
'Midst various trials thee to obey,
And never from the truth to stray:
O Lord, by thy almighty grace,
Prepare us so to run our race,
That we by thine illumination
May gain heaven's glorious habitation:
Hallelujah.

253.* T. 58.

GOD Holy Ghost, in mercy us preserve,
That we from Jesus' doctrine never swerve;
Guide us, till, to finish our race permitted,
To Jesus' presence we shall be admitted: Have mercy, Lord.

2 O grant us thy divine, thy saving light,
That we may understand Christ's mind aright,
That we may in Jesus abide for ever,
Who gain'd a place in heaven for each believer:
Have mercy, Lord.

3 Thou source of love, God Holy Ghost, inspire
Our lifeless souls with love's celestial fire:
May we, as Christ's members, be join'd together
In unity, and truly love each other:
Have mercy, Lord.

4 O thou our highest comfort in all need,
Grant that we neither shame nor death may dread;
Should we even suffer hard persecution,
O give us grace to stand without confusion: Have mercy, Lord.

54.* T. 22.

oly Ghost, how gloriously
t's redeemed property
lmighty power display'd:
ne that earth and heaven
e.

thou thy unction dost im-
,
athe new life into the heart;
hy all-penetrating light
the thickest gloom of night:

thou dost Christ reveal to us,
de our eyes unto his cross;
ver divine both far and near
tless wonders doth appear.

55.* T. 4.

IT of Grace,
dness we praise,
ing to us
e and salvation proceed from
ist's cross.

kness we stray'd,
e were led
to believe,
sus, our Saviour, will sinners
ive.

earts thou didst cheer,
ng all fear;
ibly could claim
n and pardon in Jesus' dear
ie.

us to obey
chings, we pray,
of love,
nkful to thee for thy mercies
rove.

ish to afford
s our Lord,
bitter pain,
nour, and glory, 'midst his
en train.

efore impart
to each heart,
is we may show,
whole behaviour, that Jesus
know.

us to increase
ledge and grace,
g by faith
atonement, wrought out by
leath.

256.* T. 9.

HOLY Ghost, thou God and Lord
Of thy congregation,
We to thee with one accord
Pay our adoration.

2 For thy teaching, heavenly Guide,
O accept our praises;
Have we thee, we're well supplied
With good gifts and graces.

3 Thou explainest unto us
Jesus' incarnation,
And how he upon the cross
Purchased our salvation.

4 Thou fill'st with the gospel-light
Every land and nation,
Aid'st thy witnesses with might
Under tribulation.

5 Us to Jesus thou hast brought;
O preserve us ever
In the faith which thou hast wrought
Thro' thy grace and favour.

6 With maternal faithfulness
Lead his ransom'd people,
And to please him give them grace;
Bear them up when feeble.

7 Daily Jesus' flock thanks thee
For thy kind tuition;
O may we obedient be,
Thro' thy benediction.

8 Grant, that we may never lose,
Till our dying moment,
The rich comfort, which to us
Flows from Christ's atonement.

9 For, our heavenly Father's love,
Jesus' great compassion,
And thy patience ever prove
Our strong consolation.

10 Amen, Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Endless thanks and praises
Gives to thee the ransom'd host,
In the name of Jesus.

257. T. 14.

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word
And break each heart of stone.

2 Give us ourselves and Christ to know,
In this our gracious day;

Repentance unto life bestow,
Christ's pardoning love display.

3 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

4 Show us our poverty, relieve
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give
The knowledge of our cure.

5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, then lead the troubled heart
To Christ's atoning blood.

258. T. 14.

O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,
Descending from above, [blood,
Thou fill'st the soul, thro' Jesus'
With faith, and hope, and love.

2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppress'd;
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy;
Which Satan's power can ne'er con-
Nor all his wiles destroy. [trol,

4 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain;
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

5 Breathe comfort, where distress abounds,
O make our conscience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,
The festering sores of sin.

6 Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove,
Take out the heart of stone:
Show us the Father's boundless love,
The merits of the Son.

7 The Father sent his Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd:
The witness Thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ hath made.

259. T. 595.

COME, holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our mind
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flam
Of never-ceasing love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 If thou, O Comforter,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience and the law!

6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and courage fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, an
love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

260.* T. 58.

GOD holy Spirit, be for ever blest,
That thou to us Christ's death d
manifest,
And of him the fountain, whe
flows salvation,
Dost so distinctly give us infor
tion, And light im

3 What of the Father and the
we know, [
To thy divine instruction all
Thro' thy operations we are as
That Jesus Christ, who death
endured, Is Lord and

3 Thanks for revealing to u
Lamb slain,
And that his blood would hav
shed in vain,
Had to sanctify us aught else
And could our souls have ot
been healed
Than by his

4 Christ's meritorious suffer
the sum
And sole foundation of tr

hro' mercy those comforts
,
thro' thee, believers are
ed, While here on earth.

d of Christ alone can joy
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evive, and cheer the con-
eart;
show still clearer to us his

us daily more, God holy
Into all truth.

atience with us sinners
day, [pray;
s all our trespasses, we
and warn us without ces-
;
thy peace, thy love, and
ation, Fill all our hearts.

t we'll gladly testify each

ingdom shall appear with
;
all see clearly, how thou
ained
lren, when they once shall
attained
To bliss complete.

mforter, vouchsafe us all
ice,
ee joy for thy great faith-
s,
ve and patience; from sin
t us,
narrow way to life direct
Thou heavenly Guide.

.* T. 58.

mforter and Guide of Jesus'
[dain,
thyself his ministers or-
is in mercy, grant us thy
r,
and bodies we devote for
O Lord to thee.

r we look around, both far
ear,
r and glory of the Lord ap-

flocks of Jesus are multi-
g,
wish to live, themselves
ng, *Unto his praise.*

3 O thou life-giving Stream, the
earth o'erflow,
Whatever would obstruct thy course
break through: [petition,
O most gracious Spirit, hear our
Teach all to turn to Jesus with con-
trition, That they may live.

4 We pray thee fill us all with Jesus'
love, [prove:
That we may in his service faithful
Teach us to esteem it the greatest
favour,
With humble, contrite hearts to
serve our Saviour
Till we shall rest.

5 Unto Christ's congregation in each
place
Grant 'midst all trials, comfort, peace
and grace:
O may all believers in every station
Rejoice in Jesus and in his salva-
tion, God Holy Ghost.

262. T. 341.

THOU promised Comforter,
Fruit of the Saviour's prayer,
Thee the world cannot receive,
Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light while void of thee.

2 Yet I enjoy thy grace,
Thro' Christ my righteousness:
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above;
Pardon written on my heart,
Light, and life, and joy and love.

3 Thee I exalt to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell;
There thou bear'st thy witness true,
Shed'st the love of God abroad:
I, in Christ, a creature new,
I, ev'n I, am born of God.

4 Thy gifts, blest Comforter,
I glory to declare;
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
Pardon to my soul applied,
Interest in the spotless Lamb;
Dead for all, for me he died.

5 Thou art thyself the seal;
I more than pardon feel:
Peace, unutterable peace,
Joy, that ages ne'er can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
All the confidence of love.

6 Pledge of the promise given,
My antepast of heaven,
Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestow'd;
Heaven and Christ and all is mine,
I'm through thee an heir of God.

7 Thou art my inward guide,
I ask no help beside;
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy;
Weak I am, yet cannot fall,
Stay'd by faith, and led by thee.

263. T. 595.

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood:
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
O testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

264. T. 14

COME, holy Spirit, on us breathe
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
Warm these cold hearts of ours.

2 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

3 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
O lead us, that we may above
Obtain our lasting home.

265. T. 79.

BREATHE on these bones so dry and dead,
God Holy Ghost, thy influence shed
In all our hearts abroad:
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

2 Convince us that the Lamb was slain
For us, and to our minds explain
The mystery of the cross:
To know, and to be found in him,
Let us our highest gain esteem;
And for it count all things but loss.

266. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son;
Thou God of peace and love.

2 Thou art the only Comforter
In all our soul's distress;
Thou showest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3 Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the church impart;
Writest God's holy, precious law
On each believer's heart.

4 Thy holy unction power affords
The gospel to proclaim:
By thee enabled, we set forth
Salvation in Christ's name.

5 Assist and strengthen us, O Lord,
Thou know'st we all are frail;
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor flesh,
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6 Cause all disharmony and strife
In Christendom to cease;
And give to all the flocks of Christ
Love, union, truth, and peace.

267.* T. 22.

O COMFORTER, God Holy Ghost,
Thou heavenly gifts on us bestow'st;
The pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were lost,
Thou callest, teaching them to trust,
For help, forgiveness, peace & grace
In him, the Lord our righteousness:—

3 Thy unction freely dost impart
To every poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows
From whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness train;
Keepest believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and death.

5 Who can thy operations trace,
Thy kindness, patience, truth, and grace,
Which on God's children thou bestow'st,
O Comforter, God Holy Ghost.

268. T. 583.

O HOLY Ghost, on this great day inspire
Our souls, we pray, with pentecostal fire:
Breathe thou upon us with thy heavenly wind,
That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us and preserve that fire,
Which will with holy love our breast inspire,
And with an active zeal our soul inflame
To do thy will, and glorify thy name.

3 Endow us richly with thy gifts and grace,
To fit us for the duties of our place;
So open thou our lips, our hearts so raise,
That both our hearts and lips may give thee praise.

4 As in thy temple keep thou residence
Within our soul, and never part from thence,
Until we're fitted & prepared by thee
Life to exchange for immortality.

269.* T. 230.

THOU great Teacher, who instructest
Christ's flock, and us to bliss conductest,
Who noblest gifts to grant didst deign
To the apostles, thine anointed,
By thee for that great work appointed
To teach, reprove, and comfort men,
And freely offer grace
Unto the Gentile race;
Lord, have mercy:
Grant us to be
Immoveably
Fix'd on their ground, upheld by thee.

270.* T. 22.

TO thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thou heavenly Teacher, thee we praise
For thy instruction, power, & grace.
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Thee of ourselves we could not know,
Till thou, O Lord, didst clearly show
The sin of unbelief to us,
Of enmity to Jesus' cross.

4 When this we felt to be our case,
Then Jesus' blood and righteousness
Unto our hearts thou didst reveal,
Imparting thus thy pardoning seal.

5 Most gracious Comforter we pray,
O lead us further every day;
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

6 Till we in heaven shall take our seat.
Instruct us often to repeat,
Abba, our Father, and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

271. T. 90.

O THAT the Comforter would come
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me a transient home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea, make my soul his blest abode,
The temple of the in-dwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire
Attest that I am born again; (fire,
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with
Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiven,
A pledge that I'm an heir of heaven.

3 Grant me the indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine;
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

XIII. GOD'S CALL OF GRACE TO THE UNCONVERTED SINNER.

272.* T. 583.

TEACH us, O Lord, the cross's mystery,
And grant us docile hearts to learn of thee; (man,
Thou art as full of love to fallen
As when for our redemption thou wast slain.

2 I thirst, thou didst upon the cross exclaim, (the same,
And on thy throne thy thirst is still
That all may taste thy pardoning grace and love,
And ev'n thine enemies thy mercy prove.

3 Thou hast no pleasure in the sinner's death, (faith;
But callest him to come and live by
Thou sendest messengers of peace abroad,
Beseeching men, Be reconciled to God:—

4 Believe, thou mourning sinner, that for thee (tree;
Thy Saviour suffered on the cross's
Thereby he triumphed over sin and hell,
And gain'd for thee a right in heaven to dwell.—

5 Tho' then unborn, tho' not in person there, (share;
Yet in that act of grace thou hast a
Pardon of sin was then for thee procured,
When Jesus death for every man endured.—

6 For all who flee from Sinai's fiery wrath,
And look to Calvary's sacrifice by faith,
The Judge supreme, to whom all power is given,
Ordaineth pardon, happiness, and heaven.—

7 Just as thou art, to Jesus come, and live; (ceive;
Repenting sinners Jesus will re-
Be thou e'er so corrupt and stain'd with sin,
Fear not, his precious blood can wash thee clean.

8 Who finds that sin hath quite o'erspread his soul,
That his own efforts ne'er can make him whole,
Helpless at Jesus' feet resolves to lie,
God's word declares, that sinner shall not die:—

9 Tho' he was dead before, behold, he lives;
The Saviour quickens whom the Father gives;
Henceforth must sin lie vanquish'd at his feet;
Thro' faith in Jesus he shall victory meet.

10 How pleasing 'tis a new-born soul to view, (new:
How doth its happiness our own re-
Might all the power of Christ's atonement prove,
And know the virtue of his dy love.

273.* T. 217.

MY Saviour sinners doth receive,
Whom, with sin's galling load pressed,
Nor man nor angel can relieve
Who have no hope to be redre

Who loathe the world and all its ways, (grace;
Dread wrath divine and mourn for
On whom the law pronounceth sentence, (science;
Condemn'd to hell in their own con-
Such wretched sinners find reprieve,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2 The fondest mother cannot have
Towards her darling such affection
As Jesus show'd, vile man to save;
His love exceedeth our conception:
He left his throne and blest abode,
To bear the sinner's heavy load;
And since he thro' his death and suffering
Hath made an all-sufficient offering,
Our debt is paid, and we may live;
For Jesus sinners doth receive.

3 Now is his sympathising heart
A refuge for the most distressed;
He freely pardon will impart;
By him their debt is quite erased:
His blood, like the ocean without ground,
Their sins hath swallow'd up and drown'd;
The Holy Ghost to them is given,
Who leads them in the path to heaven, (lieve,
And prompts them always to be-
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4 They by the Father are esteem'd,
When thus presented by our Saviour;
Heal'd by his wounds, from sin redeem'd, (favour;
They prove the Father's love and
He owns them as his sons and heirs,
And all he hath their own declares;
Eternal life they now inherit,
Procured for them by Jesus' merit;
He dwells in them, in him they live,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5 Might all his loving heart but see,
And know his bowels of compassion
To sinners straying carelessly,
Or such as mourning seek salvation:
Him, when on earth 'midst sinners trace;
Zaccheus tastes his saving grace;
He comforts Magd'len in affliction,
Regards her tears & deep conviction,
Her sins, tho' many, he forgives;
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6 Behold how he with Peter dealt;
Tho' deep his fall, he show'd him favour:
Not only when on earth he dwelt
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour;
No, he is still the very same,
Just, good, and merciful his name;
As he was in humiliation,
So is he still in exaltation:
Repenting souls, you may believe,
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7 Come, sinners, come, tho' vile and base;
Returning prodigals he meeteth;
He freely offers them his grace,
Them with a pardoning kiss he greeteth: (way?
Why wilt thou stand in thy own
Why wilfully be Satan's prey?
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for ever,
Tho' he appeared thee to deliver?
Do not delay, sin's service leave,
Since Jesus sinners will receive.

8 Come ye that heavy laden are,
Come, weary, void of self-assistance;
Tho' doubting, ready to despair,
Come but to him without resistance:
Behold his heart with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet;
Long hath he sought for you tho' wretched, (ed:
You to embrace his arms outstretch-
O come to him, believe, and live!
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9 Object not, I'm a wretch too base,
Too oft his goodness I have slighted,
Too often spurned at his grace,
I, who was generously invited:
Is your repentance now sincere?
Your sorrow genuine? do not fear;
His pow'r and mercy are unbounded,
None, trusting him, was e'er confounded: (lieve;
He saves whom none else can re-
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10 Think not, 'tis time enough, nor say, (sure,
God who is gracious beyond mea-
Shuts not the door of grace to-day;
I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure:
No, God forbid! if you are wise,
Grace offer'd now, do not despise:
Who slights to-day the invitation
May ever miss of his salvation:
Come now to Jesus, come and live,
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11 Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, thou gracious Saviour;
Grant I and all may ardently
Desire thy pardon, grace and favour:
And when temptations would assail,
Let thine Almighty grace prevail:
May none who feel sin's condemnation,
Neglect thy generous invitation;
But all experience and believe
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

274.* T. 205.

SINNERS, come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, & temples view;
See him bleeding on the tree:
See, his heart is pierced for you;
View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more, and say,
Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.

2 Who would still such mercy grieve?
Sinners, hear instruction mild;
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a little child;
Artful doubts and reasonings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;
Mourning souls who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.

3 Through his poverty the poor
May eternal riches gain:
Open'd is heaven's mercy-door;
None that come need come in vain:
Here now freely take who will,
Each poor sinner take his fill;
Rich in grace hereby commence,
Blush no more for indigence.

4 They who search their hearts with care,
And the blame their own confess,
In the Lamb's redemption share,
To his wounds have free access:
They who deem'd themselves the (chief
Of all sinners, and receive
Full forgiveness, peace, and rest,
Pardoning grace can relish best.

5 Cover'd with a holy shame,
Pardon'd sinners they remain:
Yet their freedom they proclaim,
Their adoption they maintain:
Soon as we are taught to cease
Trusting in our righteousness,
Ceases the tormenting strife,
All within is peace and life.

275. T. 585.

COME, ye sinners, poor & wretch
Weak and wounded, sick and so
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able, :||:
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy, come and welcom
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, :||:
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost, and ruin'd by the fall;
If ye tarry till ye're better,
Ye will never come at all:
Not the righteous, :||:
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make y
linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you; :||:
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd; :||:
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus :||:
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints & angels, join'd in conc
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heave
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah, :||:
Sinners here may sing the same.

276. T. 591.

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call
He now is passing by;

seen thy grievous thrall,
ard thy mournful cry:
pardon to impart,
to save thee from thy fears;
ove that fills his heart,
ipe away thy tears.

rt thou afraid to come,
ll him all thy case?
ot pronounce thy doom,
own thee from his face;
u fear Immanuel?
ou dread the Lamb of God,
save thy soul from hell,
hed his precious blood?

how on the cross he hung,
l with a thousand wounds:
m each as with a tongue
ice of pardon sounds;
all his open'd veins
f wondrous virtue flow,
vash away thy stains,
nsom thee from wo.

his majesty be great,
rcy is no less;
e thy transgressions hate,
s for thy distress:
If the Lord hath sworn,
ghts not in thy death:
es thee to return,
ou may'st live by faith.

hy downcast eyes and see
hrongs his throne surround,
o' sinners once like thee,
ll salvation found:
then to unbelief,
he saith, There yet is room;
f sinners thou art chief,
esus calls thee, come.

7. T. 22.

nners, to the gospel feast;
soul be Jesus' guest;
f you need stay behind:
l calleth to mankind.

the gospel-trumpet sounds,
ners from earth's farthest
ls;
of Jubilee is come;
e ransom'd sinners, home.

ll ye souls by sin opprest,
rers, who are seeking rest;
, the maim'd, the halt, the
ist a *hearty welcome* find.

4 The message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's almighty power,
And strive against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
A precious bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day:
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

278. T. 22.

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his pierced hands.

3 Ready the Spirit to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart,
To shed Christ's love in you abroad,
And witness you are born of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead 's alive, the lost is found

5 Come, sinners, to your gracious Lord,
Incline your ear; and hear his word;
His offer'd grace with joy receive,
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall live.

279. T. 22.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites man's fallen race;
Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, & gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
God's grace in Christ is free to all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a sacrifice.

4 Nothing you in exchange need
give;
Leave all you are and have behind;
Thankful the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

6 To you he calls, My goodness
My promises for all are free: [prove,
O taste my everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in me.

280. T. 205.

SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
God, your Maker, is your friend:
Think not, that his wrath pursues,
That his curses you attend:
As I live, Jehovah saith,
I do not desire your death;
Rather, rather would I see
Each poor sinner turn to me.

2 O then turn to him and live,
Turn to him with all your wo;
He is ready to forgive,
Ready blessings to bestow:
Outstretch'd see his arms of love,
Haste his tender heart to prove;
Haste, ye sinners, you will find
Jesus casteth none behind.

281. T. 106.

YE sinners, in the gospel trace
The friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the apostate race,
But may in him salvation find:
His thoughts, his words and actions
prove,
His life and death—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away:
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He dwells within a house of clay:
His glory through a veil is seen,
And God with God is man with men.

3 Behold our God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures
home;
He all day long spreads out his l
Come, weary souls, to Jesus c
Tho' ye be e'er so much oppre
Believe, and he will give you

4 Ah! do not of his goodness
His saving grace for all is free
He saith, I ne'er will cast him
Who as a sinner comes to me
I can to none myself deny:
Come, sinners, come; why wi
die?

282. T. 151

SINNERS, would ye be heale
Then come to Jesus Christ;
In him is grace revealed,
Come only undisguised;
Come poor and miserable,
Draw nigh just as you are;
You'll find, that he is able
Your losses to repair.

2 His wounds are open founts
To wash you white all o'er,
Yea, were your sins like mou
Or sands on ocean's shore:
Believe in the atonement
By Christ's all-saving blood
Do not delay one moment,
Come to the Lamb of God.

283. T. 90.

WHERE shall my wand'rin
begin,
While I to heavenly songs as
A slave redeem'd from death a
A brand pluck'd from eternal
How shall I due thanksgiving
And sound my great Deli
praise.

2 O how shall I thy goodness
Saviour, which thou hast sho
me?
That I a child of wrath and h
A happy child of God should l
Should know, should feel m
forgiven,
And that I am an heir of hea

3 Outcasts of men, to you I
Harlots and publicans, believe
He spreads his arms to embra
Repenting sinners he'll receiv
No need of him the righteous
He came the lost to seek and s

4 Come, O my fellow sinners, come,
Groaning beneath sin's ponderous weight;
He calls you now, invites you home,
Come quickly, ere it be too late:
Though foes protest, and friends repine,
He died for crimes like yours and mine.

5 For you the healing current flow'd
From the Redeemer's wounded side;
Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory died:
Believe, your sins shall be forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven.

284.* T. 582.

COME to me, saith the Lord,
All ye who are oppress'd,
Weary and heavy laden souls,
And I will give you rest.

2 Whoe'er to me will come,
And the offer'd grace receive,
Him I in no wise will cast out,
He shall be mine and live.

285.* T. 97.

SINNERS, your Maker is your friend,
He calls you, to his call attend;
Sure as I live, to you he saith,
I ne'er desire the sinner's death,
But that repenting he may turn to me,
And live for ever: Lord we come to thee.

286. T. 11.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to heaven ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued the infernal powers;
His tremendous foes and ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Sing, ye ransom'd to his praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

XIV. REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

287*. T. 132.

LORD Jesus Christ, my sovereign good,
Thou fountain of salvation,
Behold how sin's most dreadful load
Fills me with condemnation:
My sins indeed are numberless;
O Lord, regard my deep distress,
Relieve my guilty conscience.

2 In pity look upon my need,
Remove thou my oppression:
Since thou hast suffer'd in my stead,
And paid for my transgression,
Let me not yield to dark despair,
Nor live in constant dread and fear
Of death and condemnation.

3 When I review my mis-spent days,
I feel a heavy burden;
Reflecting on my trespasses,
I scarce could hope for pardon,
But should be hopeless and forlorn,
Uncertain where for help to turn,
If I had not thy promise.

4 But thy reviving gospel-word,
Which leads me to salvation,
Doth joy unspeakable afford,
And lasting consolation:
This tells me, thou wilt not disdain
A broken heart, replete with pain,
That turns to thee, O Jesus.

5 Me, heavy-laden sinner, hear,
To thee I make confession;
To my complaints now lend an ear,
Regard my supplication:
My longing is, O wash me clean
From every spot and stain of sin,
Like David and Manasseh.

6 Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
And pray thee to forgive me;
With contrite heart I thee entreat,
Show pity and receive me;
Cast all my sins and trespasses
Into the ocean of thy grace,
And them no more remember.

7 Oh! for thy name's sake, let me prove
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:
The yoke which galls me, soon remove,
Restore me to thy favour:
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,
That I may live to thee my God,
And yield thee true obedience.

8 Thy joyful Spirit gives me power,
Thy stripes heal my diseases;
Apply thy blood at my last hour
To save me, dearest Jesus:
Then to thy promised rest me bring,
That with the ransom'd I may sing
Thy praise above for ever.

288.* T. 75.

O WHITHER shall I flee,
Depress'd with misery?
Who is it that can ease me,
And from my sins release me?
Man's help I vain have proved,
Sin's load remains unmoved.

2 O Jesus, source of grace,
I seek thy loving face,
Upon thy invitation,
With deep humiliation;
O let thy blood me cover,
And wash my soul all over.

3 I, thy unworthy child,
Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,
Beseech thee to relieve me,
And graciously forgive me
My sins, which have abounded,
And my poor soul confounded.

4 Through thy atoning blood,
That precious healing flood,
Purge off all sin and sadness,
And fill my heart with gladness;
Lord, hear thou my confession,
And blot out my transgression.

5 Thou shalt my comfort be,
Since thou hast died for me:
I am by thee acquitted
Of all I e'er committed;
My sins by thee were carried,
And in thy tomb interred.

6 I know my poverty;
But ne'ertheless for me
Are all good gifts procured,
Since Jesus hath endured:
Thus strengthen'd, I may banish
All fears; my foes must vanish.

7 Christ, thy atoning blood,
The sinner's highest good,
Is powerful to deliver,
And free the soul for ever
From all claim of the devil,
And cleanse us from all evil.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, in thee
I trust eternally:
I know I shall not perish,
But in thy kingdom flourish;
Since thou hast death sustained,
Life is for me obtained.

9 Lord, strengthen thou my heart:
To me such grace impart,
That nought, which may await me
From thee may separate me;
Let me with thee, my Saviour,
United be for ever.

289.* T. 132.

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
My God, with heart's contrition;
Bow down thine ear in grace to me
And hear thou my petition;
For if in judgment thou wilt try
Man's sin and great iniquity,
Ah! who can stand before thee

2 To gain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth:
We're helpless, guilty, and unclean
Unless God's grace prevaileth;
We're 'midst our fairest actions
And none 'fore him of aught
We live alone thro' mercy.

3 Therefore my hope is in God's grace,
And not in my own merit;
On him my confidence I place,
Instructed by his Spirit:
His precious word hath promis'd me
He will my joy and comfort be;
Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much abound,
Yet grace still more aboundeth;
Sufficient help in Christ is found,
Where sin most deeply woundeth:
He the good Shepherd is indeed,
Who his lost sheep doth seek and lead
With tender love and pity.

290.* T. 14.

O LORD, afford a sinner light,
In darkness still I stray;
Star of the soul, appear in sight,
And show the narrow way.

2 That way is holy, Christians true
Alone may walk therein,
Who thro' thy powerful grace subdue
The world, the flesh, and sin.

3 Cold is my love, hence sin doth reign,
And grief corrodes my heart;
With things, whose only fruit is pain,
I'm not inclined to part.

4 Resolve, my stubborn heart, and cleave
To Jesus Christ alone:
Would I all other objects leave,
The work at once were done.

5 Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse to be
Devoted unto him,
Who died upon the cross for thee,
And did thy soul redeem?

6 Redeeming Lord, O be thou mine,
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield,
Thy blood and death have made me thine,
To thee myself I yield.

7 Mould me as clay, and fashion me
A vessel to thy praise,
Adorn'd with righteousness by thee,
And sanctified through grace:—

8 So shall I walk the narrow way,
By thee, my Day-star led:
And love divine, thy heavenly ray,
Shall o'er my path be shed.

291. T. 14.

THE Lord first empties whom he fills,
Casts down whom he would raise;
He quickens, when the letter kills,
Exalting thus his praise.

2 All fears and terrors, when he smiles,
At once must disappear;
The bruised and wounded heart he heals,
And feeds with heavenly cheer.

3 When he applies his healing blood good,
Unto a sin-sick soul,
This balsam, powerful, precious,
Ne'er fails to make it whole.

4 He freely laid his majesty
And all his glory by,
That our wants through his poverty good
He richly might supply.

5 He's full of grace and truth indeed,
Of peace, of life and light;
To all, that helpless sinners need,
He gives thy soul a right.

6 Tho' heaven's his throne, he came from thence
To seek and save the lost;
Whate'er might be the vast expense
His love would bear the cost.

7 On us he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve:
Mankind's redemption now holds good
For sinners who believe.

292. T. 96.

THE Lord descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
O God of mercy, grace, and love,
If all the world in thee may live,
In me a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
By all thy pain and agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy meritorious death, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 I'll be like Magd'len at thy feet,
And humbly bathe them with my tears;

The history of thy love repeat
In every mourning sinner's ears;
That all may hear the joyful sound,
That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

293. T. 14.

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort 's all in thee;
Since I'm assured thy mercy 's nigh,
And that thou stand'st by me.

2 Me, nor the saints on earth can help,
Nor angels near thy throne:
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I trust alone.

3 I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave:
But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Clothed in thy righteousness divine,
O may I see thy face,
Receive the promise from above,
That I'm restored by grace.

5 On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
A living faith bestow;
That I thy mercy, truth, and love,
May by experience know.

294. T. 205.

LONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,
Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hoped I was his sheep;
But my striving all proved vain,
Still I found my heart in pain;
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declared accursed by law.

2 When with sense of guilt opprest
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast;
Then did Jesus Christ appear;
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious offering, precious blood!

3 He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb;
Worthy truth, great mystery!
By his blood salvation came,
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By his death God's love reveal'd;
We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

295. T. 581.

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,
View me from thy heavenly throne
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften thou this heart of stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By thy Spirit me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal:
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which he shed his blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn;
Till I can, by grace restored,
Say, thou know'st I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distress'd;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast:
Utter the poor sinner's plea,
God, be merciful to me.

5 Ah, remember me for good,
Passing thro' this mortal vale:
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage fail
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me.

296. T. 582.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home
And yet from him I stray.

2 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within
Some idol, which I will not
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee;
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord. be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, then shall I declare,
That thou, O God, art love.

297. T. 582.

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean?
How can I venture to draw nigh
With such a load of sin?
And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst
For such a wretch as I. [bleed

2 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone:
Low at thy feet I bow,
Oh! pity and forgive;
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

298. T. 14.

THE mist before my eyes removed,
With wonder struck I see,
Dear Lord, the black, the numerous crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.

2 These were the unrelenting foes
Which made thee groan and cry;
Caused thee to shed thy precious
And bow thy head and die. [blood,

3 Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen heart,
And caused my tears to flow;
I now abhor that monster, Sin,
And find he is my foe.

4 I trust my guilt was done away
By my incarnate God,
Who felt, to atone for man's offence,
The sin-avenging rod.

299. T. 11.

HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are
I thy love and pity claim; [flame,
With an eye of love look down;
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3 Break, O break this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed:
All my joys and hopes arise
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my every want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise thy shepherd-care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Fill my soul with heavenly peace.

300.* T. 205.

OH, how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ bestows!
Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' cross;
Weeping at the throne of grace,
Lie, and never quit the place,
Never till your suit 's obtained,
Never till the blessing 's gain'd.

301. T. 16.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can to us afford relief;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else assuage our grief;—

2 Nothing else can ease our burden:
Jesus' precious blood alone
Can produce a sense of pardon,
And dissolve a heart of stone.

302.* T. 66.

BE not dismayed in time of need,
Thy Saviour knows thy irksome situation;
His heart is mild, with pity fill'd,
Can't see thy grief without commiseration.

2 To Christ draw nigh, for help apply, [gladness;
He will pour out on thee the oil of
He feels and knows thy griefs & woes,
Will turn to joy and comfort all thy sadness.

303. T. 151.

O GOD of all compassion,
Attend thy suppliant's cry,
And grant me thy salvation,
Or I must faint and die:
A sinner, but relenting,
O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,
Falls at thy feet, repenting,
O grant him quick relief.

2 Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour,
Great Lord of all above,
Extend to me thy favour,
The gift of pardoning love:
While strength and spirits languish,
And feeble hopes decay;
Save, save my soul from anguish,
And wash my guilt away.

304. T. 79.

OUT of the deep I cried
To thee, my God, and sighed:
Hear thou my voice, O Lord!
Regard my supplication;
I wait for thy salvation,
My hope and trust are in thy word.

2 To thee I make confession;
If thou shouldst mark transgression,
Ah, who could guiltless stand?
But mercy interceding,
My Saviour's ransom pleading
For me, I'm saved by thy command.

305.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, if thou wert not my Saviour,
Were not thy blood still pleading in my favour,
Where should I, poorest among all the needy, Find succour ready?

2 What should I do, a sinner vile and wretched,
Were not thy arms of love to me outstretched?
But thou my refuge art, my consolation, And whole salvation.

306. T. 36.

WITH deeply humbled hearts, we make confessions,
Lord, of our sins and manifold transgressions;
But thou art merciful, and grace unmeasured In thee is treasured.

2 Before thy cross we bow with self-conviction,
Bewail our sins, implore thy benediction;
O grant forgiveness and a confirmation Of our salvation.

X V. FAITH.

307. T. 167.

ERE we know our lost condition,
Ere we feel our inbred wo,
And exclaim with deep contrition,
To be saved, what must I do?
Nought can yield true consolation,
Vain is all our righteousness:
Faith alone in Christ's oblation
Gives the conscience rest and *peace.*

2 Living faith, with clearest vision,
Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
And in him a full provision,
Righteousness and peace our own;
Then our days are marked with blessing, [glow;
Then our hearts with rapture
Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

308. T. 167.

AS the serpent, raised by Moses,
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight:
Hear his gracious invitation:
I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sentence
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

309.* T. 121.

THE Lamb of God was slain,
Salvation to obtain;
No sinner needs to die:
Those only who disdain
His grace, in ruin lie.
Since they will not flee
To the treasury
Of his mercy free.

2 His people now confess
With joy unto his praise:
Though we by one man fell,
By whose unrighteousness
We all are sinners still:
Yet through the Lamb slain,
Through his toil and pain,
We true life obtain.

310.* T. 22.

IN holy writ it is avow'd,
That Christ was Israel's covenant-
The church's everlasting head, (God,
God of the living and the dead.

2 All things were made by Christ the Word,
By Christ was man to life restored;
The prophets, strong in faith and bold,
His coming in the flesh foretold.

3 No wonder therefore that we read,
Abram to see his day was glad;
Isaiah too his glory saw,
And spoke of him with joy and awe.

4 'Tis sure that by his bitter pain
He for mankind did life obtain,
Did for his church on earth atone,
And for the ransom'd round the throne.

5 We love the Lamb of God who died:
Whoever seeketh aught beside,
Belongs not to our company;
Christ is our all eternally.

6 Our theme within the church shall be (agony;
Christ's wounds, his griefs and
Our theme, when to the world we call,
His blood the ransom paid for all.

311. T. 22.

FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
The happy means, which heaven hath bless'd,
To bring us to the gospel rest.

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Thro' Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ our righteousness; (bought,
By death our righteousness he
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4 True faith receives the offer'd good
And promise seal'd with Jesus blood;
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.

5 In the Redeemer as my head
The covenant is established:
In him the promises are Yea,
In him Amen, and not in me.

312. T. 106.

FROM life and grace, (this we are bold
Before an erring world to assert,)
Nothing one moment doth withhold
A man but his unwilling heart:
In our dear Lord there 's no delay,
Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2 Should any one of serious frame,
That long hath seem'd to seek his face,
His tedious tasks and trials name,
Preparatory steps of grace: (not,
We say, No, Christ requires them
And this fine web a false heart wrought.

3 Should any think he's so hemm'd in
With sin, as to be past relief,
Alas, he knows not, that the sin
Which binds his soul, is unbelief:
If to the cross we lift our eye,
Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4 Ready our Saviour is indeed
His glorious work in all to do:
To every one it must be said,
Thou hadst been happy long ago,
Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care
On Jesus Christ who heareth prayer.

313. T. 14.

MISTAKEN souls that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and (hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 True faith obeys its author's will,
As well as trusts his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our nature clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies the heart,
And seals our peace with God;
True holiness nought can impart
But Jesus' cleansing blood.

314.* T. 37.

THOUGH every child of God
Is a new creature,
Yet do we feel the load
Of sinful nature;
Which, if by faith we cleave
To Christ our Saviour,
Can, though it cause us grief,
Condemn us never.

2 He 's merciful and kind
Past all expression;
If we are but inclined
To make confession
Of all our sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts him to grant us peace,
And consolation.

3 He grants us for our tears
His oil of gladness;
Delivers, heals, and cheers,
Dispels our sadness:
Yea, though our bodies die,
His resurrection
Proves, they shall certainly,
Rise to perfection.

4 My portion is the Lord,
I seek his favour,
And in his name and word
Confide for ever:
Nought in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in thee,
O Christ, my Treasure.

5 Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assumed my nature;
Redeem'd me by his blood
And bitter passion:
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

315.* T. 1

NOW I have found the wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may
Ev'n Christ, who to atone
Was as a spotless victim
Whose mercy shall unshak
When heaven and eart
away.

2 O Lord, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far;
Thou show'st paternal tenderness
Thy arms of love still open are,
Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break
Whether thy grace they slight or take.

3 God in man's death takes no delight;
Each soul may grace and life obtain
In him, who left his glory bright,
Took flesh, and died, and rose again:
And now he knocks times numberless
At our heart's door, and offers grace.

4 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
Since Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

5 By faith I plunge into this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when sin assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

6 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7 Fix'd on this ground may I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

316. T. 14.

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou author of our faith,
Thou finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the *life*, the path.

2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move:
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3 O let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

317. T. 22.

BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts proved in vain.

2 But since my Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduced to one;
To keep my Lord by faith in view,
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suffering life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heavenly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's crown;
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;

Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

318.* T. 22.

WHEN shall I gain the glorious dress,
Prepared to clothe my nakedness?
I need it, Lord, without that vest
I cannot be a wedding-guest.

2 When thus I cried in deep distress,
Christ clothed me with his righteousness; (done,
And now, thank God, the work is
I put my Lord and Saviour on.

3 When Christ our life shall once appear,
It will be manifest and clear,
That his atoning blood from sin
Hath wash'd and kept our garments clean.

319.* T. 11.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind;
Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

5 Life deriving from thy death,
They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

6 Blest are they who follow thee,
While this light of life they see;
Filled with thy sacred love,
They thy quick'ning power prove.

7 Praise on earth to thee be given,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

320. T. 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
Lord I believe, with tears he cried,
O help mine unbelief.

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the (press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

5 Conceal'd amidst the gathering throng, (eyes,
She would have shunn'd thine
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Strong were her doubts likewise.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

321.* T. 184.

O JESUS, 'fore whose radiation
The seraphim must cover'd stand,
When, in their awful ministration,
They wait for thy supreme command: (sighted,
How can this body's eye, dim-
Which by sin's gloomy misery
And earthly shadows is benighted,
Endure thy glorious light to see.

2 Yet let by faith my penetration
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;
Thy mercy be my consolation,
May this uphold and strengthen me
Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious
Who low, like Esther, 'fore the bow;
Say, I will be to thee propitious
And loving kindness to thee sh

3 O Jesus, show thy great co
sion
Unto the soul that pants for t

Hear thou my humble supplication,
My God, be merciful to me!
I know thou art with pity filled
To sinners who thy mercy crave;
My pardon by thy blood is sealed,
I know 'twas shed my soul to save.

4 I recommend myself for ever
To thee, with filial confidence;
I pray, O Lord, regard in favour
My tears and humble penitence;
I thro' thy death am justified,
No condemnation is in me;
I shall remain to thee allied,
Since I am reconciled to thee.

5 O let thy Spirit still attend me,
Nor from my soul withdraw his light;
Protect and graciously defend me,
And order all my steps aright:
That I may without variation,
By humbly walking in thy ways,
Suit to thy will my conversation,
While here I run my mortal race.

6 Jesus, above all else I'll love thee;
My heart, tho' worthless, be thine own:
Could infinite compassion move thee
To leave for me thy heavenly throne?
Then let my heart be dedicated
To thee: fix there thy residence,
Till I shall be to heaven translated,
In joy to see thy countenance.

7 Lord, while my faith to thee ascendeth,
O may thy grace descend to me:
Thou art my joy which never endeth,
O fill my heart with love to thee!
I will adore and love thee longer,
Than while my heart its throbs repeats;
The flame of love shall break forth stronger,
When here my pulse no longer beats.

322.* T. 123.

THE language of true faith
Is this: Lord, my Redeemer,
Oh! by thy blood and death,
Be thou my help and shield,
To thee myself I yield;
I'm thine, and thine will be
To all eternity.

2 Do what thou wilt with me,
If I am but prepared,
A vessel fit for thee,
To live unto thy praise,
Clothed in thy righteousness;
By grace thus sanctified,
I shall in thee abide.

323. T. 14.

THOU Friend of sinners hear my cry,
And grant me my request,
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.

2 May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.

3 Faith is thy gift, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Gain'd by thy death for me,
Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That thou for me hast died,
That I in thee with confidence
For ever may abide.

324. T. 96.

I TO my God am reconciled,
With joy his pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me his adopted child,
His love forbids all anxious fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Abba, Abba Father, cry.

325.* T. 184.

WHEN rising winds and rain descending,
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed their wings extending,
The birds to hollow trees repair;
Thus I, in faith, by sin oppressed,
My refuge take, O Christ, to thee;
Thy wounds, my hiding-place most blessed,
From every evil shelter me.

XVI. THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

326.* T. 97.

JESUS, our glorious head and chief,
Dear object of our hearts' belief,
O let us in thy nail-prints see
Our pardon and election free;
And, while we view by faith thy pierced side,
Call thee our Lord and God, who for us died.

2 The doctrine of Christ's blood and death,
Imparting life to us through faith,
A mystery is, which is reveal'd
To babes, but from the wise conceal'd:
Thereby the Saviour's flock on earth is known;
Of this the ransom'd sing before God's throne.

3 While human nature doth exist,
While Jesus reigns as Lord and Christ,
So long of the whole gospel this
From first to last the substance is:
All to whom God his counsel doth reveal, (seal.
To this as truth divine can set their

4 Should any virtuous seem to be,
And blameless from his infancy,
And scarcely ever have been tried
By avarice, by lust, or pride,
And therefore think, I am a child of God;
He's deaf and blind, and quite mistakes the road.

5 All those who through a beam of light
Can see and own they are not right,
But enter on a legal strife,
To mend their former course of life,
And toil and labour hard from day to day;
Such also miss to happiness the way.

6 But sinners, who with pungent smart
Bewail the vileness of their heart,
Mourning because of unbelief,
Of sinners deem themselves the *chief*,
Despairing of their self-made rig teousness,
May place their trust on Jesu saving grace.

7 To such he saith, Arise and live,
I freely all thy sins forgive,
I have redeem'd thee, thou art min
Thyself in faith to me resign;
Obey my voice, and walk in all n ways,
I'll grant to thee in heavenly realr a place.

8 His holy Spirit we receive,
And in our Saviour's word believe
We trust in his atoning death,
As the foundation of our faith,
And in his robe of righteousne array'd (forte
Are, 'midst his chosen, richly eo

9 The humble sinner's shame v feel,
And power divine to do God's will
These are combined in every hear
That in Christ's merits hath a part
No more, for want of strength, go motions die, (to
Since Jesus gives us constant v

10 We rest in Christ, and yet desi
Because his love our hearts do fire,
To serve his cause with all our migl
And deem our Saviour's bard light;
Don't we succeed, we think ourselv to blame, (man
And if we do, we praise his h

11 Should self-complacency ta place;
When we review our faithfulness
We're soon with inward sha how'd down,
Forget ourselves, and freely own,
That Jesus works in us whate'er good,
And thank him for the power he ha bestow'd.

12 Grace is the only wish and pray
Of all those, who God's children a
They meditate by night and day,
How they may true obedience pay

To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his death;
And grace unmerited supports their faith.

327.* T. 22.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
Thus well array'd I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

2 The holy, spotless, Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expung'd the dreadful score
Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith;
And shall remain when called hence,
My only hope and confidence.

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve;—

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea;
Here is a sinner, who would fain,
Thro' the Lamb's ransom entrance gain.

7 Thus Abraham was saved by grace,
Believing in Christ's righteousness;
And all the ransom'd saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite:—

8 All glory, power, and might pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

9 While here on earth I still remain,
This doctrine firmly I'll maintain:
And both in word and deed proclaim
The power of Jesus' *saving* name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul that thou hast made
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord,
God's only Son, eternal Word,
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayed with thy righteousness.

328.* T. 590.

GRACE, grace, O that's a welcome sound,
A joyful sound to all,
Who clearly see and deeply feel
The misery of the fall:
Who rightly know the wretched state
Of sinners void of grace,
Ere Christ elects them to enjoy
In heavenly realms a place.

2 Grace, how exceeding great to those,
Who, ready to despair,
Ashamed confess, and truly know,
How vile and weak they are!
Yet grace, free grace most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

3 All we, who now are his, were first
Deeply convinced of sin;
Each felt the plague of his own heart,
The leprosy within;
Then life and righteousness divine
Thro' faith to us were given;
Thus we a happy people are,
With Christ joint-heirs of heaven.

4 Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,
That in thy service we
May active, true, and faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee:
O may we still in thee abide,
For babes we are, most weak,
Poor sinners still, who without thee
Can nought think, act, or speak.

5 We thirst, O Lord! give us this day,
To taste more of thy grace,
More of that stream which from the rock
Flow'd through the wilderness:

'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor:
And oh! that nothing but thy grace
May rule us evermore.

329.* T. 583.

O WHAT a depth of love and boundless grace
The gospel-light to sinful man displays,
When Christ himself to us doth manifest,
And we in him find comfort, peace, and rest.

2 When on the soul this blessed truth's impressed,
That thro' Christ's death we may find grace and rest:
Oh! how doth this refresh the fainting heart,
And bid all anxious doubts and fears depart.

3 For such poor sinners, who of nought can boast,
Who think themselves irreparably lost,
Who groan beneath sin's heavy galling load,
The Lamb of God hath shed his precious blood.

4 Virtue goes forth from him, he gives us grace
With confidence his Father to address,
And then we boldly may to all declare,
That we thro' faith in Christ, God's children are.

330.* T. 16.

WHEN a sinner in affliction
Mourneth on account of sin,
Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
But no power of faith within:—

2 While a flood of tears is gushing,
Where shall I find Jesus, where?
While the troubled soul is wishing,
O that he my Saviour were;—

3 In a moment stands before us
Jesus with his pierced side:
Now we find, that he's desirous
Us from wrath to screen and hide.

4 Thus the soul at once obtaineth
Pardon from the sinners' friend;
To true happiness attaineth,
And to life which hath no end.

331.* T.

WHAT joy or honour cou
Polluted as we are,
If not the holy Lamb of
Our joy and honour w

2 Of nothing we have ev
To boast could we desi
When he to judge us sha
Whose eyes are flame

3 None is so holy, pure,
So perfected in love,
That his best plea or self
Of any weight could p

4 Nor is there any other
Into the holy place,
But Christ who took aw
His blood and righteou

5 We know the righteou
Which he procured for
We know the kind recep
To the poor prodigal.

6 We know the shepher
The ninety-nine behin
And thro' the desert anx
The hundredth sheep t

8 To him poor sinners m
With all their misery;
The angels joy to see the
Christ calleth, Come to

332.* T.

HAPPY the souls who co
Them Jesus doth invit
And gives to everlasting
A never failing right.

2 Tho' comforted they st
Their own untoward h
And wonder, that the Lo
Such mercy could impa

3 To world and sin they
His pardon daily prove
Desiring larger draughts
Of Jesus' dying love.

4 When thus the bles
And merits we enjoy,
Yea, from the fullness of
Take daily fresh suppl

5 Then we with pity loo
Who still in darkness
Inviting them to turn to
And in his mercy shar

thro' grace are taught to
nner that we see (think
lon thro' Christ's precious
as well as we:— (blood
esus' pardon, love, & grace
an humble shame,
rcite with thankfulness
dness to proclaim.

). T. 14.

lorious clouds encompass'd
angels dimly see, (round,
Unsearchable be found,
d appear to me?

forsake his throne above,
to worms impart?
thou Man of grief and love,
eak it to my heart.

ifested love explain
nderful design; (man,
eant the suffering Son of
eaming blood divine?

ou not in our flesh appear,
e and die below,
ight now perceive thee near
Redeemer know?

hen, and to my soul reveal
ghts and depths of grace,
nds which all my sorrows
ar disfigured face. (heal,

my eyes of faith, confess'd
orth a slaughter'd Lamb;
in salvation's vest,
to me thy name.

h in thy person show,
our crucified;
the pardoning God I know
l his blood applied.

the Lamb in his own light,
angels dimly see;
, transported at the sight,
ternity.

:. T. 106.

it be that I should gain
st in the Saviour's blood?
r me, who caused his pain?
to make my peace with

love! how can it be,
is design'd to *die for* me?

2 'Tis mystery all; my Maker dies;
Who can explore his vast design?
In vain the highest seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
When this became my only plea,
He freely pardon'd sinful me.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace;
Impell'd by everlasting love,
He bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
I know that Jesus saved me.

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
His eyes diffused a quickening ray,
I 'woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off immediately,
I rose, went forth, my heart was free.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine:
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Now humbly I approach the throne,
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

335. T. 14.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look: (death,
It seemed to charge me with his
Tho' not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the
And plunged me in despair; (guilt
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas, I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul he
For I the Lord have slain. (hid?

6 A second look he gave which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live.

7 Thus, while his death my sin dis-
In all its blackest hue, (plays
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful
My spirit now is fill'd, (joy,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

336. T. 582.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience
Or wash away the stain. (peace,

2 Christ, the true paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Lord, I look back to see,
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree,
And know my guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,
Our curse he did remove; (voice,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful
And sing his bleeding love.

337. T. 151.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Near unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

338. T. 96.

O THOU who pardon canst impart,
Thy pardoning grace I wish to
feel;
Give life unto my lifeless heart,
And my diseases kindly heal:
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,
And me as thine in mercy own.

2 Vain are all other helps beside,
Relief from thee alone can flow;
Other physicians have I tried,
Yet only worse and worse I grow;
Give me by faith on thee to lean,
And say unto me, Be thou clean.

339. T. 151.

MY Lord, how great the favour,
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
Then wait the welcome message
That bids me go in peace.

2 In my forlorn condition,
Who else could give me aid?
Where could I meet compassion,
But in the church's Head?
In mercy O receive me,
Thou God, who hearest prayer!
From every evil save me,
Dispel each needless fear.

3 I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints,
But ever be intreating
Thee, glorious King of saints,
To form me in thine image,
And fill my soul with love,
Till I to thee my homage
Pay with the saints above.

340. T. 22.

THE one thing needful, that good
part
Which Mary chose with all her heart
I would pursue with heart and mind
And seek unwearied, till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant
Thy holy Spirit, Lord, I want,
To guide me in the narrow ro
That leads to happiness and G

4 My mind enlighten with th
That I may understand arigh

The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

341.* T. 58.

THE more forgiveness thou dost deign to afford,
The more thou art beloved, most gracious Lord:
We are all great sinners before thee, Saviour,
O therefore grant to us the grace and favour To love thee much.

2 How merciful art thou, O God of love!
How doth each needy soul thy comforts prove!
Who to thee can render due compensation?
In heaven and earth thy mercy and compassion Unequall'd are.

342. T. 14.

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake forgive,
It cannot be for mine;
My power the pardon to receive,
My faith is all divine:—

2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,
Thy mercy I embrace,
And gladly own from first to last,
That I am saved by grace.

XVII. THE SURRENDER OF THE HEART TO JESUS.

343.* T. 582.

UNTO the Lamb of God,
Who to retrieve my loss
Became a man, and died for me,
Upon the accursed cross;
Unto the Prince of life,
Who felt such racking pain,
While he the vengeance due to me
Did willingly sustain:—

2 To him I wholly give
Myself this day anew,
As his reward so dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due;
That with me he may do
What 's pleasing in his sight,
And from me take whate'er him grieves,
Whate'er he sees not right.

3 How very weak I am,
My Saviour well can see,
And how exceeding short I fall,
Of what I ought to be:
Compassionate High-priest,
To thee I must appeal;
My numberless infirmities
O kindly haste to heal!

4 In thy most precious blood,
Which from thy open'd veins,
To heal my soul in plenty flow'd,
I pray wash out my stains:
It is thy daily care
Thy helpless sheep to feed;
To purify their spotted souls,
And gently them to lead.

5 Redeemer of my soul,
Whene'er thereon I think,
How thy compassion, love, & grace,
From sin and hell's dark brink
Have saved and rescued me;
And how thy cleansing blood,
Applied unto my heart by faith,
Hath brought me nigh to God:—

6 I in the dust adore,
Amazed at grace so free,
Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,
And ask, How can it be,
That sinners base and vile
Should be so greatly loved,
Who cost thee so much pain & grief,
And so ungrateful proved?

7 Me thy all-seeing eye
Hath kept with watchful care;

Thy great compassion never fail'd,
Thou heard'st my needy prayer;
This makes me firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to ZION's hill.

8 Dear Saviour, I resign
My worthless heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distress'd,
Thine, thine alone I'll be.
My only aim is this,
(O may I it fulfil!)
Thee to exalt with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

344*. T. 22.

O GOD of mercy, grace, and love,
Thy yearning bowels did thee move
To call me from death's gloomy night
Into thy own amazing light.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,
The carnal mind still bore the sway,
And hurried me a slave away.

3 It caused thee pain, O Son of God,
To see the purchase of thy blood
So deeply sunk in misery;
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4 Thou drewest me with cords of love,
Till thou at last didst conqueror prove;
Till sin's strong power thou hadst suppress'd,
And till my weary soul had rest.

5 Now through thy wounds my soul hath found ground;
Peace, righteousness, and solid
I've now obtained through thy grace
Among thy ransom'd flock a place.

5 I thee adore, my gracious King,
And joyful hallelujahs sing;
My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow
For all the mercies thou dost show.

7 Faithful to thee I now engage
To be throughout my pilgrimage;
Accept my life and soul, my King,
Pledged to thy service these I bring.

8 Nature's reluctance over-rule,
The worldly, carnal mind control;
O may I always have in view
Not mine, but thy blest will to do.

9 Thus by thy power I here shall be
Prepared for eternity, love,
Walk with my God, him serve and love,
Till I shall live with him above.

345.* T. 168.

OH! at last I've found my Saviour,
Who laid down his life for me;
He (O undeserved favour!)
Own'd me as his property:
Conscious of my imperfection,
I'll rely on his direction:
I will nothing know beside
Jesus and him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction
In this poor world's vanity;
Meanwhile shall my heart's affection
On my Saviour fixed be,
On his meritorious suffering
And sin-expiating offering:
To the world I bid adieu,
Christ alone I have in view.

3 Jesus cured my soul's infection
By his soul's dire agony;
From his death and resurrection
Life and power redound to me;
By the virtue of his merit
I shall heavenly joys inherit,
And ev'n here a foretaste have
Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;
When I'm weak he strengthens me,
Sweetens all my tribulation,
And supports me constantly:
His atoning death and passion
Are the cause of my salvation;
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
From my sight and from my heart.

5 Oh! I'm lost in deepest wonder,
To think he shall soon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my every tear:
Then my grateful songs and praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
Jesus will I never leave.

346.* T. 22.

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death, [breathe;
Till thou thy quickening Spirit
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought, [wrought:
To know the wonders thou hast
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

347. T. 580.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me incline,
When I was lost and dead in sin,
To hear thy quickening voice?
Have I obtained in thy blood [God,
Redemption, and found peace with
And do I in thy name rejoice?—

2 O yes, I feel I am forgiven,
A foretaste I enjoy of heaven,
Thy Spirit witness bears;
By faith thy righteousness is mine,
I'm well assured that I am thine,
My soul no condemnation fears.

3 Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,
I have not this salvation known
By tracing legal ways; [sin,
Lo, 'twas thy power raised me from
Thou didst the saving work begin;
Thine be the glory, thine the praise.

4 May I be faithful to thy call,
Surrender unto thee my all,
Myself to thee resign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
And never from thy will decline.

5 Me with thy gladd'ning oil anoint;
The destin'd path thou dost appoint
Gladly I then shall tread;
Bedew me with a genial shower,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
And me with heavenly manna feed.

348.* T. 106.

O GOD, whose love (immense in height,
In depth unfathom'd) no man knows;
Grant unto me thy saving light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy gracious call invites me still,
How light thy burden is, to prove;
Yet I'm unsteady; tho' my will
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Great hindrances obstruct the way,
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Mere mercy 'tis, that thou hast brought
My soul to seek its peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
At rest my wand'ring mind can't be;
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my wishes to thee tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and be alone
The spring of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

349.* T. 106.

TAKE, Lord, all self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:
O may my heart to thee aspire,
And nought on earth but thee desire.

2 Dear Lord, thy sovereign aid impart, [care;
To save me from low-thoughted
O banish self-will from my heart,
From all its latent mazes there:
And grant that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

3 Each moment draw from earth away [call;
My heart, that humbly waits thy

Speak to my inmost soul and say,
I am thy life, thy God, thy all:
Thy love to taste, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to prove, is all my pray'r.

350. T. 90.

JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy loving-kindness prove,
And all within me pants anew
To enjoy thy all reviving love:
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
Unto thy name is my desire.

2 But oh! what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
'Tis all I have to offer thee;
O take me as thy property.

3 O may I never from thee stray,
Or be again subdued by sin:
Guide me, my life, my truth, my way, [clean;
Thy blood preserve my garments
O let thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

4 Send down thy likeness from above,
Thine image, Lord, on me impress;
Fill me with wisdom, patience, love,
With purity and lowliness:
These precious gifts on me bestow,
That I may in thy knowledge grow.

5 O Lord, be thou my shield & light,
Since I am call'd by thy great name;
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy grace attend me all my days,
My sole employment be thy praise.

351.* T. 376.

GIVE me thy heart, my Son, thus saith the Lord,
Give me thy heart, and listen to my [word;
Observe my ways,
Walk in the path of grace;
In following my direction
I'll grant thee my protection.

2 'Tis only this which Christ of us desires;
He to promote our welfare this re- [quires;
How blest are they
Who Jesus' voice obey,
And give their hearts for ever
To him, our God and Saviour.

352.* T. 376.

O TAKE my heart and whatsoe'er is mine,
Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine;
To thee I'll live,
And soul and body give:
My words and whole behaviour
Be ruled by thee for ever.

2 But give thyself, my Jesus, unto me.
And dwell within my heart continu- [ally:
O Lord, remain
My joy 'midst grief and pain;
From thee, my soul's beloved,
May I ne'er be removed.

353. T. 14.

LORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne:
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

2 I thank thee, that in mercy thou
Hast waken'd me from death,
Aroused me out of sin's deep sleep,
And call'd to walk in faith.

3 Complete thy work and crown thy [grace
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still voice,
Which whispers only love;—

4 Which teaches me what is thy will [when I
And tells me what to do;
Which fills my heart with shame,
Do not thy will pursue.

5 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

354. T. 74.

O LORD, in me fulfil
Whatever is thy will;
To thee I now resign
Myself and all that 's mine;
Thine, only thine I'll be,
And live alone to thee.

2 Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart;
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop and die;
Continually I 've need
By faith on thee to feed.

355.* T. 155.

LORD, thou madest the universe,
I though dust, am yet thy creature,
Spoiled by nature,
Yet desire to cleave to thee;
Make thou me,
Like the clay thine hand can fashion
To a vessel of salvation,
Fitted for eternity.

2 Jesus, grant to me the grace
To rely on thy direction
And protection;
And in thee, my only guide,
To confide;
Yea, the unshaken trust to cherish
That tho' heaven & earth must perish.
Firm thy word & truth abide.

3 I resign myself to thee,
With me do whate'er thee pleases,
Gracious Jesus;
May I have to thee always
Free access;
And in faith and love proceeding,
On celestial dainties feeding,
Grow in knowledge and in grace.

4 Banish from me what's not right,
In thy blood O cleanse me wholly,
Make me lowly;
From whate'er displeaseth thee
Set me free;
And preserve my soul and senses
From all hurtful influences;
Only thine I wish to be.

356.* T. 11.

GRANT, most gracious Lamb of God,
Who hast bought me with his blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry,
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Though it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord, I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,
And to all eternity
To remain thy property.

357.* T. 79.

LORD, take my sinful, worthless heart,
As thine, thy grace to me impart,
And deep thy *seal impress;*
Take me into thy special care,
Secure my soul from every snare,
Thyself find always free access.

2 Make me a bosom friend of thine,
Upon thy breast may I recline,
Preserved from needless fears;
And when this earthly house I leave,
Into those mansions me receive,
Where thou wilt wipe away all tears.

358.* T. 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal mind,
Consume what is not right in me;
Whether the world in chains me bind
Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heaven:
For thou requirest that my heart
Without reserve to thee be given,
Resolved for thee with all to part.

359.* T. 15.

SEARCHER of hearts, thou know'st thy love
My heart hath captivated;
My soul is closely to thee join'd,
Ne'er to be separated;—

2 All thou demandest I give up,
Lord, without hesitation;
But never, never will I leave
Thee and thy congregation.

360. T. 184.

O MIGHT we all, Lord God our Saviour,
Thy condescending mercy prize,
To accept of us, (O boundless favour!)
As of a holy sacrifice,
Of us, tho' sinful, poor, and needy:
Grant that we freely unto thee
May offer up both soul and body,
To love and serve thee faithfully.

361. T. 590.

PRESENT your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy offering unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchased you.

XVIII. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

362.* T. 132.

JESUS, thou art my heart's delight,
My joy and my salvation;
Thy presence yields me day and [night
Abundant consolation;
Thee I desire to love and praise,
Since thy great love and boundless [grace
Are every thing unto me.

2 Thou art the way, thy Spirit is
As my conductor given;
In following thee I cannot miss
The path to life and heaven;
Thy word be my unerring guide;
Preserve me lest I turn aside,
Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

3 Thou art the truth, in thee I've found
All that which is essential;
Without thee all is empty sound,
In thee is strength substantial:
O Truth, set me at liberty,
That I depend on none but thee
By whom I can be healed.

4 Thou art my life, thy power divine
Shall influence every motion;
O may thy Spirit me incline
To true, unfeign'd devotion:
Thus I eternal life shall gain,
And till my latest breath remain
A member of thy body.

5 Lord Jesus, thou my shepherd art
Who diedst for my transgression;
When lost, I caused thee pungent smart,
When found, joy past expression;
Ah, best of shepherds, ever keep
Within thy fold, thy helpless sheep,
Protect me from all danger.

6 Thou art my faithful friend in need,
My flesh and bone, my brother;
Thy faithfulness and love exceed
Those of the fondest mother:
Thou art my healer when I'm sick,
My cordial, strength'ning me when [weak,
My refuge in all trouble.

7 O Lord, how very short I fall,
When on thy praise I enter;
Thou art indeed my all in all,
In thee my wishes centre:
Whate'er I want, thou art to
O let my heart incessantly
Be by thy love inspired!

363.* T. 58.

WHAT peace divine, what
happiness
Our Saviour's presence to our
conveys!
Unto us poor sinners ther
given
A blessed antepast of bliss in
And lasti

2 Although, dear Jesus, we ca
thy face,
We richly may enjoy thy lo
Since thou hast pronounced
souls thrice blessed,
Who though they do not see th
possessed Of faith i

3 Were we but all desirous d
night
Thee to enjoy, O what supre
Would both soul and body t
thy favour!
We then with all our hearts
say, Dear Saviour,
Who is lik

4 Long-suffering, merciful, ar
to be,
Forgiving daily and abundan
To heal, cheer, and comfor
shower thy blessing
On us, with looks thy tende
expressing, Is thy

5 Gracious Redeemer, grant
while here
In thy salvation constantly to
May our souls and senses w
cessation,
Prompted by love and need, f
solation Unto the

6 Thus in communion may w
with thee,
Happy like children till th
Though while here we tarry,
often grieved,
May we apply to thee and
lieved In all d

364.* T. 228.

HOW bright appears the Morning [star,
With grace and truth beyond com-
The royal root of Jesse; [pare,
O David's son, of Jacob's line,
My soul's Belov'd and King benign,
Thou camest from heaven to bless
Precious, gracious, [me:
Ever glorious and victorious
Is my Saviour;
Nought but he can please me ever.

2 From him descends a beam of joy,
When he with a complacent eye
Beholds his needy creature;
Immanuel my sovereign good,
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood,
Renew my very nature:
Grant me richly
Through thy merit to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear my ardent supplication.

3 The Father from eternity
In mercy was inclined to me,
Through thee, his Well-beloved:
I, as a member of thy bride,
In thee, my Jesus, can confide;
Thy love remains unmoved:
Oh, I have joy,
That in heaven with thanksgiving
Thee, my Saviour,
I shall love and praise for ever.

4 Tune all your notes to songs of praise,
If you can earthly music raise,
To join celestial concerts:
Be Jesus your delightful theme;
In him and in his saving name
Are centred all our comforts:
Joyful, awful
Be the phrases of our praises,
'Tis our duty,
'Fore the Lord of bliss and beauty.

5 Before the world I make my boast,
That he in whom I place my trust,
Is Lord of light and glory:
At last he 'll bring me to that place,
Where all the wonders of his grace
Shall lie disclosed before me:
Amen: be then
Praise and blessing, never ceasing,
To him given,
Here, and by *the hosts of* heaven.

365.* T. 185.

THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;
Why did Christ appear in human nature?
'Twas for me he man became:
While the whole world's Saviour I confess him,
As my own Redeemer oft I trace him,
And his merits I apply
To myself especially.

2 When with him, my Lord, in closest union,
I can all things else forget;
In his fellowship and blest commu-
I heaven's bliss anticipate; [nion
By his presence he dispels all sadness,
Filling my poor soul with joy and gladness;
Though I often am to blame,
Yet his love is still the same:

3 When my mind pursues this meditation,
That the all-creating Word
Hath by his humanity and passion
To God's image man restored;
I regard my body as Christ's temple,
'Tis my aim to follow his example,
And my vessel through his grace
In due honour to possess.

366.* T. 68.

BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share:
He 's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I,
Oh, his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is grounded;
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drown'd;
Pure delight is found,

Joy and peace in his salvation,
Heavenly bliss and consolation:
Every grief is drown'd,
Where such bliss is found.

367.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, my prayer
Is, while I am here
In union to be
With thee and thy people insepar-
ably:—

2 Concern'd for more grace
And true happiness;
Intent evermore,
'Fore thee to be contrite and lowly,
and poor.

3 O were my whole mind
And spirit inclined
To show forth thy praise,
To serve thee with gladness, and
walk in thy ways.

4 If question'd by thee:
Say, lovest thou me?
I own I shall prove
Deficient, O Lord, yet thou know'st
that I love.

5 John's portion so blest,
To lean on thy breast,
Be mine, till with thee,
When time is no more, I for ever
shall be.

368.* T. 159.

'TIS the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care;
This done our steps are safe and sure,
Our hearts' desires are render'd pure,
And nought can pluck us from his
hand,
Which leads us to the end.

2 Nought in this world affords true
But Christ's atoning blood; [rest
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeigned love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God.

Admitted to the realms of blis
I then shall see him as he is,
Where countless pardon'd si
Adoring at his feet. [

369.* T. 14

THY child so minded ever kee
Let me know nought beside
Thee, who wast slain me to re
Thee, Jesus crucified.

2 O may we, Saviour, step for
Bear thee sweet company;
Thus will, whate'er we underta
An act of worship be.

3 May we to thee, in all our w
Child-like still closer fly,
Directing still, throughout our co
By faith to thee our eye.

4 Although but little we can d
Yet 'tis our hearts' desire,
To do that which affords thee j
More thou dost not require.

370.* T. 206

THOU slaughter'd Lamb, :‖:
Whose love the same
Doth still abide,
Though oft :‖: severely tried:
I am no longer mine :‖: but thine
Bought with a price;
As sacrifice
Accept the whole :‖:
Of spirit, body, soul. :‖:

2 My King benign, :‖:
I'd fain be thine;
Not any thing,
No smallest :‖: hankering
Cause me, while here I stay.
My dearest Lord, from thee to st
No, may each breath
Exalt thy death,
And sing thy praise :‖:
For thy unbounded grace. :‖:

371.* T. 36.

O LET thy countenance, most
ing Saviour.
Shine on me day and night, an
me ever
Have of thy presence and thy
cious dealing
A tender feelin

That soul and body on thy merit feeding,
ıy daily be from grace to grace proceeding,
ith thee at peace, in tenderest love's communion
And perfect union.

372. T. 14.

SUS, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be thou my heart's delight,
main my fav'rite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

Hungry and thirsty after thee,
May I be found each hour;
mble in heart, and constantly
Supported by thy power.

May thy blest Spirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
ue faith and constancy impart
To live unto thy praise.

The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
ll I shall once in heaven above
For ever dwell with thee.

373. T. 14.

DEAREST Lord, take thou my heart;
Where can such sweetness be,
s I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee.

If there's a fervour in my soul,
And fervour sure there is,
shall be quite at thy control,
To serve thee only rise.

'Tis vain in earthly things for bliss
To seek; none can be found
ill Jesus Christ our object is;
In him true joys abound.

'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
nd all the bliss I seek above
Is to behold his face.

374. T. 14.

'IS heaven on earth by faith to see
Thy face, my gracious Lord;
he noblest, most substantial joys,
Thy cheering smiles afford.

2 Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, while in this vale of tears
Kind visits oft from thee.

3 O let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight;
For the whole world can't ease my heart
If banish'd from thy sight.

375. T. 79.

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
Upon Mount Calvary,
And finish'd there redemption's toil;
Thus I became thy happy spoil:
All praise and glory be to thee.

2 Fain would I think upon thy pain,
Would find therein my life and gain,
And firmly fix my heart
Upon thy wounds and dying love:
Nor evermore from thee remove,
Till from this world I shall depart.

3 The more through grace myself I know,
The more inclined I am to bow
In faith beneath thy cross;
To trust in thy atoning blood,
And look to thee for every good,
Yea, count all earthly gain but loss.

376. T. 90.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for thou art mine:
Thou art my fortress, strength, and tower,
My trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The balm to heal my broken heart,
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown;—

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour:
My comfort 'midst all grief & thrall,
My life in death, my All in all.

377. T. 22.

'TIS through the grace thou dost bestow,
O Lord, that I thy goodness know;
Grant that I in humility
For evermore may cleave to thee.

2 The privilege to be with Christ
In union, can't enough be prized;
Since I'm the purchase of his blood,
Grant me this privilege, O God.

378. T. 79.

O THAT we could for ever sit
With Mary at our Saviour's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's cheering voice.

2 O may his love our hearts inspire,
Nought else on earth may we desire,
Nought else in heaven above;
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy grace to know,
Give us to feel thy precious love.

379. T. 146.

OH! what is Christ to me,
Who hath for my diseases
Found out a remedy,
And every grief appeases.
My ever-faithful friend,
My confidant most true,
On whom I can depend
In joy and sorrow too.

380.* T. 230.

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distress'd;
Jesus, show on each occasion,
That thou our strength art and salvation,
Our shield, our hiding place, and rest:
O may we constantly
Look up by faith to thee,
Who redeem'dst us;
And daily prove
That thou art love,
Till we shall be with thee above.

381.* T. 79.

CAN any contemplation
Compare with that sensation,
O Christ! that we are thine;
That our names on the pages
Are written, where the wages
Are enter'd of thy love divine

382. T. 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,
When I feel thee, Saviour, mine;
What is this world's joy or treasure
To the thought that I am thine?
Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment
Cannot soothe the watchful soul:
Joy and grief, rest and employment,
Sacred be to thee the whole.

383.* T. 185.

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation!
Blessed mansion, loved abode,
There my Lord had oft his resting station,
Converse held in friendly mood:
With that bliss which Mary highly favour'd,
I could wish this day still to be
But thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

384.* T. 244.

THOUGH we can't see our Saviour
With these our mortal eyes,
Our faith, which tastes his favour,
The want of sight supplies;
Our hearts can feel him near,
So that to us 'tis clear,
His presence is as certain
As if we saw him here.

385. T. 586.

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives and dwelleth
In us, O what consummate bliss!
This from our hearts all gloom dispelleth,
Our life of heaven a foretaste is:
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication:
Let all of us in every station,
Be truly join'd to thee,
Until eternally
Thy face we see.

XIX. THE HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN OF GOD.

386.* T. 114.

JESUS, my King, thy kind and gracious sceptre (me:
Assuages every grief that burdens
When I with all my heart apply to thee,
Then thy peace-giving Spirit's my preceptor;
Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my heart,
That fear and restlessness must soon depart.

2 The gifts of Christ are so inestimable,
That all the world nought equal can afford;
What are the treasures which the worldlings hoard?
To comfort weary souls they are not able,
But Jesus can and does abundantly;
All earthly joys will fail, but never He.

3 How highly bless'd, how happy is the spirit,
Which, weary of self-working, inly mourns,
And unto him for aid and succour turns!
The humble every good from him inherit;
He to the troubled soul imparteth ease,
Restoring to the wounded conscience peace.

4 That which the law could have imparted never,
Is then produced alone by Jesus' grace;
This is the source of genuine holiness:
This changes and reforms our whole behaviour;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace led on,
We safe proceed, until our race is run.

5 O may I look to Christ without cessation!
Come, visit me, thou Day-spring from on high,
That in thy light the light I may espy,
On grace depending as my sole foundation;
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault in me
May intercept the light that beams from thee.

6 Thou source of love, I rest in thy embraces,
Thou art alone my everlasting peace:
My only treasure is thy boundless grace;
'Tis heaven on earth to live upon thy mercies;
And since in thee all happiness I find,
I seek nought else to satisfy my mind.

387.* T. 115.

HOW great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus,
And to be guided by his shepherd-staff!
Earth's greatest honours are, how-e'er they please us,
To this compared, but vain and empty chaff:
Yea, what this world can never give,
May through the Shepherd's grace each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture, rich and never failing,
Here living waters in abundance flow;
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know;
He banisheth all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on to everlasting life.

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure,
Must come to Christ, and join his flock with speed;

Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond measure,
The world meanwhile on empty husks must feed:
Those souls may share in every good,
Whose Shepherd doth possess the treasuries of God.

388.* T. 164.

O DAYS of solid happiness,
O antepast of heaven,
When, in the accepted time of grace,
We know our sins forgiven:
Cleansed in the precious flood
Of Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoying in our hearts by faith
The blessings purchased by his death.

2 The peace of God then fills the soul,
And heals the wounded spirit;
The broken heart is then made whole,
By virtue of his merit;
Yea, his sweet looks of grace
Convey such happiness,
That we in his redeeming love
Anticipate the bliss above.

3 But why do tears, grief, & distress,
Sometimes allay our gladness,
And though we've tasted pardoning grace,
Still often cause us sadness?
Because we can't forget
Our former wretched state,
And that the grace on us bestowed
Cost Jesus every drop of blood.

4 When thus we contemplate the cost,
It fills us with amazement:
We take it, prostrate in the dust,
With joy, yet deep abasement;
For all that we possess
Is undeserved grace,
By torments on the cross procured,
When he for rebels death endured.

5 How pleasant is our lot, yea good
And great beyond expression!
For, having cleansed us by his blood,
He bears us with compassion,
Applies his healing power
To us each day and hour;
Yea, we in him redemption have
In death itself and in the grave.

6 And this at last our then
When call'd to see our S
We join the glorious comp
Around his throne for ev
Then we in highest strain
Shall praise the Lamb onc
Who hath redeem'd us by l
And made us kings and
God.

389.* T. 9

HOW bless'd am I, mos
Saviour,
When filled with thy sa
With grief oppress'd, I
favour,
And thy reviving bounty
The dismal clouds of n
vanish,
When joys divine my
plenish,
While I recline upon th
Ah, then I find on earth n
Such comforts to all those
Who seek in thee their
rest.

2 If my sin's burden wou
me,
Or legal thunders me afl
Or fear of death and he
me,
By faith to thee I take n
In thee I always find prot
'Gainst Satan's darts an
fection,
Thou art my shield a
Though foes should join ir
tion,
Who shall condemn? Lo
vation,
My confidence is in thy

3 If thou through thorny
lead me,
I'll simply trust in thee
The clouds at thy comm
feed me,
And rocks must drin
afford:
In thy kind leadings acqu
I'm sure to meet with r
blessing;
If I have thee, it doth su
I know that souls, to bliss
Who shall to glory be tra
Must humble be before t

4 Friend of my soul, O how contented
Am I, when leaning upon thee!
By sin I am no more tormented,
Since thou dost aid and comfort me:
O may the heart-reviving feeling
I have of thy most gracious dealing,
A foretaste yield of joys above!
I scorn, vain world, thy adulation,
For Jesus is my delectation,
And I'm an object of his love.

390.* T. 582.

JESUS thou hast reveal'd
Thyself to me by faith,
And to my heart made manifest
Thy wounds, thy blood and death:
Thy name and cross alone
To me can comfort yield,
Since I thereby, as thy reward,
To God am reconciled.

2 My soul, though deeply bow'd,
Is cheered by thy grace;
Now I no more need toil and strive
In search of happiness;
But am assured that thou
Hast all my sins forgiven,
And by thy painful death for me
Procured life and heaven.

3 Thou who didst love me first,
Teach me to trust in thee
Unshaken, till I thee above
Shall praise eternally:
Ev'n here thou art my song;
Thy grace doth richly claim
That thy church militant on earth
Give glory to thy name.

4 Unfeigned thanks receive,
For thy unbounded grace,
From us who in thy name believe
And wish to walk thy ways;
And who are bound to thee,
Because thou us hast gain'd,
And for us by thy precious blood
Eternal bliss obtain'd.

5 The merits of thy death
Each day to us apply,
And grant that to the throne of (grace
We boldly may draw nigh;
That we may mercy find
And help in time of need;
Thus shall we, by thy Spirit led,
From grace to grace proceed.

6 Thy cross and saving name
We freely will confess,
Thy gospel we will spread on earth,
And sound thy matchless praise;
To all mankind point out
Thee our incarnate God,
Who hast redeem'd us from the fall
By thy atoning blood.

391.* T. 11.

BLEST are they, supremely blest,
Who, of Jesus' grace possess'd,
Cleave to him by living faith,
Till they shall resign their breath.

2 One with Christ their head they (share
Happiness beyond compare;
Since on him their hopes they build,
He is their reward and shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,
If in him they trust indeed,
He will be their constant friend,
And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal,
When their faith and courage fail,
He assures them of his love,
Doth their strength in weakness prove.

5 They who simply to him cleave,
From his fulness grace receive;
And throughout their mortal days
Their employment is his praise.

6 Jesus wipes away their tears,
And alleviates all their cares;
They in truth with heart and voice,
Evermore in Christ rejoice.

392.* T. 166.

WITH grateful hearts we all declare
That in Christ's congregation
We may substantial blessings share
Since he is our salvation;
And he requires of us, that we,
Deeply abased before him,
Stir up each other heartily
To love and to adore him.

2 The grace is great, unspeakable,
The privilege unbounded,
That we, although deserving hell,
By sin most deeply wounded,

Are by the virtue of Christ's death
From sin's pollution cleared,
And cleaving unto him by faith,
Are one with him declared.

393. T. 590.

JESUS, whose hands once pierced with nails,
Were stretch'd upon the wood,
Out of whose wounds in plenteous streams
Flow'd the atoning blood;
How safely rests a weary child
Who keeps thee, Lord, in view;
Let unbelief say what it will,
This is for ever true.

2 The more the Lamb of God we view,
The more we walk in light;
His gracious presence doth dispel
Sin's dark and dismal night:
The cheering beams which Christ the Sun
Of righteousness displays,
Enkindle many a lifeless heart,
And love unfeigned raise.

3 Is there a thing that moves and (breaks
A heart as hard as stone,
That warms a heart as cold as ice;
'Tis Jesus' blood alone:
This precious balm can truly cheer
And heal the wounded soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This stream of life makes whole.

4 Hark, O my soul! what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark, The Lamb slain, for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone;
The elders there cast down their (crowns,
And all in endless day
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

5 This, while on earth, we will de- (clare
Cheerful in our degree,
That through Christ's all-atoning (blood
Each soul may happy be:
But thou, O Lord! make every day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy pierced side,
And worship at thy feet.

394. T

OH, if the Lamb had n
To save us from perd
And everlasting life to
What had been our c
But since poor sinners
To have a friend so ve
We cannot but be ha

2 With all our errors a
He bears, and loves u
A contrite soul he ne'e
That acteth but sinc
When the whole hea
We have a foretaste he
In fellowship with J

3 When we have fail
mourn,
That we the Spirit g
And to our Lord for co
We quickly are relie
Whene'er we say,
Lord Jesus, I have bee
He saith, Thou art f

4 As pardon'd sinners
With Jesus' congreg
Above all other things
His bitter death and
His wounds, his tears
sweat
We bear in mind nor c
His unexampled mer

395. T

O HAPPY days, days
solid blessing,
In converse spent w
friend below!
Then streams of heav
rich, unceasing,
From Jesus' wounds
Thus we for his appea
When we shall rest
joy will be complet

2 Meanwhile our lot
pleasant places,
A goodly heritage we
The Lamb to follow a
his praises,
And in his footsteps
May we, by nothing d
Maintain our part w
with his chosen br

3 Accept us as we are, though poor and needy, [grace;
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy
That we, as vessels for thy use made ready,
In word and deed thy sacred name may praise,
And care in true simplicity,
As thine espoused souls, for what belongs to thee.

4 How precious are thy thoughts, beloved Saviour,
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the sum how great!
Already here we in thy sight find favour, [cipate:
In thy sweet nearness heaven anti-
And O what bliss awaits us there,
Where we with the redeem'd shall in thy glory share.

5 But since none these great promises inherit, [heart;
But they who here are purified in
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit [part;
Cleanse us, to us true holiness im-
That we ourselves to thee may yield
Till thy whole counsel be in each of us fulfill'd.

396. T. 594.

WHAT peace divine, unutterable,
When we with Christ our God converse;
No angel's tongue to express is able,
What feels a sinner free from curse;
Such bliss to enjoy in all its meaning,
Implies, our sinful hearts to know,
And, by the holy Spirit's training,
Before the cross of Christ to bow.

2 From him true heavenly life deriving, [each stain,
With cleansing power from sin's
Partakers of his grace reviving,
Within us all is born again;
We hunger then for food substantial,
And thirst for life's exhaustless stream,
In Christ we find all things essential,
And he abides our bliss supreme.

3 Thrice happy they who by experience
Have known this change from death to life,
Who look to him with faith and patience, [strife:
While pilgrims in this world of
His blood-bought grace and full salvation
Their solace prove, while here below;
And when complete their faith's probation,
To see his face with joy they go.

397. T. 70.

OUR lot how blessed,
How great the happiness
By us possessed,
With Jesus' flock of grace
To feed upon his death and merit,
And thus be render'd with him one spirit.

2 He sought and found us
Who far from him had stray'd;
With love-cords bound us,
And to his flock us led:
This causes us with exultation
To joy in him and in his salvation.

3 The aim and purpose
We all know well, why he
In mercy chose us:
'Tis our high destiny [tranged,
That we, from world and sin es-
Into his image be form'd and changed.

4 Though we are feeble,
We humbly trust his grace
Will us enable
To live unto his praise;
May we be still in spirit poorer,
And make our calling and election surer.

398. T. 14.

AMAZING grace, (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I am already come;

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord hath promised good to
His word my hope secures; [me,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

399.* T. 97.

MY All in all, my faithful Friend,
Upon whose mercy I depend;
Than aught in earth or heaven more dear;
My paschal Lamb from year to year;
My shield, my rock, my polar-star, my guide,
Thou art my God, and ever shalt abide.

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy band,
Beset my soul on every hand;
When fails my strength, and even the light
Of reason seems immersed in night,
Thee, the great Counsellor, I still can trace,
Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and grace.

3 Since thou to me didst being give,
And badest me for thy service live,
Mete thou my few remaining hours,
Thy staff support my failing powers;
Inspire each thought and word, and let my race [face.
Be run in righteousness before thy

4 And should I longer journey here,
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,
To view from Calvary's sacred brow
Fair Salem's towers, whose builder Thou;
That city, where thou dwellest as Lamb and light:
Thus shall no danger my weak soul affright.

5 When, all my labours o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of thy death,
I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchased by thee, my gracious Lord;
E'en then, thou knowest, my and my crown
Thou, Jesus, shalt abide, an alone.

400. T. 22.

MY Saviour left his throne an
From guilt lost sinners to rede
That they might have their si given,
And find in him their peac heaven.

2 Daily may I from thee recei
That peace the world can neve
Since thou upon the cross's tr
By death hast gained that pe me.

3 Lord, I am thine, O take m
I in the dust before thee bow,
Ashamed that I no sooner rat
To thee, the Saviour of lost r

401. T. 205

HAPPINESS, delightful name
Where may it be found, O wh
Learning, pleasure, wealth, &
All confess, It is not here:—
Jesus crucified to know,
This is happiness below;
Him to see, adore, and love,
This is happiness above.

402.* T. 4

DEAR Lord, when I trace
The offers of grace
Received from thee,—
Thy drawings of love from n infancy:

2 I fall at thy feet;
Thy mercy's so great,
I'm lost in amaze;
Thy love and forbearance all far surpass.

3 I now wish to be
Devoted to thee
Who for me hast died;
Grant that I may serve thee, thee abide.

403.* T. 83.

O REJOICE, Christ's happy sheep!
For your Shepherd will for ever,
You, his flock, in safety keep:
You are objects of his favour:
Only fast unto him cleave,
You he 'll ne'er forsake nor leave.

XX. GRATITUDE FOR OUR SALVATION.

404.* T. 119.

THANKS and praise :‖:
Jesus, unto thee are due;
O accept our adoration
For the blessings which accrue
From thy human life and passion;
May our hearts and lips with one
accord Praise thee, Lord. :‖:

2 For thy death :‖:
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanour
Praise thee, yea, each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honour,
And our souls uninterruptedly
Cleave to thee. :‖:

3 O how great :‖:
Are the blessings we derive
From the fulness of our Saviour!
They who him by faith receive,
And desire to taste his favour,
From this source may freely take
always Grace for grace. :‖:

4 Ah, remain, :‖:
Ah, remain our highest good:
In our hearts, dear suffering Saviour,
Shed thy dying love abroad:
This will rule our whole behaviour;
Us with love inspire, till we shall be,
Lord, with thee. :‖:

405.* T. 14.

O JESUS, for thy matchless love
Accept our warmest praise;
Since thou didst leave thy throne
To save a sinful race. [above,

2 Thanks for thy sufferings, tears, and cries,
And groans in thy distress;
The source of never-fading joys
And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of peace,
When hanging on the tree:
What a divine refreshment this
To souls athirst for thee.

4 Thanks for thy last heart-piercing
And meritorious death: [cry
Grant we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

406. T. 14.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what angel's thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die;
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

407. T. 167.

SING with humble hearts your praises
For our Saviour's boundless grace;
Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,
Come with thanks before his face:

Praise him for his death and bleed-
All our happiness lies there; [ing,
Praise him for his gracious leading,
Praise your faithful Shepherd's care.

2 Praise for every scene distressing,
Praise for all thou didst endure,
Praise for every gift and blessing
Which thy griefs for us procure;
In thy ransom'd congregation
Shall thy death our theme remain
Till thou comest with full salvation,
Lord of glory, Lamb once s'ain.

3 Thou to purchase our salvation
Didst assume humanity;
Jesus, for thy bitter passion
May we ever thankful be:
Fill'd with awe, and humbly bowing,
At thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That thou art our All in all.

408.* T. 58.

O SING, ye people raised from Adam's fall,
Let hallelujahs now ascend from all!
Praise ye God rejoicing: for our salvation
This child is born; this blest divine donation Is God with us.

2 Praise be to Christ; for us he victory gain'd,
In judgment he our cause by right obtain'd,
We are his through mercy; to him our Saviour
We 'll humbly cleave, till we shall have the favour
To see his face.

3 While saints in glory praise their heavenly King,
Let his church militant thanksgivings bring:
Since 'tis solely owing to Jesus' passion,
That no believer needs a separation
From God to fear.

4 Thy saving name be hallowed evermore,
Lord Jesus, let thy kingdom come with power; [glory,
Might all nations render to thee the
Since not one sinner is despised before thee, Saviour of all.

409. T. 18

DEAREST Jesus, in this w
stranger,
How delightful 'tis to me
To behold thee, lying in a man
In the deepest poverty:
How do I rejoice to see my Ma
Of my human nature a partak
Urged by love, forsake his t
For my sins by death to aton

2 He's my God, my flesh and
my brother,
Born to suffer death for me;
He's my Saviour, I know of
He my All in all shall be: [
I confess with joy and exultati
From his birth, his life, and
passion
All my hopes and joys arise;
Him above all else I prize.

3 O what comfort flows as f
fountain,
When I, by his Spirit led
To Gethsemane and Calvary's
See my Saviour in my stead
Suffering, bleeding, on the cro
piring, [qui
Life and peace and rest for n
Then his merits are applied
To my heart: for me he died.

410. T. 71.

DIDST thou forsake thy thron
My nature to put on,
My God and Saviour;
For thy unbounded love
O may I grateful prove,
Both now and ever!

2 Lord Jesus, who for me
By thy humanity
Hast gain'd salvation;
Take in return the whole
Of spirit, body, soul,
As an oblation.

411.* T. 244.

REDEEMED congregation,
Extol with one accord
The God of our salvation,
Sing praises to the Lord:
For us he man became,
And still abides the same;
To make us all one spirit
With him, is his blest aim.

412.* T. 590.

WHAT strikes, O wounded Lamb of
My soul so sensibly? (God,
'Tis when I view the fervent love,
That urged thee to die;
And feel that from thy precious
So freely shed for me, (blood,
Flows all my happiness in time
And in eternity.

2 This grace, as long as life shall
I humbly will proclaim; (last,
I, who a sinner void of good,
Who dust and ashes am:
'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,
Erased it ne'er shall be,
That by thy meritorious death
Thou hast redeemed me.

3 Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,
While here below I stay:
I'm lost in wonder and amaze,
When I thy goodness weigh,
That I, poor sinner am become
A child of thine through grace,
And, being thine, a joyful heir
Of ceaseless happiness.

4 With contrite tears I thee adore,
And thank for mercy free;
I'll in my walk show forth thy praise
Ev'n in my small degree:—
If thou support me with thy aid,
As my most gracious Lord,
The imperfect service which I yield
Will joy to thee afford.

5 Whenever my frail nature swerves
Beyond the proper bounds,
Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain it gives,
How grievously it wounds;
With eager haste I therefore flee,
And safely wish to hide
Within thy wounds, O God my rock,
And in those clefts abide.

6 O thou who to redeem my soul
Didst on the cross expire,
Grant I may love thee in return:
Be this my fix'd desire,
Henceforth no more to cherish self,
But to thy praise to live
Who lovedst me, and out of love
Thyself for me didst give.

7 Thy sufferings then, and bitter death,
My heart shall e'er retain;
And earnestly I'll shun, thro' grace,
All that which gives thee pain;
For nothing now, which this vain
Can offer or devise, (world
Can yield me any further joy,
Nought but my ransom price.

8 For ever then remain engraved
Deep in my heart's recess;
Thee whom I wish to love in truth,
O may my mouth confess: (fold
Grant that each sheep within thy
Thy mark impress'd may bear,
Until thou at the judgment-day
In glory shalt appear.

413.* T. 151.

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour
Pours out his life and blood,
Thee to restore to favour,
And reconcile to God;
His death thy guilt erases,
His stripes give thee relief;
Rise then, and sing his praises
Who turns to joy thy grief.

2 How is my soul delighted,
Tho' shame o'erspread my face,
When I, by faith excited,
The Lamb of God can trace
In all his bitter passion,
Till dying on the tree;
He bore my condemnation,
And gained life for me.

3 I see him in the garden
Shed floods of bitter tears,
Sinking beneath the burden;
I hear his anxious prayers:
I see him pine and languish,
As on the ground he lay,
Till through his pores in anguish
The blood-sweat forced its way.

4 I fully am assured
My Saviour loveth me,
By all he hath endured
In his great agony;
His back plough'd o'er with furrows,
His side pierced with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows,
His boundless love declare.

5 My fav'rite theme is Jesus,
All else I count but loss;
His love all thought surpasses,
Ah, view him on the cross;

Thence hope and consolation
I freely can derive;
Were he not my salvation,
I could not bear to live.

6 Near Jesus' cross I tarry,
On him I fix mine eyes,
Behold him spent and weary,
A bleeding sacrifice;
In heaven of his glory
I shall obtain a sight,
But here his suffering beauty
Remains my chief delight.

7 What undeserved favour
Hath Jesus to me shown;
Might I recline for ever
Upon his breast like John:
'Tis my heart's inclination,
Like Mary oft to sit,
Until my consummation,
Lord, at thy pierced feet.

8 In my forlorn condition
Thou, Lord, didst me receive;
Thou savedst from perdition
My soul, and bad'st me live:
With inward spirit's ardour
I thank thee for thy grace;
Thyself this heavenly fervour
Of love to thee increase.

414.* T. 146.

LORD JESUS, who for me
Hast endless bliss obtained,
And as thy property
My soul by blood regained;
Accept a weeping eye,
A warm and grateful heart;
Though a thank-offering poor,
Yet take it in good part.

2 Jesus, thy dying love,
And thy blood bought salvation,
By day and night shall prove
My fav'rite meditation:
When I commune with thee,
As though before mine eyes
I saw thee bodily;
My faith this vivifies.

3 I look to Golgotha,
For me I view thee languish,
And melt like wax away
Before thy pain and anguish;
By faith I see God's wrath
In what on thee did fall,
The fountain too and bath
For my offences all.

4 Most gracious God and Lord,
Mankind's almighty Saviour,
Worthy to be adored
By all, both now and ever;
Those souls are bless'd indeed
Who thee embrace by faith,
As thou for us wast laid
Low in the dust of death.

5 In thee I trust by faith,
Jesus, my God and Saviour;
On thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever:
Thy sufferings shall remain
Deep on my heart impress'd,
Thou Son of God and man,
Till I with thee shall rest.

415.* T. 149.

WHEN I Christ in spirit trace
As the world's Creator,
And regard the sinfulness
Of my fallen nature;
I revere—him with fear:
But his expiration
Yields me consolation.

2 Heart-reviving is the view
Of our lovely Saviour;
Him, our highest good, to know
Be our whole endeavour;
We're unclean—full of sin,
But the stripes of Jesus
Heal all our diseases.

3 Lamb of God, all praise to
Thou hast victory gained,
And upon the cross for me
Endless bliss obtained:
Thou art mine—I am thine
May my whole demeanour
To thy name give honour.

416.* T. 1

WE sinners void of good,
Defiled by sin and stai
Yet bought with Jesus' b
Who our salvation gai
As helpless, vile, and po
Appear before his face
And humbly him adore
For our blest lot of gr

2 When we thy mercy
How nails and scour

Our debt immense to pay;
We melt in tears before thee:
Thy pain, thy stripes, and wounds,
Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Whence all our bliss redounds,
Our grateful praises claim.

3 Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of our salvation:
Thou didst our hearts incline
To accept thy invitation;
We are thy property,
O may we thine abide;
This is our only plea,
That thou for us hast died.

4 Might with an iron pen
This truth divine be graven:
For sinners Christ was slain,
To purchase life and heaven;
Unwearied we prolong,
And joyfully repeat
The blessed gospel-song;
'Tis ever new and sweet.

5 Lord, teach us how to prize
Our great predestination,
And thankful to rejoice
With thy dear congregation,
Redeemed with thy blood;
Grant us a child-like faith
Among thy flock, O God,
Until our latest breath.

417.* T. 97.

THANKS to the Man of sorrows be,
To Jesus Christ, who set us free
From sin & death, when on the cross,
He suffer'd to retrieve our loss;
Had he not shed his blood our debt to pay,
We still had been the devil's wretched prey.

2 O had not Jesus' blood been shed,
Life would a burden be indeed;
No comfort could we ever find,
No ray of hope to cheer our mind:
But now on earth we may enjoy his grace,
And humbly hope in heaven to see his face.

3 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth
Our Lord's atonement will set forth,
Will love our Master unto death,
And humbly cleave to him by faith:
Lord Jesus, be thou praised eternally;
If there no Jesus were, what should we be?

418.* T. 15.

THY blood, thy blood, the deed hath wrought,
That won me for thee, Saviour;
Else had I never on thee thought,
Nor come to thee for ever.

2 Though I'm a sinful creature still,
I have a full exemption (quell
From serving sin, since thou didst
Its power by thy redemption.

3 I feel how much in debt I am,
This makes me oft ashamed;
Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd Lamb,
I am through grace esteemed.

4 O let me thee behold in faith,
As thou for me wast wounded;
And trust in thy atoning death,
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5 Thy mercy ne'er from me remove;
But under thy direction
Let me experience, while I live
On earth, thy kind protection.

6 May this each day be my employ,
The fruits of thy blest passion
Still more completely to enjoy,
And taste thy great salvation:—

7 Till I shall once behold thy face
In endless bliss and glory,
And for the wonders of thy grace
With humble thanks adore thee.

419*. T. 228.

O LAMB once slain, my Lord and God,
Thy bitter sufferings, death, and (blood,
Remain my heart's confession:
Thee, the great Author of my frame,
Thankful I call the slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy love is past expression:
For joy weep I
O'er thy bloody, wounded body;
For thy passion
Hath procured for me salvation.

2 Thy blood was shed for me I know,
For my redemption did it flow;
O sweetest consolation!
Now nothing in the world beside
Can make me truly satisfied,
But thy blood-bought salvation:
There is true bliss,
Virtue, healing all that 's ailing,
Strength, supplying
Life, although my flesh be dying.

3 O happy hour! by faith I see
My suffering, dying Lord for me
Upon the cross outstretch'd;
If from my view this should depart,
Nought could relieve my troubled heart,
Yea, I should be most wretched;
But he knows me
To be feeble, and not able
For a moment
To live without his atonement.

4 A sinner I, and full of blame;
But Saviour is his precious name;
He nothing will deny me;
His blood was shed for me I know,
Thence blessings in abundance flow;
Nought else can satisfy me:
My God, thy blood
Still can wash me and refresh me:
It is cleansing,
Pardon, life, and grace dispensing.

5 Therefore I'll view the Lamb of God,
His body cover'd o'er with blood,
His soul with grief oppress'd;
This sight removes all doubt & fear,
It gives me boldness to draw near,
By whatsoe'er distressed:
Here I find joy,
Heavenly pleasure beyond measure;
Near my Saviour
I would fain abide for ever.

420. T. 141.

LAMB of God beloved,
Once for sinners slain,
Thankful we remember
What thou didst sustain;
Nothing thee incited
But unbounded grace,
To bear condemnation
In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow
View Mount Calvary;
But my soul rejoiceth
O'er thy death for me:
Since thou by thy passion
Didst for me atone,
Take me as an offering,
Thine I'll be alone.

3 In thy wounds, O Jesus,
I have found true peace;
Thou in all distresses
Art my hiding-place:
Unto thee I'll ever
Look with humble faith,
And rejoice and glory
In thy wounds and death.

4 I unworthy sinner
Lie before thy throne;
Though I scarce am able
To express, I own,
All my wants, dear Saviour,
Yet thou know'st them well;
Now in me the counsel
Of thy love fulfil.

421. T. 341.

'TIS done, my God hath died,
My love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.

2 To love thee, Lord,—ah, this
Even here is heavenly bliss;
With thy love my heart inspire,
There by faith for ever dwell;
This I always will desire,
Nothing but thy love to feel.

3 He bore the curse of all,
A spotless criminal:
Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed sin,
Man to save his blood he spilt;
Died, to make the sinner clean.

4 Join earth and heaven to bless
The Lord our righteousness;
Sinned we All and died in One,
Just in One we all are made:
Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
Died for all, for all obey'd.

5 In him complete I shine,
His death, his life is mine;
Fully am I justified;
Free from sin, and more than free,

Guiltless, since for me he died,
Righteous, since he rose for me.

6 Jesus, to thee I bow,
Approach thee humbly now:
O the depths of love divine!
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unsearchable.

422. T. 206.

FULL to my view, :‖:
In bloody hue,
The Lamb of God
Stretch'd out :‖: upon the wood,
With wounds, and stripes, & scars :‖:
—appears,
The nails and spear—his body tear
And open wide :‖:
The fountain in his side. :‖:

2 By his blood shed, :‖:
The Lamb hath paid
My ransom price,
Offer'd :‖: a sacrifice
Well-pleasing unto God; :‖:
His blood
For me avails—and never fails,
To give me peace :‖:
And solid happiness. :‖:

3 His cries and prayers, :‖:
His bitter tears,
His bloody sweat,
And all :‖: his torments great,
His stripes and every wound :‖:
Abound
With life and grace,
Yea, lasting bliss:
From Golgotha :‖:
My soul would never stray. :‖:

423. T. 205.

LAMB of God, thy precious blood,
Healing wounds and bitter death,
Be our trust, our only boast,
Blessed object of our faith:
Thy once marred countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense;
By thy anguish, stripes, and pain,
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace;
For thy cross, whereby for us
Thou hast gain'd true happiness;
For thy death, which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
For thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

3 What can we now give to thee,
For thy unexampled love?
We're unclean and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove:
All that's good in us, we own
Is not ours, but thine alone;
Unto us belongeth shame,
But all glory to thy name.

4 Through thy grace, may we always
Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely eternally
On thy meritorious death:
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore
'Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

424. T. 159.

I'M overcome with humble shame,
And blushes fill my face,
When I behold the suffering Lamb,
And when my faith can trace,
How Jesus paid my ransom price,
And gave himself a sacrifice:
My gracious Saviour, near to thee
I ever wish to be.

2 'Tis then with happy John I view
His body mark'd with scars;
Like Mary I his feet bedew
With floods of sinner-tears;
I'm struck with this most charming sight,
The Lamb of God is my delight,
The glory of the Trinity
In him by faith I see.

3 Free from the noisy, busy crowd,
Here would I ever stay,
And live in union with my God,
With Jesus night and day;
Extolling his unbounded love,
Till to his presence I remove,
And there in higher notes of praise
My hallelujahs raise.

425. T. 166.

WHAT praise unto the Lamb is due! [spire,
How should this theme our souls in-

When we his boundless love review,
And see him in his blood expire!
Who can describe how much he loved, [zeal,
Or paint that strong and fervent
With which his tender heart was moved,
When he sustain'd the pangs of hell.

2 Beside him we will nothing know,
All things account for him but loss:
Our hearts with love to him shall glow,
We'll glory only in his cross: [breast:
He is the hungry sinner's food,
His goodness we desire to taste;
When we enjoy his flesh and blood,
It proves to us a heavenly feast.

3 Thy wounds present to our faith's eye; [breast:
Their influence shed within our
Lord, let no stranger with thee vie,
Let sin be wholly dispossess'd;
Free from the law's condemning power,
By grace alone we wish to live;
Grace must support us every hour,
Faith can alone the victory give.

426. T. 16.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go: [healing,
Prove his wounds each day more
And himself more fully know.

427.* T. 1

IMPRESS'D with filial fea
A breeze divine perceivi
Its influence receiving,
With awe we thee revere:
Our eyes with tears o'er
Our souls devoutly glow
One thought absorbs us no
Thou, Jesus, only thou.

2 Who can thy kindness p
Or know thy great salva
And not with exultatio
Confess that God is love?
Thou Messenger anointe
The Lamb by God appoi
By all in earth and heaven
To thee be praises given.

428.* T. 1

TO earth no longer cleavi
I look to Jesus' cross;
All this world's trifles lea
For him count all things
Who underwent such rack
Distress of soul, and an
Vile sinners to regain.

2 I'm lost in deepest won
When I am led to trace
His dying love, and ponde
On his amazing grace;
How he, by giving up his
Procured life and salvat
For rebels doom'd to deat

3 Grace through the blood
The contrite soul's delig
Nought else on earth coul
Should we of this lose si
And could we not, thro' m
Our worthless names en
In Jesus' nail-prints see.

4 Oh! were his death imp
On us indelibly,
Our lot would be most ble
How can we happier be
Than when his rod and s
True joy and consolatio
Unto the needy heart?

429.* T.

O WHAT complete salva
In Jesus I possess!

In his atoning passion
I find true happiness;
I 'm now content on earth to live,
Since to my unseen Saviour
Through grace by faith I cleave.

2 Nought but my Saviour's passion
Can purify the heart,
And bid the infatuation
Of world and sin depart:
The very thought is then abhorr'd,
That I those things should cherish
Which crucified our Lord.

3 O Lamb of God tormented,
Thy pain and anguish sore
Have me to thee cemented,
And bound for evermore;
Whoe'er relies on thee alone,
Will safely be conducted,
Until his race is run.

4 I trust in Jesus' merit,
My life flows from his death;
And doth his holy Spirit
Before the eye of faith
My crucified Redeemer paint,
I am through grace establish'd
Firm in his covenant.

430.* T. 185.

IF to me experience had not proved
What surpasseth human thought,
That my Saviour, by compassion moved,
With his blood my pardon bought,
I had spent my days in anxious grieving;
But, to him be praise, I now believing,
In my Lord, by faith receive
Comforts, which the world can't give.

2 O what blessings are from Jesus' passion
And atoning death derived!
I refuse all other consolation,
If of these I am deprived;
But no sooner doth his blood bedew me,
And impart its healing virtue to me,
Than my soul, though sunk in grief,
Is restored, and finds relief.

3 When my Jesus from the cross complacent
Casts on me a look of love,
Grateful tears flow down my cheeks incessant,
All my soft affections move:
Could I, with a mind of earth divested,
By all worldly cares quite unmolested,
Be engaged with him alone,
Then were heaven on earth begun.

431.* T. 10.

BY faith to Jesus cleaving,
In him, my Lord, believing,
Like Thomas I can trace him,
And from the heart confess him.

2 With grateful heart's sensation
I own, that when his passion,
His cross and death are named,
My soul is then inflamed.

3 From death to life he raised
My soul—his name be praised:
Now I 'm regenerated,
And all is new-created.

4 The eye of faith he giveth,
Which sight of him receiveth:
An ear, to hear with pleasure
His word, that sacred treasure.

5 He graciously conducts me,
The Holy Ghost instructs me
To understand more fully
His mind, and know him truly.

6 From Jesus' blood and merit
I gain new life and spirit,
Forgiveness, grace, salvation,
Strength, joy, and consolation.

7 My spirit him embraces,
He all my wants redresses,
I in his love's fruition
Am happy without vision.

8 Am I, of him possessed,
Already here so blessed,
What joys shall I be tasting,
When in his presence resting.

432.* T. 205.

ALL the bliss which we possess,
Is derived from Jesus' cross;
He to God hath by his blood
Reconciled and saved us:
Now his righteousness is found
Our salvation's only ground;
Hence all our felicity
Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen, yea, hallelujah;
Lord, our comfort, joy, and peace,
By thy cross thou gain'dst for us
Everlasting happiness:
Since the effects we richly prove
Of this wondrous act of love,
With what gratitude should we
Raise our hearts and eyes to thee.

433. T. 14.

HOW can I view the slaughter'd Lamb,
And all his sufferings trace,
And not sink down with humble shame,
And give him thanks and praise.

2 This, Lord, I do with many tears,
And own, with wonder fill'd,
Thy stripes and shame, thy griefs and prayers,
Made me thy pardon'd child.

3 Still be thy wounds to me more dear,
More precious every day:
Till I at thy pierced feet appear,
Dress'd in thy bright array.

434.* T. 14.

THE impression of what Christ my friend
Hath done for worthless me,
When he his life and blood did spend,
Attend me constantly.

2 O may I humbly onward move,
While dying here I stay,
And Jesus, whom unseen I love,
Prepare me for his day.

435.* T. 68.

BE thy wounds and cross
Ever new to us;
From thy suffering scenes and merit
Nothing e'er divert our spirit:
With thy blood bedew
All we think or do.

436.* T. 79.

TIME'S undefined dimensions,
Eternity's expansions,
In spirit I have traced;
But nothing hath so struck me,
As when God's Spirit took me,
To GOLGOTHA;—O God be praised.

437.* T. 228.

SING Hallelujah, honour, praise:
Your grateful lauds to Jesus raise,
O favour'd congregation!
For he became a sacrifice,
And paid in blood our ransom price,
Procuring our salvation;
Holy, happy,
Is our union and communion
With our Saviour;
Blessed be his name for ever.

438.* T. 234.

THANKS be to thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
For thy eternal love and favour;
We sinful worms with humble shame
Acknowledge thee our only Saviour;
For us thy soul was sore dismay'd,
For us thy body was tormented,
For us thou bow'dst thy sacred head,
Thus by thy death death's power ended:
Now fix our hearts and eyes
On this thy sacrifice;
O that we may forget it never;
But be it always clear,
God did in Christ appear,
From judgment us to free for ever.

XXI. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

439.* T. 97.

THOU Source of love, thou sinner's Friend,
Thy mercy who can comprehend?
Who ever can presume to say
He loved, ere thou hadst shown the way? (nity,
Thou who hast loved us from eter-
Dost raise within us genuine love to thee.

2 Such unexampled, boundless grace
Doth fill our souls with deep amaze,
That God, who earth and heaven made,
Should be in human flesh array'd,
Thereby to save lost man from death and hell, (rebel.
Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord

3 Thy love, which always is the same,
Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame,
Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,
Dissolve in tears and melt away;
Thy mercy, Lord, is such an endless store,
Man's reason here must silently adore.

4 However weak and helpless we,
However powerful sin may be,
Thou art our strength in every case;
Thro' thy support and aiding grace
We firmly trust that we shall conquerors prove,
Since thou dost give us vict'ry from above.

5 Lo, we fall down with filial fear,
Conscious that thou art present here;
We humbly laud thy saving name,
We sink, abased with humble shame,
Almighty God, before thy glorious throne,
And thee our only Lord and Saviour own.

6 Reach out thy sceptre, King of love,
Let us thy royal favour prove,
Who, conscious of our indigence,
Approach thy throne with confidence;
O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,
Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.

440.* T. 97.

WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou love? (prove?
What doth thy highest pleasure
Whom dost thou favour, cheer, and bless,
And call to endless happiness;
Thou, who art holy, great, unchangeable,
The mighty God, yet our Immanuel?—

2 The answer humble thanks doth claim, (shame:
And fills our soul with conscious
I love thee, sinner; come to me,
I will receive thee graciously;
Though thou be sinful, ready to despair,
Thou shalt my pardon, help, and glory share.

3 What wonder in the soul takes place, (grace;
When we survey thy boundless
To know our own depraved heart,
And thy great name, and what thou art,
And yet to find thee still so gracious prove;
This makes us sink abased with shame and love.

4 We all know who and what we are,
And all with one consent declare,
That in ourselves no good we find
To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:
Yet many here with inward rapture feel
Thy Spirit's unction and assuring zeal.

5 O ground us deeper still in thee,
And let us thy true followers be;
And when of thee we testify,
Fill thou our souls with heavenly joy: (spire,
May thy blest Spirit all our souls in-
And set each cold and lifeless heart on fire.

6 Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare, (bear;
That we rich fruit for thee may
Grant we may live unto thy praise,
And serve thy cause with faithfulness;
Since grace and truth are our heart's wish and aim,
O glorify in us thy saving name.

441.* T. 90.

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
In want, in pain, in shame hast shown;
For me thou on the accursed tree
Didst by thy precious blood atone:
Thy death upon my heart impress,
That nothing may it thence erase.

2 O that my heart, which open stands, (pain,
May catch each drop, that tort'ring
Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy hands,
Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
That still my breast may heave with sighs, (eyes.
Still tears of love o'erflow mine

3 O that I like a little child
May follow thee; nor ever rest,
Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lovely mind into my breast:
O may I now and ever be
One Spirit, dearest Lord, with thee.

4 What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life, when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

5 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou me hast view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

6 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

442.* T. 79.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, who for us
Didst die upon the shameful cross,
To save our souls from death:
We humbly at thy feet fall down,
And thee thy body's Saviour own,
On whom we firmly trust by faith.

2 Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true, we are,
Poor sinners, but from guilt made
The virtue of that blood, (clear,
Which did for all our sins atone,
We have experienced, and have known
From thence the quick'ning power of God.

(reply,
3 We, deeply bow'd, can nought
But at thy pierced feet we lie,
Astonish'd at thy grace,
That vile and wretched as we are,
Such undeserved love we share;
To thee is due eternal praise.

4 When we thy boundless love survey,
Our hearts like wax then melt away,
Our eyes with tears o'erflow;
We are determined nought beside
To know, but Jesus crucified,
And him to follow here below.

443.* T. 580.

CHRIST, my Redeemer, Lord and God,
How came I, sinner void of good,
To that blest company
Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith
United, grounded on thy death?
Why didst thou fix thy choice on me?

2 To thee, with guilt oppress'd, I cried: (supplied;
My prayers were heard, my wants
My heart, devoid of faith,
Unfeeling, dead in sins before,
Now quicken'd by thy mighty power,
Glows with love's ardour for thy death.

3 Though I to mercy had no right,
Yet I found favour in thy sight,
Like Magdalen at thy feet;
So that I now, supremely blest,
In thee have found true peace and rest,
Yea, happiness and joy complete.

444.* T. 132.

THE Lord my Shepherd is and guide.
Who kindly doth direct me;
For all my wants he will provide,
From dangers will protect me:
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where for my soul rich food is found,
The word of his salvation.

2 He guides my soul to living springs,
Where sweetly I'm refreshed;
His Spirit joy and comfort brings
To me whene'er abashed;
He leads me in the blessed way
Of his commandments, day by day,
To his name's praise and glory.

3 A table for me he prepares,
My soul enjoys his favour;
And, thus secured, no enemy dares
My God and me to sever:
My heart his holy Spirit cheers,
And changeth all my grief and fears
To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and his mercies all
Will follow me for ever,
And I'll maintain my proper call
To cleave to my dear Saviour
And to his congregation here;
And when call'd home I shall live there
With Christ my soul's Redeemer.

445.* T. 36.

THY thoughts of peace o'er me, my gracious Saviour,
Thy mercy, love, and patience, which ne'er waver,
These are my comfort, prompt me to prostration And adoration.

2 I am the chief of sinners, yea, the poorest
Of those, whom of thy favour thou assurest;
Thy goodness shown to me can't be expressed, Or duly praised.

3 Hadst thou not sought me first and follow'd ever,
I had not come to thee, nor known thy favour;
When thou hadst found me, then with arms of mercy
Thou didst embrace me.

4 I thank thee with sincerest heart's affection,
That thou, according to thy grace election,
Hast brought me to thy blood-bought congregation,
Seal'd my salvation.

446.* T. 208.

NONE but Christ, my Saviour,
Loves with matchless fervour;
This is surely true:
Souls in him believing,
And his blessings craving,
Taste them daily new;
Yea, his mercy far exceeds
All to think or say we're able;
'Tis incomparable.

2 Weeping or rejoicing,
When from love arising,
He takes in good part;
Whoe'er cannot truly,
Holy, holy, holy,
Sing with cheerful heart,
O might he but contrite be:
Christ regards our mournful crying,
Inward groans and sighing.

3 Yea, his own he guideth,
Faithful he abideth,
Till his thoughts of peace
Fully are accomplish'd,
And, our race here finish'd,
We shall see his face;
O rejoice with heart and voice,
Church of God, and praise for ever
His unbounded favour.

447. T. 89.

ONE there is above all others,
Who deserves the name of friend,
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed:
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious friend and brother
Loves us, tho' we treat him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

448. T. 14.

JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm, and never ends.

2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So bounteous, great, and free?
Behold I give my sinful heart,
My life, my all to thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for thy enemies wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human (flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

5 And now, ev'n on thy throne above,
Thy love is still as great;
Well thou remember'st Calvary,
Nor can'st thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I 'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love:
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

449. T. 90.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Sovereign Creator, Lord of all,
Since I in thee salvation find,
Before thy cross I humbly fall:
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,
With sacred flames my heart inspire.

2 How couldst thou love such worms (race?
as we?
Why didst thou look upon our
Why didst thou die upon the tree?
What caused all this but boundless (love,
grace?
'Twas, dearest Lord, thy matchless
Which thee to save our souls did move.

3 O let thy pity thee constrain,
Pardon our sin, its power subdue;
May all of us be born again,
Thy image in us all renew;
Let on us shine thy cheering face;
Give us to know thy saving grace.

4 Be thou our strength, be thou our song:
Be our exceeding great reward:
Let every heart and every tongue
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,
In time and in eternity.

450. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame:
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless (charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost by sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 God's only Son, stupendous grace!
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode; (eyes,
While angels view'd with wondering
And hail'd the incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

ee alone my hope relies:
ıth thy cross I fall,
l, my life, my sacrifice,
ıviour, and my all.

1.* T. 74.

JR, through grace divine
that I was thine
ırly infancy:
thy calls I see,
wings all along
ıt, distinct, and strong.

w through mercy free
shall ever be;
ration here
ee I need to fear:
I can confide,
ithful wilt abide.

w I worthless am;
s my soul with shame:
ı the dust I bow,
ep me ever low;
alone I trust,
e is all my boast.

2. T. 90.

E the Father's awful throne
ıigh priest lifts his pierced [hands
erceding for his own
ırchased property demands;
ple's everlasting friend,
ving, loves them to the end.

th we claim him as our own,
inaman near allied in blood,
our flesh, bone of our bone,
on of man, the Son of God:
is mercy-seat draw nigh;
r can himself deny.

3.* T. 14.

ercies and thy faithfulness,
Lord, are daily new,
can tell them to thy praise
a close review?

I exalt thee worthily
ıy unbounded grace,
d in various ways to me,
uds would never cease.

454.* T. 590.

O LORD, accept my worthless heart
And keep it ever thine;
Since thou for me, a sinful worm,
Hast shed thy blood divine,
Therewith to save my guilty soul
From endless pain and wo:
What dearest friend in all the world
Could equal kindness show?

455.* T. 56.

THOU, O Jesus, :‖: art a gracious Lord,
Ever faithful :‖: keeping to thy word;
None can be so full of grief,
But he soon may find relief
By the comfort :‖: thy kind looks afford.

456.* T. 37.

LORD, had I of thy love
Such an impression,
As to forget all else
In that fruition,
Still would my love fall short
Of thy great mercies;
Nor can eternity
Sing all thy praises.

457. T. 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,
From heaven to earth came down,
Come, fix in us thy dwelling,
Of all thy gifts the crown:
Lord, thou art all compassion,
Unbounded love thou art;
O grant us thy salvation,
Speak peace to every heart.

458. T. 184.

HOW much we're loved by God our Saviour,
With warmest gratitude we trace;
His patience, mercy, pardon, favour,
Supported us throughout our race:
To him we trust for future blessing;
He 'll lead us till our latest breath:
O may we all, with love unceasing,
Rejoice in him our Lord by faith.

XXII. LOVE TO JESUS.

459.* T. 106.

THEE will I love, my strength and tower,
My soul with love to thee inspire;
Thee will I love with all my power,
Thou art alone my soul's desire;
Thee will I love, my King and God;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thou fairest of the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee who canst relieve my pain?
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul with filial fears
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers with all their [might
In thy sole glory may unite.

460.* T. 232.

THEE, Lord, I love with sacred awe,
Thy gracious presence ne'er withdraw
From me, thy feeble creature:
The world is tasteless unto me,
I find no comfort but in thee,
And in thy loving nature:
Yea, when the strings of life are broke,
Thou shalt remain my lasting rock;
Thou art my comfort and my all,
Whose blood redeem'd me from the fall;
Lord Jesus Christ, :‖: thy saving name
Preserve me from eternal shame.

2 All my desires are fix'd on thee,
Lord Jesus; thou art more to me
Than every earthly treasure;
Were heaven itself without thee, Lord,
What could all heavenly bliss afford
To yield me solid pleasure?
Did I not feel that thou art near,
Whene'er I mourn, my heart to cheer,
Nought in this world could comfort me;
My wishes centre all in thee;
Lord Jesus Christ, :‖: if thou art gone,
My every comfort is withdrawn.

3 With my whole heart I cleave to thee,
And thou wilt come and dwell with me;
This is my consolation:
In joy and pain my soul depends
On thee with humble confidence,
Thou rock of my salvation:
Thou shalt remain my portion blest,
My All, by word and deed confess'd,
Till these mine eyes behold thy face:
Meanwhile support me by thy grace:
O Jesus Christ, :‖: my God and Lord,
In every trial help afford.

461.* T. 200.

O CHRIST, my only life and light,
Whose loving condescension
Refresheth me by day and night,
Beyond my comprehension:
Grant that I may return thy love
With grateful heart's devotion,
Thus my notion
Of mercy will improve
With every thought and motion.

2 Let nothing dwell within my heart,
But thy great love and favour:
May this engage my soul to part
With every sinful savour;
With all things, whether great or small,
Which cause the least division
Or collision
'Twixt me and God my all,
Who saved me from perdition.

3 How blest, how excellent and kind
Are thy great love and merit;
Were these but fixed within my mind,
What could disturb my spirit?
O might no thought arise in me,
No object move my senses,
No pretences,
To obstruct my love to thee;
Thus heaven on earth commences.

4 O that I were still more possess'd
Of this great, sovereign blessing?
O that my cold and lifeless breast
Might glow with love unceasing!
Grant I may watch both day and night,
To keep this heavenly treasure
From the seizure
Of Satan's secret spite,
Who seeks our wo with pleasure.

5 Thou camest in love to rescue me,
And bear sin's pain and anguish;
Like vilest murderer on the tree
Didst hang, and groan & languish,
Scorn'd, spit upon, and sore distrest:
O let thy sufferings enter
To the centre
Of this my stubborn breast,
To melt and make it tender.

6 The blood which thou hast shed for me,
Is precious, pure, and holy;
But this my heart, that swerves from thee,
Is hard, replete with folly;
Lord, make the virtue of thy blood
Sink deep into the nature
Of thy creature,
And spread this living flood
Through every vein and feature.

7 Thy love divine is perfect rest,
The source of all true pleasure:
O Jesus, be my soul thus blest
To enjoy thee in full measure;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad;
O let thy blood be healing
All that's ailing,
And that depravity,
I am with grief bewailing.

8 Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies
That to my soul is wanting;
'Tis the true light unto my eyes,
My cordial when I 'm fainting;
My bread and wine, my costly dress,
My joy and delectation,
My salvation,
My comfort in distress,
My refuge 'midst oppression.

9 My dearest Lord, shouldst thou remove,
Nought else could yield me pleasure;
Shouldst thou withdraw thy precious love,
I lose my only treasure!
Thee may I seek and entertain,
With inward joy receive thee,
Never leave thee,
And ne'er henceforth again
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.

10 Thy love hath always been the same
And ever did pursue me:
Before I knew thy saving name,
In mercy thou didst view me:
O let thy love, almighty Lord,
Continue to direct me
And protect me,
Yea, help to me afford
'Gainst all that would obstruct me.

11 Thy love uphold me when distress'd,
Give strength when I am feeble;
And when this mortal period's past,
Thou, who to save art able,
Support and strengthen my weak faith;
Apply thy powerful merit
To my spirit,
That I may after death
Eternal joy inherit.

462.* T. 151.

JESUS, my highest treasure,
In thy communion blest
I find unsullied pleasure,
True happiness and rest:
Myself as an oblation
I have to thee assign'd,
Because thou by thy passion
Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.

2 O joy, all joys exceeding,
Thou Bread most heavenly!
When I on thee am feeding;
Thou dost me satisfy
With marrow and with fatness,
With comfort, joy, and peace,
And fill my heart with gladness,
Assuaging my distress.

3 Let me perceive thy friendly,
Thy cheering countenance;
Spread through my heart its kindly
Enlivening influence:
Without thee, gracious Saviour,
To live is nought but pain:
To enjoy thy love and favour
Is happiness and gain.

4 Earth's glory to inherit
Is not what I desire;

My heavenly minded spirit
Glows with a nobler fire:
Where Christ himself appeareth
In brightest majesty,
For me a place prepareth,
There, there I long to be.

463.* T. 156.

JESUS is my light most fair
Jesus yields me solid pleasure;
In his love I have a share,
This I count my highest treasure:
He alone is my delight,
He my soul hath captivated,
With his love I 'm penetrated;
He hath overcome me quite.

2 Round his pierced feet I 'll cling,
Him I seek with love most tender;
And accursed be every thing, [der:
Which my seeking him would hin-
Tell me nought of worldly fame,
Tell me nought of earthly treasure;
Would you please in any measure,
Tell me of his lovely name.

3 But himself I must behold,
To him I will make confession;
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to his compassion;
For I cannot, will not rest
Till I've found my dearest Saviour,
Till he looks on me in favour,
Till he grants me my request.

4 Jesus, thou my only rest,
O my Jesus, let me find thee!
Jesus, take me to thy breast,
With thy cords of love now bind me:
Thou 'rt the object of my mind,
I am by thy love inflamed;
Every good that can be named,
Every bliss in thee I find.

5 May I of thy chosen bride
Be a member chaste and holy;
Let me quite in thee confide,
Cleave to thee and love thee solely:
Jesus, kindly me receive;
Thine alone may I be called:
Grant that what hath me enthralled,
May no longer me enslave.

6 Thou in grace hast look'd on me,
And with precious gifts hast blessed;
Yet content I cannot be
Till I am of thee possessed:
Jesus, now upon me shine,
Jesus, be my sun resplende
Jesus, be my joy transcend
Jesus, be thou ever mine

464.* T.

I 'LL glory in nothing bu
Jesus,
As wounded and bruised fr
release us:
For he is my refuge, to
cleave solely,
Thus can I, like Enoch, in
live holy.

2 What though the world
and rageth with fury,
I in my dear crucified J
glory;
Beside him my Saviour l
nothing ever;
From him neither trials
me shall sever.

3 My Jesus is always d
meet me,
Abounding in love, and in
greet me;
Above all I love him, for
treasure;
I humbly adore him and
with pleasure.

4 My heart 's fix'd on Jes
love is so tender,
My life and my all unto l
render;
He is and remaineth n
meditation,
My faith's only object, til
summation.

465.* T.

JESUS will I never leave,
He 's the God of my salv
Through his merits I recei
Pardon, life, and consol
All the powers of my min
To my Saviour be resign'd

2 Nought on earth can sa
One desire which God in
Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requ
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never le

3 He is mine, and I am his,
Join'd with him in close commu-
And his bitter passion is (nion;
The foundation of this union:
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on him, my rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend
With him in blest conversation;
He 's my near and faithful friend,
Full of grace, peace, and salvation:
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
He to living waters leadeth:
Blessed who can say with me,
Christ, I 'll never part with thee.

466.* T. 22.

DEAR Jesus, when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me;
Thy blest remembrance yields de-
Till faith is changed into sight. (light
(fess,

2 When thou art near, I must con-
I feel a bliss I can't express: (cloy,
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can
Fountain of bliss and source of joy.

3 Let me by faith behold thy face,
Still taste thy love and share thy
grace;
Still let my tongue confess thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

4 Thy love and mercies all exceed;
The more I on these dainties feed,
The more my eager soul is bent
To live but in this element.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

467.* T. 11.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally:
Friend of needy sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy;
This is still my cry to thee:
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

3 Should I in earth's pleasures roll,
None could satisfy my soul;
Thee, O Jesus, I adore,
Thou 'rt my pleasure evermore.

4 Jesus, thee alone I call
My beloved friend, my all;
Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,
Shall divide my heart with thee.

468.* T. 15.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, thou hast me
To come to thee invited;
Thy love, to love thee ardently,
Hath my cold heart excited.

2 Thy cross, thy shame, thy agony,
Thy wounds and bitter passion
Have wholly won my heart for thee,
And prompt my adoration.

3 The fire of love that burns within,
Is that divine impression,
That thou didst suffer for my sin,
And die for my transgression.

469.* T. 97.

'TIS evident that Jesus loves,
His death for us this fully proves;
He loved the world, a sinful race,
He loves the church, his flock of grace,
He loveth children, yea, he loveth
me,
Who nought deserved but endless
misery.

2 O may I in his love be blest,
Like John, reclining on his breast;
And oft, like humble Magdalen,
Adore the friend of sinful men,
With longing heart attending at his
feet,
Till with a gracious look from him
I meet.

3 I 'll weep whene'er he 's not to me
What a most cordial friend can be;
Do I not always feel him nigh,
And his reviving grace enjoy,
Do I not in his sweet communion
live,
Nought else to my poor soul can com-
fort give.

470.* T. 4.

WHEN duly I weigh,
How much day by day

Thee, Lord, I have tried,
My Friend ever faithful, who for me
hast died;—

2 I own the fault mine;
Thy patience divine,
Which clearly I trace,
With tears fill my eyes, with shame
covers my face.

3 As Mary adored
Her Master and Lord,
When her thou didst greet,
And deeply abased she embraced thy
feet;—

4 As Thomas with awe,
When thy wounds he saw,
His Saviour avow'd,
And cried with conviction, My Lord
and my God.

5 As Peter replied,
His love being tried,
My heart thou dost prove,
Lord, thou knowest all things, thou
know'st that I love;—

6 So may I, each day,
A clearer display
Obtain of thy grace;
Thus my love, O Jesus, to thee will
increase.

471.* T. 45.

WHAT splendid rays of truth and
All other lights excelling, (grace,
I perceive, when Jesus Christ
Makes my heart his dwelling.

2 He blesseth me so sensibly,
That spirit, soul, and body
Can in him my Saviour joy,
Though quite poor and needy.

3 His looks of grace insure always
To me my heavenly calling:
Am I weak, his hand preserves
Me, his child, from falling.

4 My earnest prayer while absent
here,
From him, my soul's beloved,
Is, that my heart's confidence
In him be unmoved.

5 Could I with him spend all my
In constant love's fruition, (time
Infinitely happy then
Would be my condition.

6 Whene'er I mourn and humbly
For comfort to my Jesus, (turn
I have never-failing proof
That he 's near and gracious.

7 They who always our Saviour's
face
Seek upon each occasion,
Never fail to be refresh'd
With his consolation.

472.* T. 167.

O COULD we but love that Saviour
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be;
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then, with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

2 Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day
And the unction of his Spirit
All our thoughts and actions sway
O might all of us be ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul, and body
Do in God our Saviour joy.

473. T. 14.

TEN thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin
And blotted out my score;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite I know
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
For power to believe,
For present peace and promise
No angel can conceive. (heaven

5 That love of thine, thou sinner's
Friend,
Witness thy bleeding heart,
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain;
And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store,)
In time and in eternity
To owe thee more and more.

474. T. 11.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound; (right,
Sought thee wandering, set thee
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

475. T. 14.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in that grace,
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For thee, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And every name, and every thing,
Compared with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply in my heart,
That thou for me wast slain;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return thy love again.

5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like thine?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline.

476.* T. 232.

JESUS, I love thee fervently,
As thou upon the accursed tree
Wast slain for my transgression;
I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew
My cheeks, when I in spirit view
Thy death and bitter passion;
This gives the impulse, Lord, that I
In truth can love thee heartily:
My love to thee thou knowest best,
But yet defective 'tis confessed;
Thou highest good,
Thy precious blood,
That cleansing flood,
Claims that my love more ardent glow'd.

477.* T. 228.

WHAT causeth me to mourn, is this:
My warmest love not equal is
To my heart's inclination:
The more I love, the more I feel
I should far better love thee still,
Thou God of my salvation:
Grant me—daily
More to savour—of thy favour,
Grace, and blessing;
Thus my love will be increasing.

XXIII. BROTHERLY LOVE, AND UNION OF SPIRIT.

478.* T. 583.

HOW good and pleasant is it to behold
The favour'd sheep of our good Shepherd's fold,
By grace upheld, in love and knowledge grow,
Each sharing in the other's weal and wo.

2 Fulness of grace in him, our head, abounds, (redounds;
Hence every blessing to his church
He dwells among us, and his Spirit's light (aright.
To love each other teacheth us

3 The word of God like plenteous rain descends,
And fructifying power its course attends;
Unto our souls it richest food supplies,
And to salvation makes us truly wise.

4 If love unfeign'd we in our actions show,
The God of peace his blessing will bestow:
O Lord, preserve thy church for Jesus' sake,
And bless what in thy name we undertake.

479. T. 11.

THEY who Jesus' followers are,
And enjoy his faithful care,
By a mutual, hearty love,
Their belief in Jesus prove.

2 From their being join'd in one,
By the faith of God's dear Son,
Boundless blessings they receive,
And to Christ desire to live.

3 None in his own wisdom trusts,
None of his attainments boasts,
Each his brother doth esteem,
And himself the meanest deem.

4 They're delighted when they all
With one voice on Jesus call;
And when fitly without strife
Each his duty doth in life.

5 Meek they are to all mankind,
To good offices inclined,
Ready, when reviled, to bless,
Studious of the public peace.

6 Tender pity, love sincere
To their enemies they bear;
And, as Christ affords them light,
Order all their steps aright.

7 Jesus, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Thus will all in us perceive,
That we in thy name believe.

8 May it to the world appear,
That we thy disciples are,
By our loving mutually,
By our being one in thee.

480. T. 22.

BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones w are,
Yet for thy building us prepare;
Reject not one of us, we pray,
Thy Spirit's voice may we obey.

2 O may thy flock still more increas
In mutual love and perfect peace;
In harmony with fervent zeal
Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3 Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,
To patience and to peace inclined,
That we may with each other bear
To cherish love be all our care.

4 Tender compassion may we show
Share in each other's weal and wo.
With those who joyful are, rejoice,
And with the weeping sympathise.

5 At all times may we ready be,
As far as our ability
Permits us, to relieve the want
Of all the poor and indigent.

6 Yea, this be our concern, to seek
In nothing to offend the weak,
But bear with their infirmities,
And thus preserve the bond of pea

7 Grant us in meekness to reclaim
Those who have been in aught blame,
Mindful that we, as well as they,
Are liable from thee to stray.

8 May we, tho' gifts be manifold,
As members of one body, hold
One doctrine, and be ever led
By thee, our Master, Lord, and Head.

9 O make us quite conform'd to thee,
And grant us true humility;
That we, supported by thy grace,
May in our walk show forth thy praise.

481. T. 14.

O LET thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, thou God of Love;
The bond of peace let us maintain;
All discord far remove.

2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Write thou indelibly thy law;
Let love pervade our hearts.

3 Who would not now pursue the way.
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing
Of charity divine? [sway

4 United firmly by thy grace,
We shall thy followers prove;
The frowning world must then confess:
See how these Christians love.

482. T. 11.

CHERISH us with kindest care,
Jesus, we thy brethren are,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
To the end, O love thine own.

2 As our Head us move and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all thy mind fulfil.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Useful to each other be;
Each the other's burden bear,
In his weal and wo take share.

4 If one member honour'd be,
All rejoice most heartily;
If one suffer, all a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.

5 Closely join'd to thee, our Head,
Nourished by thee and fed,
Let us daily growth receive,
And with thee in union live.

483. T. 11.

JESUS, we look up to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou who art the Prince of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove.
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.

3 Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeign'd humility.

484.* T. 155.

NEVER yet hath in this world
Love that highest pitch attained,
Though unfeigned,
That it could compared be,
Reasonably,
To that love our blest Creator
Show'd unto his rebel creature,
While as yet his enemy.

2 Ah! behold the Son of God,
Who for those that crucified him,
And denied him,
('Mongst whom, to my grief and
Stands my name) [shame,
Pardon from his Father craveth,
Yea, ev'n his tormentors saveth;
This his love is still the same.

3 For our brethren we should too,
To lay down our lives be willing,
Thus fulfilling
What he of his flock desires,
Yea, requires;
But with all his flow'ry speeches,
Man in vain this lesson teaches,
Till God's love the soul inspires.

4 Brethren, would you please the Lord?
Copy then in your behaviour
Him your Saviour;
That you 're his, the world will own
Then alone,
When, preferring each his brother,
You show love to one another:
Thus are his disciples known.

5 Yet the warmest mutual love,
That to brethren you're possessing
By his blessing,
When compared with his love,
Weak doth prove;
For, to save us from damnation,
By becoming our oblation,
Love immense our God did move.

485.* T. 167.

FLOCK of Jesus, be united,
Covenant with him anew;
By his love divine excited,
Praise and serve him as 'tis due:
O that nothing whatsoever
May relax this blessed tie;
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
Grant us all stability.

2 With love's ardour to be fired,
Be our aim continually;
So that, should it be required,
For the brethren we could die:
O what boundless love did Jesus
To his enemies display!
May his holy pattern teach us,
How love ought to bear the sway.

3 O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn, and spite,
And his sacred name to hallow,
Did each other more excite:
Every one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

4 Then the souls he join'd together
Will, according to his prayer,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:
As thou art with him united,
Lord, may we be one in thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

486.* T. 167.

GRANT, Lord, that with thy direction,
Love each other, we comply,
Aiming with unfeign'd affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing;
Thus it will to all appear,
That we, as on one stem growing,
In thee living branches are.

2 O that such may be our union
As thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
E'er forsake the path of bliss:
May our light 'fore men with brightness,
From thy light reflected, shine;
Thus the world will bear us witness,
That we, Lord, are truly thine.

487.* T. 22.

THE enjoyment of Christ's flesh and blood,
Which is on earth our highest good,
His members closely should unite,
And them to mutual love excite.

2 Love he most strongly did enforce,
Just ere he finished his course;
For love most fervently he pray'd,
Before in death he bow'd his head.

3 O that we all could quite fulfil
Our Saviour's testament and will;
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred Love, our hearts inspire.

4 We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promised land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

5 Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain,
And one with him, our Lord, remain.

488.* T. 14.

HOW pleasant is love's harmony,
When brethren truly dwell
Together in heart's unity,
And cordial friendship feel.

2 Lord Jesus, in that very night,
Ere thou didst bleed and die,
Thou didst with thy disciples urge
Love's ever-sacred tie.

3 Remind thy little flock, too apt
Among themselves to jar,
That all thy members' unity
Was ev'n thy dying care.

4 May we this testament fulfil,
One mind and spirit be,
And love with unremitting zeal
Each other fervently.

489.* T. 147.

JEHOVAH, holy Lamb,
Christ, who our hearts hast fired
With love, by thee inspired,
We praise thy saving name:
Thou givest us crowns of glory,
Which are not transitory,
Thou, who our flesh and blood
Assumedst, Lamb of God.

2 Thou art the loveliest,
Our only joy and treasure,
Our heart's delight and pleasure,
As long as love shall last:
And love shall ever flourish,
Though all things else must perish:
As God himself express'd,
Thou art the loveliest.

3 How fast can love-cords bind!
Thou by thy love hast bound us,
E'er since thy mercy found us,
Thou Shepherd ever kind:
O let us taste thy favour,
And thy rich bounty savour:
We're closely to thee join'd:
How fast can love-cords bind!

4 O boundless love and grace!
When we shall sing Christ's praises
Above in heavenly places,
Our voice we 'll higher raise:
As Shepherd he will feed us,
Support, protect, and lead us,
Till we shall see his face;
O boundless love and grace!

5 The elders' holy choir,
Who are in the Lamb's presence,
And pay him their obeisance,
Cast down their crowns' attire:
We join their adoration,
And praise him with prostration;
Fore him we humbly fall,
He is our All in all.

6 Thanks, wisdom, majesty,
His ransom'd congregation
Brings to him for salvation,
And for love's unity:
The Lamb who did deliver
Our souls, be praised for ever:
Blessing and honour be
To him *eternally*.

490.* T. 124.

OH! in love what stores of grace
Are contained:
By this band our covenant
Is maintained:
They who strangers are to love,
Move our pity;
Love makes living weighty.

2 He who is to Jesus Christ
Quite resigned,
And to walk his blessed ways
Is inclined,
On his path, by love constrain'd,
Firmly treadeth,
And straight on proceedeth.

3 When the true believer's mind
Grace o'erfloweth,
Then all labour doth succeed,
No hurt groweth:
Pilgrims travelling Zion-ward,
Cheer each other;
Each stirs up his brother.

4 By Christ's dying love constrain'd
None can ever
Him to serve a burden deem,
'Tis a favour:
Looking unto Christ, what else
Were distressing
Will become a blessing.

491.* T. 165.

JESUS, grant me to inherit,
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,
Through the guidance of thy Spirit,
All the fruits of righteousness:
Grant me true humility,
Faith and zeal to live for thee;
To mankind O make me gracious,
To my friends and foes propitious.

2 Give me grace in all conditions
Firmly to adhere to thee;
And 'midst all the exhibitions
Of thy boundless love to me,
To let my poor neighbours share
In my plenty and my prayer:
By thy love to me imparted
Make me always tender-hearted.

3 In the lonely house of mourning,
Through thy weeping family,
Comfort, medicine, meat, and clothing,
May I minister to thee:

Might I calm the orphan's cry
Make the widow sing for joy,
And the captive's moan distressing
Raise to songs of praise and blessing.

492. T. 39.

WHAT brought us together, what joined our hearts?
The pardon which Jesus, our High-priest, imparts:
'Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ,
Who are into one by the Spirit baptized.

2 Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,
In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
And live in communion with Christ as our friend?—

3 O yes, having found in the Lord our delight,
He is our chief object by day and by night;
This knits us together, no longer we roam,
We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

493. T. 159.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity
In Jesus' ransom'd fold,
Join'd by love's ever-sacred tie,
'Tis pleasant to behold:
Like dew his grace on them descends,
Yea, his rich blessing he commands
Upon their going out to rest,
Their coming in is blest.

2 We tread on consecrated ground,
For 'tis his own abode,
The sparrow here a nest hath found,
Thine altars, O Lord God!
Blest they who to his courts repair,
To seek him in his house of prayer;
To such he will himself reveal,
His praises they shall tell.

494. T. 159.

WE in one covenant are join'd,
And one in Jesus are;
With voices and with hearts combined
His praise we will declare;
In doctrine and in practice one,
We 'll love and serve the Lord alone;
With one accord sound forth his praise,
Till we shall see his face.

XXIV. FOLLOWING JESUS, AND BEARING HIS REPROACH.

495.* T. 230.

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,
And send to thee our fervent cries:
O Lord our righteousness,
'Tis thy delight to bless;
We desire it,
Come then, for we
Belong to thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

2 O thou well-spring of salvation,
We pray thee us to form and fashion
According to thy blessed mind:
We, by nature spoil'd and marred,
Were from that happy life debarred,
Which in thy fellowship we find:
By thy almighty power
Support us evermore,
Thou life's fountain:
Without thy aid we can 't proceed,
Be thou our help in time of need.

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit,
They shall the realm of heaven inherit,
Free grace is theirs and endless [bliss;

While all those who place reliance
On their own works and bid defiance
To grace, will of salvation miss:
O may we all of thee
Learn true humility,
Lowly Jesus!
May we despise
All earthly joys
For thee, the pearl of greatest price.

4 They that mourn, blest is their station,
They find abundant consolation,
Since Jesus first that path did tread;
He prevailed while he suffer'd,
And now to us that cup is offer'd,
By which himself was perfected:
We can in no respect
Here constant joy expect,
Here is weeping;
At the Lamb's feast
Is perfect rest,
Here is a vale of tears at best.

5 Blessed are the meek in spirit,
They shall, saith Christ, the earth inherit;
Their life is hid with him while (here;
Yet they by their conversation
Afford a striking demonstration,
That they in Christ true riches (share:
And as the Lamb of God
The greatest meekness show'd,
His disciples
His path pursue,
And as 'tis due
Show in their conduct meekness too.

6 Blessed, who without cessation
Hunger and thirst for that salvation,
Which flows from Christ's pure righteousness;
They are fill'd and satisfied,
With richest dainties are supplied,
Who long and pant for saving (grace;
Christ's body and his blood
Prove their life-giving food;
Thereby nourish'd,
From year to year
They thrive, and bear
Fruits that to him well-pleasing are.

7 All the merciful are blessed;
For they, when in their turn distressed,
Shall mercy find most certainly:
Water to the poor afforded
Is an act of love recorded,
And is rewarded *generously*:
Who to the indigent
Doth prove beneficent,
He is blessed;
But wo to them
Who scorn the same,
For God remembers not their name.

8 All the pure in heart are blessed;
Of joys unspeakable possessed,
They shall behold their God in peace:
They who faithful have remained
To Jesus, and preserved unstained
The garments of his righteousness,
Shall once obtain the grace,
To see him face to face:
I entreat thee,
Impart to me
That purity,
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9 They are objects of God's favour,
Who peace unceasingly endeavour
Among their neighbours to maintain:
As his children them he owneth,
He with success their labour crowneth;
Such souls the choicest blessings (gain:
Love is the character
Of each true follower
Of our Saviour:
May he through grace
Make us always
Intent upon promoting peace.

10 Blest are they who suffer gladly
For doing good and living godly,
Who Jesus for their pattern take:
Yea, who bear their cross with meekness,
Suffering with patience, 'midst all (weakness,
And earthly joys for him forsake;
For Jesus' help and love
Their consolation prove:
They who freely
For him will bear
Reproach, while here,
At last shall in his glory share.

11 Blest are they who are despised,
In scornful manner stigmatised,
And for their Saviour's sake defamed:
As the bride deems it an honour
To take the bridegroom's name upon her,
Should we of Jesus be ashamed?
Far, far be this from us;
Welcome, reproach and cross:

We are Christians,
Who follow thee,
Lord, cheerfully
Through honour and through infamy.

12 Gracious Lord, who by thy passion
And death hast gained our salvation,
O may we all thy name confess:
May we be by faith united
To thee, who hast us all invited,
To share eternal happiness:
Constrain us by thy love,
In all we do to prove
Faithful followers,
Dear Lord, of thee;
And grant that we
May ever love thee ardently.

496.* T. 11.

HOLY Lamb and Prince of peace,
Hear my soul implore thy grace;
Grant that my behaviour may
Meekness, such as thine, display.

2 O that I may faithfully
To thy voice obedient be;
Valiant, steadfast, may my love
In the hardest trials prove.

3 Keep thou me, a feeble child,
Sober, watchful, undefiled;
That where'er thy steps I see
Simply I may follow thee.

4 Thou the great victorious Lamb,
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,
Grant that by thy blood I may
Conqueror be till thy great day.

5 When thou shalt on Zion stand,
May I be at thy right hand,
Clothed in the glorious dress
Of thy spotless righteousness.

497.* T. 11.

O MY soul, mark every word
Of thy kind and gracious Lord:
When he calls, without delay
Willingly his call obey.

2 Hath he ought to say to thee,
An attentive scholar be;
Doth he chasten thee, as son,
'Tis deserved, humbly own.

498. T. 596.

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me
now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined on that
happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live:
And me in that number will Jesus
receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless
the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort;
go, follow him, go.

6 Perhaps, with the aim
To honour his name,
I may do some service, poor dust
though I am.

7 Yet this is confess'd,
I count it most blest,
As at the beginning in him to find
rest.

8 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For life everlasting for me thou didst
buy.

9 So closely in mind
To Jesus I'm join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me
behind.

10 Lo, this is the race
I'm running through grace
Henceforth, till admitted to see my
Lord's face.

499.* T. 26.

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,
That soul and body should be thine,
O take our hearts, and us incline
To be devoted to thy name.

2 What love can be compared with
thine?
Who has to us so just a claim
As thou who didst our souls redeem,
And for us leave thy throne divine?

3 Go, all ye wise, without control
Your empty notions still pursue;
Jesus alone I have in view, (soul.
This powerful magnet draws my

4 A subject I of Christ my King;
And though I poor and helpless be,
Yet all around shall plainly see,
My Saviour is my every thing.

5 Thee I adore, most gracious Lord;
Grant that my walk in truth may be
At all times pleasing unto thee,
Directed by thy holy word.

6 My King, thy noble statutes write
Upon the table of my heart;
Thy grace and truth to me impart,
And let thy law be my delight.

500.* T. 83.

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,
Thy great name we praise and hallow:
From believers be it far
Any other guide to follow:
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient treasure;
After Christ they 're called to go:
His reproach they count a pleasure;
Under manifold distress,
Through the narrow gate they press.

501.* T. 26.

THOU meek and patient Lamb of God,
Who can by faith thy sufferings see,
And not devote himself to thee,
His life and every drop of blood.

2 Thy dying love doth justly claim
That I should live unto thy praise,
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,
And suffer freely for thy name.

502. T. 22.

IF father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or aught in life,
Delude thy heart, that thou desist
From faith and love to Jesus Christ.

2 His words with due attention hear:
My cross whoever will not bear,
And all forsake to follow me,
He cannot my disciple be.

3 First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust;
If we on him alone depend,
He 'midst all trials proves our friend.

4 If once the plough in hand we take,
Preserve us, Lord, from looking back:
O let us through thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5 On those who faithful prove to death,
And show by works of love their faith,
A crown of life thou once wilt place,
Before thy Father them confess.

503.* T. 90.

MY yoke, saith Christ, upon you take,
Serve me 'midst oppression;
The world and all its joys forsake,
And shun no tribulation:
Come, follow me, and humbly bear
My cross, and in my sufferings share.

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,
Both soul and body offering,
Be cheerfully with one accord,
Partakers of his suffering;
For they who show true faithfulness,
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

504. T. 243.

AMIDST tribulation
We follow our Saviour,
Whose name and profession
We 'll honour for ever;
His shame we bear and gladly share.

2 We in every nation
Will boldly confess him,
Make known his salvation,
Yea, serve him and bless him,
And him adore for evermore.

3 Our Lord contradiction
Of sinners endured;
Him 'midst all affliction
We follow, assured
That we at last with him shall rest.

505.* T. 16.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.

3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Now as conqueror lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.

4 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation
Are our honourable crowns;
Shame is our glorification,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

506. T. 22.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A sinful worm ashamed of thee?
Forbid it, Lord; thee I confess,
Before both friends and enemies.

2 Ashamed of Jesus, of my God,
Who purchased me with his own blood,
Of him who to retrieve my loss,
Despised the shame, endured the cross?

3 Ashamed of Jesus, of that friend,
On whom my heavenly hopes depend?
It must not be—be this my shame,
That I not more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, of my Lord,
By all heaven's glorious hosts adored?
No, I will make my boast of thee,
In time and in eternity.

5 And when I stand before thy throne,
Me 'fore thy heavenly Father own;
Then shall the holy angels see
Thee, Jesus, not ashamed of me.

507.* T. 14.

GLORY to God, whose witness train
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Scorn'd and reviled as was their head,
When wa'king here below,
Thus in this evil world they led
A life replete with wo.

3 With the same faith our bosom glows,
Wherein those warriors stood,
When in the cruel hands of those
Who thirsted for their blood.

4 God whom we serve, our God can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
For such as fear his name.

5 Yea, should it ev'n to man appear
At times, as though our Lord
Forsook his chosen people here,
At last he 'll help afford.

6 If but his arm support us still,
Is but his joy our strength,
We shall ascend the rugged hill,
And conquerors prove at length.

508.* T. 11.

RISE, ye followers of the Lamb,
Serve him 'midst reproach & shame,
His example keep in view,
And the narrow path pursue.

2 O all-wise sublime decree!
He assumed humanity,
Lived on earth despised and poor,
Died, salvation to procure.

3 See his faithful witness train;
They endured the cross and pain:
(Men, the world deserved not,)
Hard and cheerless was their lot.

4 Should we not rejoice to see
Our names in heaven's registry,
With the names of those enroll'd,
Who shall reap an hundred-fold.

509.* T. 16.

IN that glorious vest arrayed,
Wherein we 'fore God can stand,
We will Jesus undismayed
Follow, joining heart and hand.

2 If our all on him we venture,
And, while we on him rely,
Upon hardest trials enter,
Needful strength he will supply.

3 Of our lives we will be careful;
While reserved for his use,
But, when he demands, unfearful
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

510.* T. 56.

BLESSED Jesus, :‖: all our hearts incline [shine;
Thee to follow :‖: where thy footsteps
At all times and everywhere
May our words and actions bear
A resemblance, :‖: gracious Lord, to thine.

511.* T. 54.

THE sufferings of this life's short day
Can't be compared with that display
Of glory, which God's heirs shall prove,
When they who Jesus truly love,
Shall shine above.

2 Therefore we 'll follow willingly
Our Saviour in adversity;
Then, after having suffer'd here,
We shall in heaven his glory share,
Beyond compare.

512.* T. 58.

TO follow Jesus is his people's aim,
Where'er they go, through honour or through shame;
They themselves thrice happy esteem, if favour'd
In his reproach to share, which is still savour'd
With inward joy.

513.* T. 164.

HOW great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful proved
To Christ, and 'midst adversity
Till my last breath him loved:
They who reproach here bear,
In heaven a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with him shall ever rest.

514. T. 159.

WE covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity,
And under cross, reproach and shame,
To glorify his name.

515.* T. 155.

AMEN, yea, Head of thy Church,
Grant, we pray, this our petition;
In submission
To thy will with steady pace,
In thy ways
To proceed: if thou attend us,
Cross and shame shall not offend us;
Thee we boldly will confess.

XXV. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, AND SIGHING FOR GRACE.

516. T. 37.

THEY that are whole need not
The good physician;
But they who know and feel
Their lost condition,
Bewail their wretched state,
To Christ appealing,
Experience of his stripes
The virtue healing.

2 We know, that in our flesh
No good thing dwelleth;
But with ne'er-failing skill
Our wounds he healeth:
Thus spirit, body, soul,
Though poor and needy,
Can to rejoice in him
Be ever ready.

517.* T. 228.

ALAS! we're sinful, vile, and base,
Yet freely justified by grace:
A mystery this, concealed
From all, but those who gladly own:
This truth to me had ne'er been known,
By flesh and blood revealed;
O no! I owe—my experience
And assurance—of salvation
To the Spirit's operation.

2 He who in Jesus' death believes,
From thence all righteousness receives
And all sanctification:
Though stripp'd of every self-made good,
Is by the virtue of his blood
Freed from sin's condemnation;
Its voice still cries—in his favour;
Christ our Saviour for him pleadeth:
This is all the plea he needeth.

3 O how enraptured is my heart,
That in my Jesus I have part;
He is my only treasure:
May I for evermore abide
A member of his chosen bride,
And live unto his pleasure,
Oh! I have joy—at the favour,
That my Saviour—here already
Join'd me to the church his body.

518.* T. 22.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me thy cheering face;
I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.

2 Deeply convinced of sin I cry,
In thy death, Saviour, let me die;
O may the world, may self and pride
In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,
To me thy lowly mind impart:
Break nature's bonds, and let me see,
He, whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays;
O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stay'd upon thee, to thee resign'd.

5 I know that nought in me avails,
Here all my strength & wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Saviour of lost men.

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee
Till in thy light the light I see,
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each fond desig
I to thy better will resign;
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in thee am truly blest.

8 Then ev'n in storms I thee shall know,
My sure support and refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove
Assuredly, that God is love.

519.* T. 121.

FOR grace I weep and pant,
'Tis mercy that I want;
How wretched should I be,
Did I not Jesus know,
Who to deliver me
Suffer'd in my stead,
In a tomb was laid,
And rose from the dead.

2 Could even all the love
In heavenly hosts above,
And in the church below,
At once united prove,
And in one bosom glow;
Jesus' love outweighs;
Yea, his boundless grace
Is beyond all praise.

3 Love is his nature still;
In me he will fulfil
His precious thoughts of peace,
If I am to his will
Resign'd in every case;
Let him do what's best,
Then, supremely blest,
I enjoy true rest.

4 O my Immanuel,
My wounded spirit heal?
I humbly seek thy face;
Yea, pungent sorrow feel,
That I've abused thy grace:
Jesus, pardon me;
May I henceforth be
Faithful unto thee.

5 O Lord, thy grace impart,
Refresh and cheer my heart,
Thy pardoning love display,
For thou my Saviour art;
To me, poor sinner, say:
Thy reproach is mine,
All my merit 's thine,
Take my peace divine.

6 I know that through thy grace
Thou wilt my guilt erase,
And banish all my fear;
Wilt grant to me thy peace,
And me with patience bear:
On me grace bestow,
Jesus, thee to know:
Amen, be it so.

520.* T. 141.

1 AM a poor sinner,
This I surely know;
And if my dear Saviour
Did not love me so,
As ne'er to forsake me,
Worthless though I be,
He ere now his mercy
Had withdrawn from me.

2 Grace and a sensation
Of my sinfulness
Keep on each occasion
In me equal pace;
While I own ashamed,
I deserved wrath;
I rejoice, reclaimed
From sin's power by faith.

3 Jesus, when thy blessings
Fill my needy heart,
Fear and anxious doubtings
Then from me depart;
I in thy atonement
My election trace,
And rejoice, astonish'd
At my lot of grace.

4 Witness true and faithful,
Christ, the Church's Head,
All is Yea and Amen
Thou hast promised:
As I am, so take me
With my worst and best;
Ever thine preserve me
Till with thee I rest.

5 While we thy past dealings
Gratefully review,
We're assured, thy mercies
Are each morning new;
And that thou wilt freely
Give thy promised grace,
And amidst our weakness
Form us to thy praise.

521.* T. 141.

JESUS' love unbounded
None can e'er explain;
Yet, alas, how often
Do we cause him pain:
Even those still grieve him,
Who enjoy his grace,
And, to him devoted,
Should show forth his praise.

2 Lord, thy body's Saviour,
Comfort us anew;
Ah, regard our weeping,
Thy compassion show:
Pardon our transgressions,
Hear our fervent cry,
And our souls and bodies
Heal and sanctify.

3 All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto thee;
May our conversation
To thy honour be:
Let us all experience,
To the end of days,
Thy reviving presence
'Midst thy chosen race.

522.* T. 30.

O MY God, I come oppress'd with sadness,
Fill my troubled soul with joy and gladness;
In thy salvation,
No where else I find true consolation.

2 Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,
But his warnings I have oft neglected;
Most gracious Saviour,
Pardon and restore me to thy favour.

3 I confess, O Lord, with deep contrition
My unfaithfulness, hear my petition:
Comfort and bless me,
With thy gracious presence now refresh me.

4 O baptize me with thy fire and spirit;
Grant me from the fulness of thy merit
True heart's compunction,
Primitive love, simplicity, and unction.

5 Give me grace to walk with circumspection;
Keep me from the world's and sin's infection,
That my behaviour
May adorn thy doctrine, gracious Saviour.

523.* T. 16.

O WHAT would be my condition
Did not Jesus stand my friend!
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screen'd.

2 Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood;—

3 Straight to Jesus' wounds and bruises
With believing confidence:
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.

4 Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bow'd:—

5 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

524.* T. 4.

WE know that we 're poor,
And sinful all o'er,
In us there 's no good;
O cleanse us, dear Saviour, in thy precious blood.

2 How wondrous thy love
And mercy do prove,
This plainly our faith
Discerns by thy agony, passion, and death.

3 Lord Jesus, receive
The thanks we can give;
O that to thy praise
My thoughts, words, and actions were hallow'd always.

4 We all at thy throne
Now humbly fall down:
Praise to thee, our God,
Be brought by us sinners, redeem'd *with thy* blood.

525.* T. 2

WHEN I am conscious truly
Of my great sinfulness,
And that so very slowly
Towards the mark I press
Nought then can comfort m
But Jesus' mercy free,
And that he bore with patie
My sins upon the tree.

2 Yea, when I see in spirit
My Saviour shed his blooc
That I might life inherit
And everlasting good;
Then I true happiness
And joy in him possess,
And eyes with tears flow ov
For heart-felt thankfulness.

526.* T. 2

WHILE here on earth we
race,
We Jesus' love and kindnes
Our faults are more than we
Yet did his mercy never fail

2 When we like wanderin
had stray'd,
His boundless goodness
He sought us, worthless as
And took us in his tender ca

3 Ashamed we own our grea
And did not Jesus us protect
We should be oft depress
fears,
While traversing this vale

4 But Jesus' blood and deat
True comfort to the needy h
Those who still weak and fe
He kindly in his arms will

527. T. 1

AT thy feet, :|:
At thy pierced feet I lie;
Saviour, mark my heart's c
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah, refuse not the petition
Of a sinner, conscious he 's
Full

2 Make me clean, :|:
My whole nature purify;
Cleanse me in that precious
Which by faith I open'd se

Standing on the blissful mountain,
Where thou bar'st my sin, my guilt and shame,
Slaughter'd Lamb. :||:

3 Look on me, :||:
See each painful wound and sore,
Thou compassionate Physician,
Speak the word, my sickness cure;
Wrest me from the sad condition,
Into which transgression brought my soul; Make me whole. :||:

4 Bid me live, :||:
Bid a dying sinner live;
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit:
Then to thee myself I 'll give,
And, until I heaven inherit,
Every moment in thy service spend,
Faithful Friend. :||:

528. T. 14.

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee,
And lived contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my every way,
Me still in tender love pursued,
Who oft from thee did stray.

4 Yet O how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and of pride.

5 How doth the old corruption strive
And fight to reign again;
There 's surely not a heart like mine,
So wretched, dark, and vain.

6 Thou Friend of sinners, love me still,
The poorest and the worst;
Where sin abounded, well I know,
Thy grace abounded most.

7 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou 'rt good;
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I so long withstood.

8 On me, my King, exert thy power,
Make all things pass away;
Create all new, draw me to thee
Still nearer every day.

9 Thou know'st which way to rectify
Each stubborn ill within,
How to subdue my every thought,
And conquer all that 's sin.

10 Chastise me when I do amiss;
O might no thought arise
Which is displeasing unto thee:
Of grace send fresh supplies.

11 Impress thy wounds upon my heart,
And all thy bitter pain;
Abide in me for evermore,
And constant victory gain.

529. T. 58.

O LAMB of God, who wast for sinners slain,
That they might pardon, life, and bliss obtain,
Give me to experience thy great salvation,
And in my heart O fix thy habitation For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul, I 've nought to boast,
And without thee should be for ever lost:
When I am neglectful, thou dost reprove me,
Yet I am well assured that thou dost love me, For thou forgivest.

3 How glad am I that thou so gracious art,
That thou dost bless my sinful, worthless heart,
And canst with such patience bear my behaviour;
O wert thou not exactly such a Saviour, What should I do?

530. T. 151.

COME, faithful Shepherd, bind me
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind me
That thou hast died for me:
O may thy holy Spirit
Set this before mine eyes,
That I thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.

2 Am I of my salvation
Assured through thy love;
Might I on each occasion
To thee more faithful prove:

Hast thou my sins forgiven,
Then, leaving things behind,
May I press on to heaven,
And bear the prize in mind.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Though I am oft to blame;
As thy reward, O take me
Anew, just as I am:
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

531. T. 106.

AH! Lord, how apt am I to stray
From thee, how prone to lust and pride;
Nature oft strives to bear the sway,
And turn my heart from thee aside:
Yet such vile, wretched sinners are
The objects of thy love and care.

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,
Bind my affections to thy cross;
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
May I count all for thee but loss:
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
Thy love within my heart enthrone.

3 O Jesus, wipe away my tears,
Be unto me a healing balm;
Warm thou my heart, dispel my fears,
And speak the tempest to a calm:
Remove the maladies of sin,
And in thy blood O wash me clean.

4 I gladly will show forth thy praise,
If thou wilt gird me with thy power,
And sing the glories of thy grace,
Until my pilgrimage be o'er;
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song.

532. T. 22.

VAIN are all efforts made to trace
The way to life and happiness,
Before 'tis on our mind impress'd,
That Jesus is our only rest.

2 By my own strength I can't procure
True rest, nor even feel I'm poor;
Strive I, great comforts to obtain,
Instead of joy I've nought but pain.

3 He shows me how from him I rov
And court my neighbour's praise ar
love,
How self-will raises discontent
Against my Saviour's government.

4 How soon, when Satan tempts,
start,
Pass by convictions in my heart,
Let my first love and zeal abate,
Fall, and my very fall forget.

5 When, fill'd with humble shame,
feel
That he hath patience with me stil
I sink abased before his face,
And thank him for his boundle
grace.

6 Search out, discover, and erase,
Whatever is not to thy praise;
All that might an obstruction prov
To thy blest purposes of love.

7 Complete thy work, my gracio
King,
My heart into subjection bring;
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,
And make me quite to thee resign'

533. T. 22.

FROM my own works at last I cea
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my car
Of my own strength I must despair

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of wo.

3 'Tis thine alone to change th
heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thin

4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
My blood hath wash'd thy sins awa

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickne
cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy in
part,
And give thyself unto my heart.

534. T. 106.

O JESUS, could I always keep
My eye on thee the living way,
I then, tho' once a wandering sheep,
Should no more err or run astray;
But wheresoe'er thou goest, I
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2 O that I never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
To save my soul, and make me meet
Once of thy glory to partake:
O might I oft in spirit see
How thou wast crucified for me.

3 But, gracious Lord, when I reflect
How oft I've turned my eye from thee;
How treated thee with cold neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy;
And yet to find thee still the same,
This fills my soul with humble shame.

4 Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,
Thy love exceeds my highest thought;
Henceforth be thou my All in all,
Thou, who with blood my soul hast bought:
May I henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

535. T. 79.

WHEN, having been with guilt oppress,
My wandering spirit findeth rest
Through Jesus' pardoning grace,
Then I by faith can call him mine,
My needy soul doth then incline
To be in Mary's happy place.

2 My prayer is, Jesus, let me hear
Thy voice which can instruct and cheer
My poor and worthless heart;
For should I cease thy words to obey,
And from thy blessed presence stray,
Nature would soon its power assert.

3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
Dear Jesus, to thy child impart,
In every trying hour;
Reason's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till sight my faith and hope o'erpower.

536. T. 22.

LORD Jesus, my most faithful Friend,
Thy aid unto thy child extend
In each temptation's trying hour;
That sin may not my heart o'erpower.

2 That spark enkindled in my heart
Preserve unquench'd, tho' all the art
Of world and Satan be combined
To make me leave my matchless friend.

3 O let thy Spirit stay with me,
To groan and speak my wants to thee;
Still let him show my every need,
And that in thee I 'm help'd indeed.

4 Thy faithfulness I oft have proved
In countless trials quite unmoved;
Thy grace alone can me preserve,
When my frail heart from thee would swerve.

537. T. 14.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirst alone for thee;
I long to enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.

2 For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask;
This is the total sum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit;
O let thy mercy come.

3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom thou with blood hast bought.

4 My faithless heart, O gracious (Lord,
Correct with gentle hand:
In every danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

5 Without thy favour while I live
Life but a burden is:
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

6 Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray;
Impart to me thy grace,
That when this life is fled away
In heaven I may have place.

538. T. 96.

AH, give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My inbred misery reveal;
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

2 Father, I want a thankful heart;
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge into thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me
More fully with the saints below,
Till I, as I am known, shall know.

539. T. 159.

WITH what unwearied faithfulness,
Lord, hast thou follow'd me;
Though I, regardless of thy grace,
In darkness stray'd from thee:
How heavy hung the dismal cloud,
How did distresses on me crowd;
And I, despairing of relief,
In thee had no belief.

2 But thou, my kind, almighty friend,
Didst sin's dominion quell,
My misery and confusion end,
And every cloud dispel:
One look, cast at the throne of grace,
One smile complacent from thy face,
Assures me, that thy mercy free
Is not withdrawn from me.

540. T. 159.

MY case to thee is fully known,
On thee I cast my care:
Dear Saviour, that thy will be done
In me, is all my prayer:
O may I harbour in my breast
No thought that cannot bear the test
When thou discover'st by thy light
To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,
Firm root in thee to gain:
To feel thy precious blood hath drown'd
Whatever gives thee pain:
'Tis this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with thee,
Until my life is hid in thine,
Till thou art wholly mine.

541. T. 159.

HOW needful, strictly to enquire
And ask our hearts each day,
Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,
My thoughts and actions sway?
Am I a branch in Christ the vine
Am I his own, and is he mine?
Do I by faith unto him cleave,
And to his honour live?

2 The Spirit's witness, full and clear,
Will state the real case,
And either draw a contrite tear,
Or thanks unfeigned raise;
Hence will the consequence ensue,
That the full purpose we renew,
To run in faith the appointed race,
Supported by his grace.

542. T. 11.

THEY who know our Lord indeed,
Find in him a friend in need,
And behold in Jesus' face
Nought but mercy, truth, and grace.

2 They can cast by faith their care
On that Lord who heareth prayer;
And when they to him draw nigh,
He doth all their wants supply.

3 They who him their Saviour know,
Lowly at his footstool bow;
They to whom his name is dear,
Greatly to offend him fear.

4 O how wondrous is his love
To all, who his goodness prove;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.

5 Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free:
Lord, accept our thanks and praise,
For thy goodness, truth, and grace.

543. T. 14.

WITHOUT a consciousness within
Of poverty and need,
An humbling sense of guilt and sin,
We are not poor indeed.

2 But all who know themselves aright,
Are ready to confess,
Instructed by the Spirit's light,
Their utter helplessness.

3 How greatly he forgiveness wants,
The contrite sinner knows;
With inward spirit's ardour pants
In Christ to find repose.

4 Who is so full of tenderness
And patience, as thou, Lord?
But I must own with shame, alas,
I oft transgress thy word.

5 Oh, from my heart, God Holy Ghost,
This suit I make to thee:
Show me how much my ransom cost,
How great my poverty.

544.* T. 22.

O LORD, 'fore thee abased I fall,
And on thy name for mercy call;
The faults indeed are numberless,
Which humbly I to thee confess.

2 I give myself to thee anew,
My soul and body are thy due:
Form me into thy likeness here,
By means, or gentle or severe.

3 Grant that I may henceforth to thee
More faithful and obedient be:
O may thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

545. T. 36.

THY love unchanging is our consolation,
Thy patience and long suffering our salvation,
O thou, our yesterday, to-day, and ever Most faithful Saviour.

2 Thy purposes of love remain unshaken,
Though we, alas, our vows have oft forsaken:
Forgive, bear with us, grant us thy direction And kind protection.

3 As a thick cloud let all our sins be blotted
Out of thy book, that nothing past be noted;
As children chasten us when we are failing, Heal us when ailing.

546. T. 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,
Through electing grace,
'Midst thy ransom'd people
Have obtain'd a place:
Lord, may we be faithful
To our covenant found,
To thee, as our Shepherd,
And thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled,
Own we're oft to blame,
This abides our comfort,
Thou art still the same;
In thee all the needy
Have a friend most dear,
Whose love and forbearance
Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition
We present to thee,
Whose unbounded mercy
Is our only plea:
All that is displeasing
Unto thee, forgive;
More to thy name's glory
May we henceforth live.

547. T. 244.

WITH sin oppress'd and wearied,
O whither can we turn?—
To him who hath declared,
Blessed are they that mourn:
He only can console
The needy, sin-sick soul:
None e'er to him for succour
Applied, but was made whole.

2 Then to your great Physician
Without reserve draw nigh;
He knows your sad condition,
Will turn your tears to joy:
If we to him approach,
By faith his garments touch,
That power from him proceedeth
To heal, we can avouch.

548. T. 218.

WHEN on thy goodness, Lord, we ponder,
And think how we thy love return,
We sink before thee, lost in wonder,
O'er our ingratitude we mourn:
We thy long-suffering and compassion,
To us display'd, account salvation,
With contrite hearts our sins confess;
O grant us still thy kind forbearance
And love unchanging to experience:
Refresh our souls with pardoning grace.

562.* T. 11.

PRAISE to Christ the Son of God,
Who assumed our flesh and blood;
Since he death for us endured,
And eternal life procured.

2 When we see our names enroll'd
'Mongst the sheep of Jesus' fold,
Wond'ring, we ourselves confess
Undeserving of such grace.

3 And when we explore the end,
Why our Lord would condescend
To assume humanity,
Us thereby to sanctify:

4 And reflect on all the pain
Which for us he did sustain,
On his labours, sorrows, cares,
On his tears and fervent prayers,—

5 Poverty, and every want,
To our nature incident,
Which he bore, and which for us
Are all meritorious:—

6 Then through his enabling grace
We with joy can run our race,
While we him in memory bear,
Who was tempted as we are.

7 Yea, 'midst failings numberless
We rejoice that we are his;
And if we his word obey,
Each of us may cleanse his way.

8 Though the outward mark and scar
Of the fall doth still appear, [yoke,
Yet we're freed from sin's hard
Since our bonds and chains he broke.

9 Mighty God, we humbly pray,
Let thy power so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

10 Grant that all of us may prove,
By obedience, faith and love,
That our hearts to thee are given,
That our treasure is in heaven.

11 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as king o'er us he reigns,
And unrival'd sway maintains.

12 Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him who for us died,
Till with him we're glorified.

563.* T. 14.

HOW can a sinner here below
Be pleasing unto God?
By his own righteousness?—O no!
Alone through Jesus' blood.

2 When through his merits we obtain
The gift of pardoning grace,
A sanctified heart we gain,
And walk in holiness.

3 If any thing in us appears
Unlike to Jesus' mind,
To own it with repenting tears
Ah! may we be inclined.

4 A child of God for ever pants
More like his Lord to be:
Tho' with conviction still he grants,
That none is good but HE.

5 Oft as in spirit Christ he views,
This is his humble cry,
Which he continually renews;
As thou wast, O were I!—

6 Whate'er is carnal, thro' thy grace
In me be mortified;
Thus, clothed in thy righteousness
I shall in thee abide.

564.* T. 185.

HE who striveth for sanctification,
And is unrenew'd in heart,
Feeling yet a secret condemnation,
Since with sin he still takes part;
He who hath not yet in Christ believed,
Pardon in his blood, and peace received;
Hath not found that holiness
Which adorns a child of grace.

2 But how happy is the soul that cleaveth
To the Friend of sinners poor;
And with humble confidence believeth,
My diseases he can cure;
While with shame confessing, that by nature [ture,
He throughout is a depraved crea-
By the blood of Christ applied,
He is cleansed and purified.

565.* T. 151.

WHO through Christ's blood remission
Of all his sins hath gain'd,
And without intermission
With Jesus hath remain'd;
To true sanctification
Attains through Jesus' grace,
And in his conversation
Shows forth his matchless praise.

2 Our pleasure and our duty,
Though opposite before,
Since we have seen his beauty,
Are join'd to part no more;
It is our highest pleasure,
No less than duty's call,
To love him beyond measure,
And serve him with our all.

566. T. 166.

THOU, Jesus, more than thirty years
In deep humiliation,
Hast lived on earth, thy prayers and tears
Have purchased our salvation;
Thou hast, till yielding up thy breath,
Unheard of pains sustained,
In soul and body felt our death,
And life for us regained.

2 O what a privilege is this,
That man, though fall'n by nature,
May thro' thy grace know what it is
To be a happy creature;
Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds from sin
And Satan's power released,
Fill'd with thy love & peace within,
And thus to new life raised.

3 Thou chosest us to show thy praise
In all our conversation,
As witnesses of blood-bought grace,
Each in his call and station;
This is our covenant's only ground,
To yield thee soul and body:
In life and death to thee we're bound,
And for thy service ready.

4 How precious are thy thoughts of peace
O'er us, if but attained!
O may we steadfast run our race,
Till we the crown have gained:
Grant we may never fall asleep,
But, in faith persevering,
Our lamps may always burning keep,
Until thy blest appearing.

567. T. 585.

BLESSED Jesus, we implore thee,
Let us, cleansed and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before thee,
And in thee by faith abide;
Sanctified :||:
Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us thy name's sweet savour
Is as ointment poured forth;
In thine eyes we have found favour,
Tho' depraved and void of worth;
And thy banner :||:
Over us is love divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,
We count all things else but loss;
What with thee our hearts divided
Now is nailed to thy cross:
We will glory :||:
In the wounded Lamb of God.

4 We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
Open'd when the Lord did bleed;
Thence deriving :||:
Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There with trimmed lamps we 'll tarry,
Till the Lord comes from on high,
Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary,
But await the midnight cry:
Haste to meet him, :||:
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation
May we sinners mercy find,
Saved with complete salvation,
And not one be left behind;
As wise virgins :||:
May we then before thee stand.

568.* T. 185.

WITH new life endow'd by Christ our Saviour,
Might we to this world be dead;
That great prize to gain be our endeavour,
Purchased when for us he bled:
Fill'd with his love, may we adore him,
Thinking, speaking, acting as before him,
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resign'd.

2 May we all be ever so disposed
In our hearts by day and night,
As when, this life's period being closed,
We to him shall take our flight;
Or as when, released from condemnation,
We received the seal of our salvation.
And obtained through his blood
Happiness and peace with God.

569.* T. 126.

DRAW nigh to Christ your brother,
Let no distrust take place;
He 's lovely as none other,
Draw nigh, receive the grace
Which flows from his humanity,
To all who with full purpose
Like Jesus aim to be.

2 He 's yours with all his merit,
If you are truly his,
And thus become spirit
With him who holy is;
Who spirit, soul, and body heals,
And is that kind physician
Who for his patients feels.

3 Whoe'er this truth believeth,
With love to Jesus burns;
But none its power perceiveth
Until to Christ he turns:
O blessed Jesus, grant us grace
To grow into thy likeness,
And live unto thy praise.

570.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, sanctify thou me,
And make my spirit one with thee:
Thy body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve my soul and body sound.

2 The blood-sweat, trickling down thy face,
My condemnation doth erase;
Thy cross, thy sufferings, and thy pain,
My everlasting strength remain.

3 The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Shall be my bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse me, and bring me nigh to God.

4 Dear Jesus, grant this my request,
Be thou my everlasting rest,
Protect me by thy saving arm,
Secure my soul from every harm.

571.* T. 102.

CHRIST crucified, my soul by faith
With thee desires to be united;
For, as the purchase of thy death,
To thy communion I 'm invited:
O hear my petition, and let me with thee
Be crucified, Jesus, with all that 's in me.

2 O that I might still more enjoy
The blessed fruits of all thy passion;
Thy merits to my soul apply,
And let me share thy great salvation:
O hear my petition, &c.

3 Let me in all things conqueror prove,
Deliver me from sin's infection;
Preserve me in thy sacred love
As well in joy as in affliction:
O hear my petition, &c.

572. T. 185.

TO the soul that seeks him Christ is gracious;
They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,
But experience him a God propitious;
He the feeble doth sustain:
Hungry souls he on rich pastures feedeth,
Those who thirst, to living waters leadeth,
Hears the needy sinner's cry,
And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath he join'd us to the church, his body,
O may we in him abide;
As wise virgins be to meet him ready.
Be our lamps with oil supplied:
Looking unto him for preservation,
May we screened be from each temptation,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

573. T. 585.

HALLELUJAH, praise be given
Unto Jesus, who for us
Left his glorious throne in heaven,
And was offer'd on the cross;
That his sufferings :||:
Might retrieve our dreadful loss.

2 We behold in him our brother,
Unto us by blood allied:
He 's our strength, we need no other,
For our wants he will provide;
Soul and body :||:
May through him be sanctified.

574. T. 185.

SHOULD our minds, to earthly objects cleaving,
Of the mark forgetful prove?
God forbid! all worldly trifles leaving,
Let us fix our thoughts above,
Have with Christ in heaven our conversation,
Keep in view our blessed destination,
As redeem'd from this world's thrall,
To pursue our heavenly call.

2 Let us watch and pray, lest we might slumber,
Heedless of the foe's approach;
Cast away whate'er us would encumber,
Nor the thing that's unclean touch;
Lest, escaped from the world's pollution,
We again give way to sin's delusion:
Ah, 'twould give us pungent pain
Christ to crucify again.

3 God be praised, though in ourselves defiled,
Though sin cleaveth to us still,
By the tempter we need not be foiled,
If to Jesus we appeal;
Yet our Lord a faithful heart demandeth:
Happy, who with listening ear attendeth
To the Spirit's warning voice,
Nor his chastening doth despise.

575.* T. 200.

TO thee I send my fervent cries,
O let them rise to heaven;
Lord Jesus, to my prayers and sighs
A gracious ear be given:
Thy blessed word be my support,
May I, in thee believing,
To thee cleaving,
By faith be purified,
From thee true life receiving.

2 Let neither lust nor fear prevail
To draw me from my duty;
By aiding grace I shall not fail
To walk in holy beauty: (given?
For who hath aught but what is
Such favour none can merit;
But thy Spirit,
Our guide to life and heaven,
Can graciously confer it.

576. T. 71.

LORD, who didst sanctify
Thyself, and hast thereby
Procured that blessing,
That we before thy face
May walk in holiness,
To thee well pleasing:—

2 In true simplicity,
O may we cleave to thee,
Our God and Saviour;
In all things free from blame,
To glorify thy name
Be our endeavour.

3 In heart here purified,
May we in thee abide
Without cessation:
Thy praise be our employ;
On earth our highest joy
Thy congregation.

577.* T. 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy words requireth,
By works to adorn thy grace:
O may my conversation
Display on each occasion
That holy mind which in thee was.

578.* T. 68.

WHILE we take our seat
At the Master's feet,

Urged by love, we in our measure
His commandments keep with plea-
Doth he strength bestow, (sure;
We can all things do.

579. T. 14.

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my
O Jesus, Son of God; (heart,
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,
And carnal nature's strife:
O may I henceforth only thirst
For thee, the well of life.

3 Waters of life hence may I draw,
And never more depart;
My ardent longing is, O Lord,
Fix at this spring my heart.

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft
I 've turned away from thee:
O let thy work, renew'd to-day,
Remain eternally.

580.* T. 79.

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
Grant that we may not only feel
Some drawings of thy grace,
But in communion with thee live,
And daily from thy death derive
The needful strength to run our
race.

2 O let us always think thee near,
As near unto us as the air
Which constantly we breathe:
Thus will from all we think or do
To thee unfeigned praises flow;
For thine we are in life and death.

3 Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us be
In all things more conform'd to thee;
We 're filled with conscious shame,
And thank thee for thy care and love;
Thy patience, which we richly prove,
Our heartfelt gratitude doth claim.

581.* T. 237.

O LORD GOD Holy Ghost,
As sure as Christ's I am,
So sure am I in him
With thee in close communion;
Might my whole walk proclaim
With Christ a blessed union,
The pardon'd sinner's frame,
A mind to his conform'd;—

2 The genuine mind of Christ,
Proceeding from a heart
Engaged with his cross,
Blest theme of meditation;
Deriving all delight
From Jesus' great salvation;
Supported day and night
With peace and joy divine.

582. T. 16.

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee truly,
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning power display.

3 Lead us so that we may honour
Thee, the Lord our righteousness,
And bring fruit to thee, the donor
Of all gospel-truth and grace.

583.* T. 23.

TO that Lord who unconstrained
Death's dire pangs for us sustained,
May we all in our small measure
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole behaviour
Bear resemblance to our Saviour,
And his sanctifying merit
Hallow body, soul, and spirit.

584. T. 583.

LOVE God with all thy heart, and
soul, and mind:
To friend and foe be just, and true,
and kind;
Be meek and patient, humble, sober,
chaste;
In these good ways be constant to
the last.

2 And when thou hast done all, then
humbly cry:
A useless, sinful servant, Lord, am I;

My strength and grace come from the
Holy Ghost,
My Saviour's merits are my only
boast.

585.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose human life for us
Did happiness obtain;
Thou who, expiring on the cross,
God's image didst regain:
Once lost it was, but is restored
By thy humanity;
Under thy shadow, Son of Man,
'Tis good a man to be.

586. T. 586.

HOW could I bear to be partaker
Of sinful, frail humanity,
Had not the world's almighty Maker
Become a sinless man for me?
But since my God assumed my nature,
I gladly am a human creature;
For such his mercies are,
He takes a tender share
In all I bear.

587.* T. 244.

LORD Jesus, thy atonement
Be ever new to us;
Grant we may every moment
In spirit view thy cross:
O keep our garments pure
In the temptation-hour;
From sin's infatuation
Preserve us by thy power.

588.* T. 228.

O JESUS, were we thro' thy grace
In all respects form'd to thy praise,
Like thee in thought and action;
Did we but wake and sleep to thee,
Bear pain and sickness patiently
Trusting in thy direction:
Where'er we are,
Might, dear Saviour, our behaviour,
Through thy blessing,
Always be to thee well-pleasing.

589.* T. 79.

THY law, O Lord, be my delight;
My gracious King, thy statutes write
In my untoward heart;
Thy power divine afford me grace
To love thee, and to walk thy ways,
And never from thee to depart.

590. T. 14.

I ASK not honour, pomp, or praise,
By worldly men esteem'd,
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.

2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to show
That thou hast died for me.

3 O grant me, through thy precious
blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace;
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works thee praise.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make:
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake.

591.* T. 114.

GOD, who art love, the same both
now and ever,
Lift up, we pray, on us thy countenance,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace divine
dispense,
And give us richly to enjoy thy favour;
On us thy sanctifying grace bestow,
That in thy love and knowledge we
may grow.

592.* T. 166.

THRICE happy I esteem my lot,
To feel true spirit's poverty;
This portion from the Lord I've got,
It yields content and peace to me:
He gave me this inheritance,
My soul's salvation to advance;
To him eternal thanks and praise
Be render'd for my call of grace.

2 O how exceeding rich and great
The grace of Jesus Christ appears;
He left his heavenly Father's seat
To share our sorrows, griefs, and tears:
No worldly pomp or dignity
The sons of men in him could see,
When they the eternal Word beheld,
His Godhead in our nature veil'd.

3 For us he left his heavenly throne,
A life of pain and wo he led,
Among his nation lived unknown,
And freely suffer'd in our stead;
That he those who in him believe,
Might as his property receive,
Since by his anguish, death & blood,
He reconciled us unto God.

4 Yea, tho' the eternal Son of God,
A man of sorrows he became,
Took on him our sin's heavy load,
Endured the cross, despised the shame:
The Maker of creation's sphere
Did in an abject state appear,
That by his poverty the poor
Might be enriched evermore.

5 While here on earth no place he had,
Where he his weary head could lay,
Oft hungry, thirsty, spent, and sad,
He learnt by suffering to obey:
His meat and drink was to fulfil
His heavenly Father's holy will,
And to seek out the sons of wo,
That he to them might kindness show.

6 Say, O thou love's eternal source,
What prompted thee this step to *take?*—
Compassion was the mighty for
O'er sinful man thy heart did br
Uncall'd thou camest to set him
From sin, from curse and miser
Yea, to enrich and crown his d
With thy salvation, joy, and gr

7 My body and my soul combin
To laud and magnify the Lord,
My shepherd and my guide divi
Who leads me by his holy word
Preserves me in the narrow wa
Works wonders for me day by
Whose staff to comfort never fa
When any trial me assails.

8 Nought can such pleasure yie me,
While in this vale of tears I st
As that his glory I shall see,
And live with him in endless d
Ev'n here of everlasting rest
I of a foretaste am possess'd,
While in sweet union I abide
With him and with his chosen

9 Most gladly I to others leave
Their worldly treasure, pomp, fame;
Since of Christ's fulness I recei
I glory only in his name:
In his reproach I freely share,
Who for my sake the cross did
And joy in shame and poverty,
Since Jesus poor became for me

593.* T. 151

GENTLE is the coercion
Of Jesus' power and love;
Without it my exertion
Must unavailing prove:
Humbled in heart and broken,
To Christ for strength I flee;
My grace, himself hath spoken,
Sufficient is for thee.

2 If ask'd: Hast thou already
In grace such progress made,
As with steps firm and steady
The appointed path to tread?

Iown: I'm weak and feeble,
Alone I cannot stand,
'Tis Christ who makes me stable,
On him I must depend.

3 Is good in contemplation,
I on my Saviour call,
Who gave the intimation,
And worketh all in all;
The wish'd-for good effected,
To him I render praise,
Who hath the work directed
By his enabling grace.

594.* T. 83.

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,
We must first be poor in spirit;
At the feet of Jesus lie,
Trusting only in his merit;
Then our kind and loving Lord
Will to us his strength afford.

2 None from God too distant are,
None too sinful, none too wretched:
But they may his mercy share,
For his arms are still outstretched:
Yet we must, when we apply,
On his grace alone rely.

3 In this humble, happy frame,
And from grace to grace proceeding,
We press forward in his name,
And have cause to bless his leading;
Cheered by his looks of grace,
We run our appointed race.

595.* T. 82.

'AITHFUL Saviour, we to thee
Vill look up incessantly,
appy in thy peace and blessing,
ilial confidence possessing:
oor in spirit, rich in grace,
e show forth thy matchless praise.

'od be praised, thy love is known;
ou expectest this alone,
it, disclaiming self-reliance,
should yield a glad compliance,
h a mind devoutly still
hy good and perfect will.

596. T. 590.

O LORD, the contrite sinner's frie
Most wretched should I be,
Did I not know thy precious blood
Was shed for worthless me:
Nought could console me in distres
Or give my soul relief; [breas
When troubles seize my anxiou
Nought could appease my grief.

2 O give me, Jesus, give me still
My poverty to know;
Increase my faith, may I in grace
And in thy knowledge grow;
More clearly to me manifest
The mystery of thy cross;
And for this precious pearl may I
Count all things else but dross.

597.* T. 22.

WHOE'ER in Jesus doth believe,
To soaring thoughts no room can give;
The blessed fellowship with Christ,
And nothing else by him is prized.

2 Reflecting how our Lord and Head,
When risen, his followers visited,
We pray to share that happiness
Which without sight we may possess.

3 Communing with the Lamb of God,
With heartfelt gratitude we're bow'd;
And walk in true humility,
As Christ's disciples constantly.

598.* T. 22.

MY Saviour, that I without thee
Can nothing do, rejoiceth me:
For all the grace thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Though weak and poor, I am thine own;
All praise is due to thee alone.
That thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.

3 When pride would stir within my breast,
I find no happiness nor rest;
But, walking in humility,
Have perfect peace and joy in thee.

4 O keep me contrite, low and poor;
Thus shall I praise thee evermore:
Myself thrice blessed I can call,
When I am nought and thou my all.

599.* T. 14.

NONE God the Father's favour share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3 O may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;
To thee obedience show through grace,
And learn humility.

4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my prayer;
Since those who know their poverty
To the Most High are near.

6 Thou, who in heaven art adored,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.

7 Therefore, my soul delight no more
In this world's vanity;
Look forward; Jesus hath in store
Unfading joys for thee.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
In knowledge and in grace;
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness each may trace.

600.* T. 583.

THOSE are partakers of our Saviour's grace,
Who, while his gifts they share with thankfulness,
Glory in their infirmities, and boast
Of nothing but his grace wherein *they trust.*

2 His loving kindness those shall richly share,
Who, at a loss, and ready to despair,
Retire in secret, pray him for relief
And consolation to assuage their grief.

3 To those the Lord will deign his teaching mild,
Who gladly listen as a little child,
And from experience willingly allow,
That they are learners, and but little know.

601.* T. 14.

HAPPY the man whose highest good
Is Christ invariably;
He shows his love and gratitude
By true humility.

2 In weakness, power divine he gains,
He dwells in peace and rest;
And owns with filial confidence:
Lord, what thou dost is best;—

3 For thou art gracious, wise, and good,
Thou know'st how help to afford,
The time when it should be bestow'd;
Thy goodness be adored.

602.* T. 141.

GO, ye flattering visions,
Honours, wealth, and lusts:
He who, lowly-minded,
In our Saviour trusts,
Rich in grace, is blessed,
Freed from anxious care;
For the poor in spirit
Heaven's kingdom share.

603.* T. 16.

WHEN simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light;
But that light will quickly vanish,
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who nought but Christ desireth,
He whom nothing else can cheer,
But the joy which he inspireth,
Lending to his voice an ear;—

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends;
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply following his commands;

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to his word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Head, and Lord;—

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And, from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth:—
Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the good Shepherd's care,
From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

604.* T. 184.

O BLEST condition, happy living,
Which true simplicity imparts,
When we to God are wholly given,
And Jesus' mind rules in our hearts;
This every vain imagination
Casts down, and us subjects to grace;
It shows the ground of our salvation
To be Christ's blood and righteousness.

2 That which is by the world esteemed,
A single mind counts vanity;
What's innocent by others deemed,
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:
Because the love to things terrestrial
We must deny through Jesus' grace,
And, to obtain the prize celestial,
Cast off whate'er impedes our race.

3 The simple heart no care perplexeth.
That robs the world of all content;
Of envy, which so many vexeth,
Simplicity is ignorant;
And carefully preserves its treasure,
Unruffled by the worldling's spite:
If others ask to share this pleasure,
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4 O Jesus, God of my salvation,
Thy single mind impart to me;
Root out the world's infatuation,
However keen the pain may be:
Thrice happy they who tread unwearied
The path of true simplicity:
They as wise virgins are prepared
To meet the Bridegroom cheerfully.

605. T. 22.

MEEK, patient Lamb of God, impart
Thy meekness to my stubborn heart,
Grant me to keep thee full in view,
And thy example to pursue.

2 Thy blood preserve my garments clean
From every spot and stain of sin;
As a wise virgin, to prepare
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3 Bestow on me a simple mind,
To every hurtful fancy blind;
Thy meekness, true sincerity,
And needful wisdom, grant to me.

4 Thou holy, spotless Lamb of God,
My worthless heart make thy abode;
O may I in thine image grow,
And honour thee in all I do.

606. T. 106.

A SINGLE mind to me impart;
Lord, may I sordid lucre flee,
Nor set on earthly gain my heart,
Hate avarice as idolatry;
Fix my desires on things above,
Rich in possession of thy love.

2 Let neither honours, pomp, nor pride,
Nor this world's gaudy vanity,
Which draw the soul from thee aside,
Beguile me from simplicity:
May this my highest honour be,
To be esteemed, Lord, by thee.

3 Screen me in each unguarded hour,
Lord, under thy protecting care;
Preserve me from seduction's power,
Lest fleshly lusts my soul ensnare:
May I to avarice, lust, and pride
Say, Christ destroy'd you when he died.

607.* T. 15.

LORD, grant to me a simple mind;
By thee may I be guided,
And as thy blessed will design'd,
Have my whole course decided.

2 With this desire 'fore thee I bow,
Ashamed of my demerit;
Ah, take without exception now
My body, soul, and spirit.

608.* T. 208.

WOULD we, sinners needy,
Here on earth already
Heavenly joys possess;
Jesus nought desireth,
Or of us requireth,
For our rest and peace,
But that we, like children be;
Since he all our wants redresses,
Soothes all our distresses.

609.* T. 167.

TO belong to Christ our Saviour,
Christian, what doth this imply?
Constantly to seek his favour,
Ever watching faithfully;
To implore his kind direction
Day by day in all we do;
To confide in his protection,
Freed from every earthly view.

610.* T. 151.

AMIDST this world's profaneness
May I thy truth confess;
In primitive way and plainness,
Thy servant be through grace:
Nor fear, nor interest ever
Cause me to turn aside,
Or my connection sever
With thy redeemed bride.

611.* T. 69.

LEARN, church of Jesus,
By faith to him to cleave,
And in blest union
With him, thy Lord, to live,
While far
From him sojourning here.

2 Grant that sustained,
Lord, by thy mighty grace,
With love unfeigned
We our appointed race
May run,
Till we the prize have won.

612.* T. 22

CHRIST is the Vine, we bra
are;
Without him we no fruit can b
For of ourselves we cannot thr
'Tis he who gives us power an

2 Lord, thou hast chosen us th
Should bear well-pleasing fr
thee:
O make us fruitful to thy prais
Preserve us from all barrenness

613. T. 11

JESUS, who for me hast died,
Grant I may in thee abide;
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;
Water me with showers of gra

2 Make my heart a garden fair
Which such pleasant fruit may
As affords true joy to thee
And thy Father constantly.

3 In thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow;
When all grace to me is given
Then transplant me into heave

614.* T. 167

AS the branches are connected
With the vine, ev'n so thro'
A close union is effected
'Twixt the Lord our righteo
And believers, who, though fe
Life and power from him de
And thereby are render'd able,
Bearing fruit, to grow and

615.* T. 1(

WOULD we by our behaviour
Show that we love our Savio
He only can instruct us,
And in the way conduct us.

2 Through his atonement's powers
O may we bloom like flowers,
And by his grace and blessing
Bear fruit to him well-pleasing.

616.* T. 185.

IN thy love and knowledge, gracious Saviour,
May we more and more abound;
Thy complete atonement shall for ever
Of our doctrine be the ground:
Grant that all may, in thy word believing, [cleaving,
And to thee, the Vine, as branches
Through thy Father's nursing care
Fruit unto thy honour bear.

617.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, be near,
Thou seest us here;
Unite us in heart:
Dear Lord, come and bless us, our brother thou art.

2 Soon make us to be
Well-pleasing to thee;
'Tis time and 'tis right
To bring forth some fruit which may yield thee delight.

3 From this very day
We will not delay
To follow the Lamb,
To serve him with gladness and honour his name.

618.* T. 228.

THIS one thing needful grant to us,
By faith to view thee on the cross,
Bleeding for our salvation;
Then 'midst all weakness we indeed
Shall still from grace to grace proceed,
Lord, in thy congregation;
May none ground on
Empty notions or good motions
His religion,
Without power and life's fruition.

619. T. 228.

BE this our happy destiny,
Lord Jesus, to be one with thee;
Grant, through thy Spirit's leading,
That we may gain yet firmer root
In thee, and bear abundant fruit,
From grace to grace proceeding:
From thee daily
Strength receiving,—to thee cleaving,
Blessed Jesus;
Thus we shall show forth thy praises.

XXVIII. PATIENCE UNDER AFFLICTION, AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

620. T. 14.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

621. T. 22.

DESPONDING soul, thou need'st not fear,
Since God thy every prayer doth hear;
In his own time he 'll surely grant,
As he thinks fit, what thou dost want;—

2 For he thy case doth understand;
Himself will take thy cause in hand;
The scale will turn, and thou shalt be
Ashamed of thy anxiety.

622.* T. 151.

1 S God my strong salvation,
No enemy I fear;
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care:
If he, my Head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain or what disaster
Can part me from his love?

2 Of this I am persuaded;
With joy I can declare,
His love to me ne'er faded,
He listens to my prayer;
He aid to me dispenses,
He stands at my right hand;
Yea, when a storm advances,
'Tis calm at his command.

3 The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and his blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good:
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

4 My Jesus and his merit
Are all my aim and care;
Were he not with my spirit,
Ah, I should soon despair:
To appear 'fore my Creator
I never could desire;
He would to my fall'n nature
Prove a consuming fire.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ who taketh
Away sin, death, and wo,
And by his blood he maketh
Each spot as white as snow;
Free from that condemnation,
Which sinners else must find,
I joy in his salvation
With an embolden'd mind.

6 His Spirit is the sovereign
Possessor of my heart;
There he alone shall govern,
And slavish fear depart:
He gives his benediction,
Yea, helpeth me to cry
Abba, when in affliction,
With child-like fervency.

7 His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord;
Since after tribulation
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation
To live with him above.

8 Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting rock;
No temporal desolation
Shall give my love a shock:
I 'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
Me from him separate.

623. T. 14.

GOD is my Saviour and my light,
Why should I be dismay'd?
'Tis he defends my life; of whom
Then need I be afraid?

2 Hear my requests, O Lord, and give
An answer full of grace:
Thy face thou bidst me seek, and I
Reply, I 'll seek thy face.

3 Lord, do not in displeasure hide
Thyself, nor me reject;
The aid which I have had before,
From thee I still expect.

4 Wait still on God, my soul, from him
All needful strength derive:
Though he delay, he will at length
The fainting heart revive.

624.* T. 159.

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,
With a believing mind;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find:
Here in this world thou hast no home,
Nor lasting joy; to Jesus come,
He is the pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

lfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
aithfulness review,
ery burden with him leave,
se love is daily new:
ys with thee are just & right,
s thy enemies to flight,
'er threat'ning they appear;
ourage, he is near.

closet enter, pray, and sigh,
esus tell thy grief:
r is open to thy cry,
and to give relief:
h men thee hate, forsake, and
lev.,
aviour thee will never leave,
ord is pass'd; he 'll aid afford;
pon the Lord.

up thy heart to him on high,
leave this sordid earth;
with a believing eye
s excellence and worth:
thy life, thy all to him,
lid thy soul from death re-
em,
to thee the cross endured,
le for thee procured.

and seek the things above;
heaven be all thy aim,
Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
earth and sin disclaim:
orld and all its empty joy
ent breath will once destroy;
g rest and peace of mind
ist alone we find.

25. T. 590.

we can't doubt God's equal
e,
easurably kind;
unerring, gracious will
ery wish resign'd:
when he gives, supremely
d;
ess when he denies;
osses from his sovereign hand
lessings in disguise.

le'er I ask, I surely know
steadfastly believe,
the thing desired bestow,
se a better give:
I therefore, Lord, submit
very fond request,
rn, adoring at thy feet,
will is always best.

626. T. 591.

IF to Jesus for relief
My soul hath fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand,
Hath he not his promise pass'd?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last? —

2 While I know his providence
Disposeth each event;
Shall I judge my feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array;
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?—

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employ'd,
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroy'd:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I 'm reconciled;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants supplied,
When I disdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he answer nay:
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought;
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which he himself hath wrought?

5 If he shed his precious blood,
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think, that meaner good
He will from me withhold?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assured;
In that great redemption-price
I see the whole secured.

627. T. 22.

WHO can condemn, since Christ hath died?
I by his blood am justified:
He ever lives to intercede,
And sends me help in time of need.

2 What can from Christ me separate?
Shall trials howsoever great,
Shall tribulation or distress,
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?—

3 O no, I shall in all things prove
Conqueror through him who me did
My Lord obtain'd the victory, [love;
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4 O love unbounded! refuge sure!
My helpless soul now lives secure:
Long as in thee, O Lord, I trust,
I know I never shall be lost.

628. T. 590.

NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things,
Still wishing to find out the source
From whence salvation springs:
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labour of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

2 What is my anchor? if you ask:
A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving, with misery for its weight,
Till firmest grace it find:
What is my ground?—'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;
Yet here the humble sinner may
Ride safe, though tempests roar.

629. T. 14.

HOW happy we, when guilt is gone
This alters our whole frame:
The same occasions still come on,
But we are not the same.

2 The load which caused us anxious care,
No more doth weigh us down;
For Christ the burden helps to bear,
We bear it not alone.

3 While we at honest labour toil,
Our hearts may be at ease:
For if our Saviour on us smile,
'Midst trouble we have peace.

4 Sick outwardly or in distress
We may be, 'tis confess'd:
But the believer ne'ertheless
In trials finds he's blest.

5 Have we through dangerous paths to rove,
The shades of death to pass:
Our shield eternal is his love,
Our light his glorious face.

6 Thy secret hand we bl
O Lord, we can depen
Thou between us and n
Of every kind dost st

630.

WHEN by adversity I'
In God, my rock, I will
'Midst trials, whatsoe'
Rely on his fidelity.

2 I'll trust my great skill,
Resign'd obey his bless
For each disease he kno
He's wise and good, ar

3 Although his medici smart,
And wound me in the t
It is with a design to c
I must and will his tou

4 Lord Jesus Christ, afl
In every trial thee to p
O let thy sacred will be
To thee myself I now

631. T

WHAT tremblings sei ler's soul
Beneath the dark'nir
While awful thunder
And lightning flashe
Soon as the sun again
The clouds are all di
The face of nature is r
Joys on the pilgrim b

2 While passing thro'
To yonder blissful la
Black storms and temp
O'er which we 've n
Unerring Wisdom thus
His children to be tr
But he that to God's w
With strength shall

3 Afflicted souls, awai
Appointed by your G
From him deliv'rance s
With great increase
Whate'er the dispensa
Which he to send fin
His aim obtained, eacl
For him it was most

4 By Christ we're scre der care
From vain and worl

Ye who God's happy children are,
Can in the Lord rejoice,
And walk in union with your God
Who is your nearest friend,
Upon life's rough and dangerous road
In safety to the end.

632. T. 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succession,
Bright and gloomy days are seen;
But there, without variation
Skies unclouded and serene;
Sufferings here are transitory;
Light are even the most severe,
Set against the weight of glory,
Which awaits the conqueror there.

5 Though by threat'ning storms surrounded,
Or oppress'd by pain and grief,
This poor heart is not confounded;
For in God I find relief:
On his powerful arm reclining,
I affliction's load sustain,
Bear the cross without repining,
Till the glorious crown I gain.

633. T. 14.

HOW condescending 'tis, that He
Who worlds to being spake,
One promise unto worthless me
Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,
And who can doubt his truth?
He 'll lead me on throughout my race,
To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love?
A covenant firm and sure;
Hills may depart and mountains move,
And yet it shall endure.

4 'Tis that the kindness of our God
Shall ne'er from us depart,
That equally his smile or rod
Displays his loving heart;—

5 That he will guide us, whom no power
Nor craft can e'er withstand,
That not temptation's darkest hour
Shall wrest us from his hand;—

6 That truth and mercy, while we've breath,
Shall compass us around,
And that with him shall after death
Our glorious lot be found.

7 In all distress to him I 'll cry,
I 'll humbly trust his word;
Nothing I ask will he deny,
For is he not my Lord?

8 O the rich blessings which accrue
To all who love his name!
His gifts are every morning new,
His bounty still the same.

634.* T. 212.

THE will of God is always best,
His will be done for ever;
Those who confide in him are blest,
And prove his love and favour:
He helps indeed—in time of need,
'Midst chastisements he saveth;
Those who depend—on God their friend,
He never, never leaveth.

2 His comforts daily me sustain,
He lends me his assistance;
To what he doth for me ordain
I 'll yield without resistance:
True is his word,—that e'en my hairs
The Lord in mercy numbers;
He guards and wakes,—care of me takes,
And all my wants remembers.

635.* T. 79.

AS thy will, O my Saviour,
Unto thy Father's ever
Was subject and resign'd:
Grant that, in deep subjection,
To follow thy direction
I may be cheerfully inclined.

2 I 'll spare all needless thinking,
Nor shall my mind be shrinking
Concerning what may be;
May I in each proceeding
Submit to thy wise leading,
That thou 'rt my all sufficeth me.

636. T. 9.

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee down?
Perils or temptation?—
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour;
He who death for thee endured,
Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to him every want,
Yea, whate'er doth grieve thee;
If for comfort thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus;
In his presence thou art blest,
He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6 Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favour;
He will be thy great reward
And thy shield forever.

637.* T. 16.

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;
Yet no danger need appal us,
If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,
Free from care, we acquiesce
In his ways, his consolation
Will alleviate our distress

3 God is mighty to deliver,
None his power can withstand;
In all trials whatsoever
He will be our gracious friend.

4 When his hour strikes for relieving
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to shame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

638.* T. 83.

MY Redeemer knoweth me,
Both in joy and in affliction;
O my soul, now joyful be,
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direction:
His own sheep he knows by name,
And to bless them is his aim.

2 Unexampled is that love,
By which we're with him connected;
If we aught distressing prove,
Jesus is thereby affected:
We his watchful love and care
In all trials richly share.

639.* T. 142.

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of light,
Where all find refreshment, who seek it aright,
Pure spring of salvation
And true consolation,
From God's holy temple thy living stream rolls,
Whose waters flow ample for all thirsty souls.

2 Let him that is thirsty, encouraging call, [for all;
Now drink of the waters, abounding
The promised blessing
Is sweetly refreshing; [nigh,
All ye who are ailing and needy draw
This we'l-spring ne'er failing your wants will supply.

3 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst after thee, [my plea;
In mercy receive me, for mercy's
The word thou hast spoken
Can never be broken;
Thou know'st I am needy and greatly distress'd,
Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.

4 Thou, river of life, dost refresh heart and mind,
Those whom thou enrichest eternal good find:
Amidst tribulation
The cup of salvation [by thee,
I take; thus with gladness inspired
All sorrow and sadness far distant must flee.

5 I plead thy rich promise, O give me to drink:
With fervour of spirit I wholly would sink
Into thy love's ocean;
O let true devotion
My heart be impelling still onward to move [love.
To Zion thy dwelling, the city of

6 Should bitter be mix'd with the sweet of my cup, [give up:
O grant me with joy all self-will to
The cup of dire sorrows,
Which thou hast drank for us,
To thine thou dost offer in this world of pain;
With thee they here suffer, with thee they shall reign.

7 O therefore, my Jesus, permit me to rest,
Where saints are no longer by suffering oppress'd;
Where joys beyond measure
And fulness of pleasure
In glory transcendant the conquerors share,
And where crowns resplendent the faithful shall wear.

640. T. 585.

O MY soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus :||:
And rejoice in his great name.

2 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within,
Jesus saith, he 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful :||:
To perform his gracious word.

3 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread the thorny road,
His right-hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him, :||:
Praise the dear Redeemer's name.

641. T. 22.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to care?
How canst thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst thy all to him commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble thee befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And hath he not the promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He that hath help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home, apace, to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

642. T. 39.

BEGONE, unbelief; for my Saviour is near,
And for my relief he will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, yet since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in times past me forbidden to think,
He 'll leave me at last unrelieved to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain then of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? for he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?—

6 Since all that I meet with shall work for my good;
The bitter is sweet and the medicine is food:

Though painful at present, 'twill
cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

643. T. 89.

YES, since God himself hath said it
On his promise I rely,
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong and can fulfil,
He is truth and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide:
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

644. T. 244.

NONE e'er shall be ashamed,
Who wait upon the Lord:
Their shield and rock he 's named,
Who build upon his word:
He stands their constant friend;
When danger is at hand,
With confidence unshaken
On him they can depend.

645.* T. 195.

DOTH our gracious Saviour,
In so many evils,
Which the foe at Christians levels,
Kindly guard and keep us:
Ah, how should we praise him,
In all things extol and bless him:
Love should so—ardent glow,
As to make us ever
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

646.* T. 90.

THRICE happy is the feeble soul
Whose strength is only in his God;
The fiercest powers he can control
By faith in Jesus' precious blood:
In combat can maintain the field,
Because Jehovah is his shield.

647. T. 79.

THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Ransom'd and sprinkled with thy
blood,
Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite
To shake me ever may have power

2 From various cares my heart re
tires;
Tho' deep and boundless its desires,
I'm now to please but One,
Him, before whom the elders bow;
With him I am engaged now,
And with the souls that are hi
own.

3 This is my joy which ne'er ca
fail,
To see my Saviour's arm prevail,
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls convinced c
sin,
Yet by his precious blood made clear
Extol his name in every place.

4 With these my happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude an
waste,
Or through its gardens fair:
Whether the storm of malice sweep
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,
Still to go on be all my care.

5 See the dear sheep, by Jesus drawn
In blest simplicity move on;
They trust his Shepherd-crook:
Beholders many faults will find
But they can guess at Jesus' mind,
Content, if written in his book.

6 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,
Who Christ's atoning sacrifice
Deem foolishness, and slight,
Grant but I may, (the rest 's you
own,)
In shame and poverty sit down
At this one well-spring of delight

7 Indeed had Jesus ne'er been slai
Or could aught make his ransom vai
That it avail'd no more;
Were his unbounded mercy fled,
Were he no more the church's hea
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;—

8 Then, so refers my state to him,
Unwarranted I must esteem,
And wretched all I do;
Ah, my heart throbs, and seizeth fa
That covenant which will over las
It knows, it knows these thin
are true.

9 Yes, my dear Lord, in followi
Not in the dark uncertainly [the
This foot obedient moves;

'Tis with a brother and a king,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

10 Now then my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and strife,
Drop off like autumn-leaves;
Henceforth as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

11 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Childlike attend what thou wilt say,
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

12 At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness strong and clear,
Of thy redeeming power;
This will instruct thy child aright,
This will impart the needful light,
For exigence of every hour.

13 Now then the sequel is well weigh'd,
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea where none can sink;
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,
Believing that thou wilt perform
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

648. T. 22.

GOD of my life, on thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint? [door
Where but with thee, whose open
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer; [God,
But a prayer-hearing, answering
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

649.* T. 79.

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend,
Now thy protecting wings extend,
Thy children save from harm:
Would Satan seek us to devour,
Against his malice, craft and power,
Defend us by thy outstretch'd arm.

650.* T. 208.

JESUS, source of gladness,
Comfort in all sadness,
Thou canst end my grief;
While for thy salvation
I with expectation
Wait, I find relief:
Slaughter'd Lamb, thy saving name
Yields to me far greater pleasure,
Than all worldly treasure.

2 God is my salvation,
Joy, and consolation;
With the world I've done:
To pride's vain pretension
I pay no attention,
Avarice I disown;
Perils, loss, shame, death, and cross,
Sufferings e'er so keen, shall never
Me from Jesus sever.

3 If the Lord protect me,
Sin cannot infect me,
Nought can do me harm;
Although Satan rageth,
Christ the storm assuageth
By his mighty arm:
Would the foe his malice show,
Since Christ is my strength and tower,
I dread not his power.

4 Gloomy thoughts must vanish,
Jesus doth replenish
Me with heavenly peace:
Who the Saviour loveth,
By experience proveth,
Grief is changed to bliss:
Though I here reproach must bear,
Yet he turneth all my sadness
Into joy and gladness.

651.* T. 22.

JESUS, my All, my highest good,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,
When confidence in thee I place,
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2 Where should I turn, or how thee leave?
Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;
With thee my heart hath always found,
True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3 All who possess true faith and love,
This daily by experience prove,
That they who simply put their trust
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.

4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd with grief,
But he in Christ may find relief;
All misery, however great,
His comforts can alleviate.

5 Jesus, my only God and Lord,
What comfort doth thy name afford;
No friend on earth can ever be
Compared for faithfulness with thee.

6 Were health, and strength, and friends withdrawn,
Were every earthly comfort gone,
If I have thee, I have howe'er
What me eternally can cheer.

7 O Lord, preserve me sound in faith,
Thine let me be in life and death:
May nothing pluck me from thy hand,
Lead me in safety to the end.

652.* T. 234.

JESUS, my All, my soul's best Friend,
To thee myself I now deliver:
Whate'er comes from thy faithful hand,
How hard it be, how strange soever,
I'll take it with a passive heart;
And tho' I cannot shout for gladness,
But keenly feel affliction's dart,
O may I not be sunk in sadness!
May I with cheerfulness
In thy ways acquiesce,
Nor murmur at thy dispensation;
But simply trusting thee,
On thy fidelity
Depend with humble resignation.

653.* T. 583.

AT last he's bless'd who by the Saviour's blood
Was cleans'd while here, and made an heir of God;
Ev'n now the acceptable year draws nigh,
The day which turns our sorrows into joy.

2 At last God's servants ceaseless joys shall reap,
Who, bearing precious seed, go forth and weep;
If they 'midst suffering faithful here abide,
They shall with Jesus there be glorified.

3 My soul, though here by various trials proved,
Believe that by thy Saviour thou art loved:
Submit thy will to his; with patience wait;
He soon to perfect bliss will thee translate.

654.* T. 189.

WHO overcometh shall abide for ever
A pillar in God's temple through his grace,
Adorned with the name of God our Saviour,
And of Jerusalem his chosen place:
Lord, make the feeble
Watchful and able,
That they be stable,
And victory gain.

655.* T. 68.

THANKS for ever be,
Jesus, unto thee,
That thy strength doth us enable
To adhere to thee, though feeble;
That thou hear'st our prayers,
And regard'st our tears.

656. T. 205.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

XXIX. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

657.* T. 235.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD God, thy praise we sing,
To thee our thanks we bring:
Both heaven and earth do worship
Thou Father of eternity; [thee,
To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Cherubs and seraphs thee proclaim,
And cry thrice holy to thy name:
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

With splendour of thy glory spread
Are heaven and earth replenished:
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise thee;
The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs makes of thee its boast;
The holy church, in every place
Throughout the earth, exalts thy praise.

Thee, Father, God on heaven's throne,
The only and beloved Son,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The church doth worship and revere.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb:
The pains of death o'ercome by thee
Made heaven to all believers free:
At God's right hand thou hast thy seat,
And in thy Father's glory great;
And we believe the day's decreed,
When thou shalt judge the quick and dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood:
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end;
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O Lord, that are thine own:
Govern thy church, and, Lord, advance
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee;
Thy name we worship and adore
World without end for evermore:
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us, when we call.

Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to thy confidence:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

658.* T. 583.

TO thee, the Lord of all, I'll humbly sing,
To thee, my Maker, I'll thank-offerings bring;
But how can language worthily display
Thy lauds, or to thy name due homage pay?

2 I've nought to give: for what I have is thine,
Thine are my soul and body, and not mine,
My reasoning powers, my health, my daily food,
Are all thy gifts, and show that thou art good.

3 That I'm an honourable vessel made,
Is all the work of love unmerited,
And not because I'm worthy; mercy free
Redeem'd my soul from sin and misery.

4 Now, while on earth I stay, to thee I'll live, [give,
And to thy shame alone all glory
Till I with all thy saints my voice shall raise,
And join in everlasting songs of praise.

659.* T. 132.

ALL glory to the sovereign good,
And Father of compassion,
To God, our help and sure abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings every day,
And taketh all our griefs away:
Give to our God the glory.

2 The heavenly hosts with awe show forth
The praise of their Creator:
All creatures both in heaven and earth,
Whate'er exists in nature,
Speak their divine Original,
Impress'd most wisely on them all:
Give to our God the glory.

3 What is created by our God
Enjoys his preservation;
He doth extend o'er all abroad
His father-like compassion;
Throughout the kingdom of his grace
Prevail his truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory.

4 In my distress I raised with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescued me from death,
And gave me consolation;
This makes my heart with thankfulness
Rejoice before the God of grace:
Give to our God the glory.

5 The Lord hath ever to his flock
Kept without separation;
He doth abide our shield and rock,
Our peace and our salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from fear:
Give to our God the glory.

6 Yea, when all creatures here deny
Their help and consolation,
Our great Creator then is nigh
With succour and compassion,
And sets the humble souls at rest,
That live forsaken and oppress'd:
Give to our God the glory.

7 As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth his praises:
His precious, saving name shall be
Exalted in all places:
My heart, with all thy strength adore
The God of grace, the God of power,
And give him all the glory.

8 Ye who profess his sacred name,
Give to our God the glory:
Ye who his power know and proclaim,
Give to our God the glory:
Rejoice from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, he's God indeed:
Give to our God the glory.

9 Now then before his face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving;
With awe his holy name revere,
And join with all the living,
To extol the wonders he hath wrought,
His mighty deeds surpassing thought:
Give to our God the glory.

660.* T. 14.

I'LL praise thee with my heart and O Lord, my soul's delight, [tongue,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise and might.

2 Thou art the eternal source of grace,
The source of lasting bliss:
From thee unto the human race
Flows every happiness.

3 What are we? what do we possess
While here on earth below,
Which thy great love and tenderness
Do not on us bestow?

4 Who spread the lofty firmament
And starry skies around!
Who makes the dew and rain de-
To fructify the ground?— [scend

5 Who doth preserve our life and
Our ease and safe abode? [health,
Who doth secure our peace and
Our ever gracious God. [wealth?

On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all;
Thou keepest watch around our
Protectest great and small. [coasts,

7 Thy chastisements are nought but love;
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis thy delight to bless.

8 Thou count'st thy children's sighs and tears, [mourn;
And know'st well why they
No tear too mean to thee appears
To put into thy urn.

9 Thou, when we are oppress'd with grief,
Dost us with pity view,
Administ'ring thy kind relief,
And lasting comfort too.

10 Why need we mourn, as in despair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we 'll cast our every care,
Who gave us life and light.

11 Hath he not from our earliest days,
Us nourish'd and maintain'd?
Safe-guarded us in all our ways,
In dangers proved our friend?

13 God never yet mistakes hath
In his vast government; [made
No, what he doth permit or aid
Is blest in the event.

13 Then murmur not, but be resign'd
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt
My soul, in being still. [find,

661.* T. 227.

NOW unite to render praises
To Jehovah, to our God, and magnify
His great name in all your places,
Ye his people, ye who are his property;
For his goodness, love, and favour
To his children last for ever:
He is full of truth and grace,
Pardoning all our trespasses;
Still his name by you be praised,
Who are seed to Abram raised,
Out of every tribe and nation;
Give him praises, give him thanks and adoration.

2 Yea, with joy ourselves addressing
To our gracious, heavenly Father, we 'll proclaim
His great mercy without ceasing,
Join with angels to exalt his glorious name;
They, adoring on their faces,
With thrice Holy sing his praises,
We too, will extol the name
Of our God and of the Lamb;
Be his glory ever sounded,
And his works which are unbounded:
We, his ransom'd congregation,
Thank and praise him for our blessed destination.

3 To the throne go undismayed,
Go with boldness and approach the mercy-seat,
Since from God in Christ displayed,
Nought but goodness, grace and favour you can meet;
Full of love, he longs to bless us,
And is ready to embrace us;
Yea, to give his flesh and blood
To us as our highest good;
To his table we're invited,
And through grace, with him united,

So that nought wh:ch may await us,
Can from Jesus and his love e'er
separate us.

4 He hath now his Godhead's treasure
To the needy open'd, and hath
stores enough,
Therefore 'tis his sovereign pleasure
That no sinner, that not one should
stand aloof:
Each may take, as were he named,
Grace for grace nor stand ashamed;
Hungry souls who but believe,
Of his fulness may receive;
And his fulness never ceaseth,
Our enjoyment still increaseth;
Hence we drink in richest measure
From life's fountain draughts of inexhausted pleasure.

5 These our faltering lays, dear Saviour,
Which, tho' feeble, yet our grateful hearts express,
Condescend to accept in favour,
Till in glory we shall see thee face
to face:
Then for all thy works our praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
There we shall to thee, our King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing:
May from every thing in nature
Praise be given to the Creator,
And our lives and whole demeanour
To Jehovah, to our God give praise
and honour.

662.* T. 195.

GOD reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him;
God is in his temple,
All in us keep silence,
And before him bow with reverence:
Him alone—God we own;
He 's our Lord and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence,
Whom the angelic legions
Serve with awe in heavenly regions:
Holy, holy, holy,
Sing the hosts of heaven;
Praise to God be ever given;
Condescend—to attend
Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O majestic Being,
Were but soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready!
Might we, like the angels
Who behold thy glory,
Deep abased sink before thee,
And through grace—be always,
In our whole demeanour,
To thy praise and honour.

4 Grant us resignation,
Hearts before thee bowed,
With thy peace divine endowed:
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth
So may we—be from thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry;
Make us thy blest sanctuary:
O vouchsafe thy presence;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer:
Us direct—and protect;
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

663.* T. 341.

THOU, Jesus, art our King:
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art the eternal light,
And shinest in deepest night:
Wond'ring gazed the angelic trai
While thou bow'dst the heav
beneath,
Taking thy abode with man,
Man to save from endless dea

3 Thou for our griefs didst mou
Thou hast our sickness borne
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grac
All the mighty debt hast paid,
Due from Adam's helpless r

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the f
God's kingdom fix'd below
Conqueror of all adverse pov
Thou heaven's gates hast
wide;
Thou thine own dost lead s
And to life eternal guide.

5 Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthroned on high;
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to thee is given,
As the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

6 The mighty seraphs join,
And in thy praise combine;
All their choirs thy glories sing:
Who shall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and sky?

7 The venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men,
And the Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength they faithful proved,
Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death they loved.

8 The church, thro' all her bounds,
With thy high praise resounds:
The confessors fearless here
Boldly praise their heavenly King:
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own:
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly trusting in their God;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
Sealing thus their faith with blood.

10 Arise, exert thy power,
Thou glorious Conqueror:
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

664. T. 79.

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless thy glories shine: (own;
Thy blood-bought church in mercy
The church assembled round thy throne,
Or pilgrims here; we all are thine.

2 Pilgrims on earth, here may we rest,
The sparrow here hath found a nest,
Thine altars, O Lord God;
For all thy blessings and thy care,
Our gratitude in praise and prayer
Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3 Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here;
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
Till he in glory shall appear.

4 Hail, Lamb once slain, thy precious blood
Hath brought us sinners nigh to God,
Worthy art thou alone:
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,
Thy universal church's praise,
Here and around thy glorious throne.

665.* T. 101.

THANKSGIVING, honour, praise and might
Unto the slaughter'd Lamb be render'd, (light,
Who brought us to his kingdom's
And bought us from all tongues and kindred;
Before the world was form'd we were ordain'd
By him to happiness and life which hath no end.

2 To him who ever doth abide,
Be ceaseless songs of praise repeated
By Christendom, his chosen bride,
And those in heavenly mansions seated; (name,
The angelic hosts exalt his saving
And we with all created beings do the same.

3 By all the saints around his throne,
And all the angelic choirs in heaven,
With shouts of glory to God's Son,
Our King and Shepherd, praise be given:
They join with us his goodness to rehearse;
His glorious name be praised throughout the universe.

666.* T. 146.

NOW let us praise the Lord
With body, soul, and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;

Who, from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us;
Praise him eternally.

2 O gracious God, bestow
On us, while here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind;
Thy peace be ever reigning:
Preserve us in true faith
And Christian holiness;
That when we go from hence
We may behold thy face.

667.* T. 206.

ALMIGHTY Lord, :||:
Eternal Word,
Creation's Head,
By whom :||: the worlds were made,
Which in heaven's spacious sphere :||:
Appear;
Who by thy blood
Brought'st us to God;
Thee we confess :||:
The Lord our righteousness. :||:

2 Sure as thou livest, :||:
And as Lord movest
On cherubim,
And awest :||: the seraphim,
Jehovah, great I AM, :||:
And Lamb;
So sure 's thy blood
The highest good
Of sinners poor, :||:
Till death shall be no more. :||:

668.* T. 9.

TILL permitted hence to go,
To behold my Saviour,
Whom ev'n here by faith to know,
I enjoy the favour:—

2 Till to heaven I go in peace,
Where no sin assaileth,
Sorrows, sighs, and tears must cease,
Love alone prevaileth:—

3 Till the day when I shall tread
Those celestial mountains,
Where the Lamb himself will lead
Me to living fountains:—

4 Till that time mine eyes I 'll raise
Unto him in spirit,
And my feeble tongue shall praise
My Redeemer's merit.

669. T. 90.

THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy own;
May all within us evermore
In silence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with reverence love
The Lord, whose boundless grace we prove.

2 The Lamb was slain! both day and night
The angelic choirs his praises sing;
To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts celestial anthems bring;
While here poor sinners join the song,
And praise him with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly our own poor works we leave,
For him despise wealth, pleasure, fame,
To him our souls and bodies give,
His death doth our affections claim:
Henceforth we own him as our Lord,
His name be by us all adored.

4 Through him alone we live, for he
Hath drowned our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might life regain.

5 As ground, when parch'd with summer's heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
So may we list'ning at his feet,
Receive his word and feel his power:
May nothing in our hearts remain,
But this great truth, The Lamb was slain.

670. T. 159.

ADORED be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the cross
To God, by his most precious blood,
Hath reconciled us:
All praise be given to him, that we
Were born the day of grace to see,
When he his love to us reveal'd,
And thus our pardon seal'd.

2 To be his priests and witnesses
Is now our happy lot,
To sing in songs of endless praise
To Jesus who us bought:
We now like Mary wish to sit
In spirit list'ning at his feet,
Waiting with lamps prepared and dress'd
For Jesus' marriage-feast.

3 Meanwhile his promises we trust,
And join our grateful lays
In concert with the ransom'd host,
To sing redeeming grace:
While they who round his throne appear,
The wonders of his love declare,
And sing, The Lamb for us was slain;
Our hearts reply, Amen.

671. T. 132.

SING praises unto God on high,
To him who us created;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related:
Rejoicing Hallelujah sing,
Jesus Jehovah is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not ashamed
To bear our human nature;
Yea, heirs of life we now are named,
Joint-heirs with our Creator:
He ever lives our cause to plead,
Grants help in every time of need;
Praise to his name for ever.

672. T. 39.

YE servants of God, your great Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his most excellent name:
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth in heaven almighty to save,
And yet he is with us, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation be brought unto God on the throne,
Let all sing rejoicing, and honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore him and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
And honour, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

673. T. 11.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Let our praise to him be given,
Who is Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Jesus, lo, to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou, the woman's promis'd Seed.
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We thy little flock adore
Thee our Lord for evermore:
Ever more show us thy love,
Till we join the choirs above.

674. T. 22.

BLESS, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
How can the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

2 'Twas he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He paid the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

3 Our youth decay'd his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our souls with good,
And filleth us with heavenly food.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let all mankind adore his grace;
Let us with all our powers sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.

675. T. 14.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

676. T. 22.

WE sing to God, whose tender love
Caused him to leave his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal wo.

2 On fallen men he cast his eye,
In depths of misery saw them lie;
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come
And suffer freely in their room.

3 A mortal body he assumed,
Groan'd, bled, and died, and was entomb'd:
At length the work thus finished,
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4 To heaven's bright realms he took his flight,
Beyond the reach of mortal sight:
There pleads with God for ransom'd men,
Thence will in glory come again.

5 To Jesus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honours now be paid;
The glory of his saving name
Our tongues shall evermore proclaim.

677. T. 14.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in poor sinners' ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power of sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

678. T. 14.

NOT all the angels of the sky,
Nor happy saints above,
Have greater cause to praise than I
The Saviour's dying love.

2 Had I an angel's heavenly tongue
Or seraph's melody,
My theme should be his praise, who hung
Upon the cross for me.

3 For thee he hangs, my soul, rejoice,
For thee, my soul, expires:
Then sing his love with thankful voice;
Sing what his love inspires.

4 Till fleeting time shall have an end,
And years shall cease to roll,
Due praise shall from his church ascend,
And spread from pole to pole.

5 How sweet the precious gospel sounds
In the believer's ear;
This balsam heals his cank'ring wounds,
And dries each anxious tear.

6 But tears of joy must ever flow
For Jesus' wondrous love;

And when I leave this world below,
I'll sing his praise above.

679. T. 595.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come:
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

680. T. 595.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 The Saviour's ransom'd race
Shall meet around the throne,
Extol him for his saving grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

681. T. 90.

WITH thanks before the Lord appear,
Adore his precious, saving name;
His patience, faithfulness, and care,
Our humble, grateful praises claim:
His goodness none can comprehend,
His tender mercies know no end.

2 Worthy the Lamb, that every breath
His lauds in ceaseless strains repeat:
Worthy the Lamb, that for his death
Each pulse should to his honour beat;
That to his throne the sacrifice
Of prayer and praise like incense rise.

682. T. 208.

THANKS, beloved Saviour,
For thy every favour
On thy church conferr'd;
Fervent be our praises,
While each soul retraces
All thy mercies, Lord:
Every day we would extol
Thee, our constant benefactor,
Guardian, guide, instructor.

2 All our wants thou knowest,
And such gifts bestowest,
As our need requires;
Each disease thou healest,
And our pardon sealest,
Granting our desires:
For thy countless benefits,
Lord, our souls shall bless thee ever:
We 'll forget them never.

683. T. 14.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From God, by my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he hath bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

3 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

684.* T. 166.

THANKS be to thee, O Lamb of God,
For thy unfathomable grace:

How many benefits bestow'd
Forgotten and unnoticed pass:
When I thy love astonished see,
What lengths, breadths, heights, and depths appear;
Eternity, immensity,
These, these its only limits are.

685. T. 83.

NOW with joyful songs appear,
And with humble adoration,
'Fore the Lord; he 's always near
To his ransom'd congregation:
With the poor he deigns to dwell:
He is named Immanuel.

686.* T. 121.

IN joyful hymns of praise,
Like one man, sweetly raise
Voices quite united;
With our liturgic lays
Our Saviour is delighted;
He 'll with gracious ear
Our thanksgivings hear,
And we feel him near.

687.* T. 58.

WHEN all thy mercies, Lord, to mind we call,
Astonish'd at thy feet we humbly fall:
Grant us still in future thy kind direction,
Till in us all the aim of thy election
Be quite obtain'd.

688.* T. 155.

THOU, our Light, our Leading star,
Who hast kindly us directed
And protected;
When thy mercies, daily new,
We review,
In the dust we fall before thee,
Lost in wonder we adore thee;
None can give thee praises due.

689. T. 590.

O GOD, at thy command we rise
Thy glorious name to bless:
Thee, the great Lord of earth and skies,
We joyfully confess:
Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love,
And this (transporting thought!) shall be,
Our endless work above.

690. T. 167.

WORSHIP, honour, praise, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive:
Grateful praises without ceasing
It is meet that we should give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing the Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

691.* T. 114.

THE Lamb of God unspotted, pure, and holy,
Who by his death us reconciled to God,
And from our sins hath wash'd us in his blood,
Is worthy, that each knee bow 'fore him lowly,
That every tongue with gladness him confess
The only Lord, unto the Father's praise.

692. T. 249.

WITH holy awe we sing,
To God :‖: the glory bring:
To thee, eternal King,
Blessing and praise be ever given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven:
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

693.* T. 39.

O THAT we with gladness of spirit for ever
Adored and praised our crucified Saviour;
O might each pulsation thanksgiving express,
And each breath we draw be an anthem of praise.

2 The Lamb who by blood our salvation obtained,
Took on him our curse, and death freely sustained,

Is worthy of praises, let with one accord
All people say, Amen, O praise ye the Lord.

694. T. 249.

IN humble, grateful lays,
The Lord :‖: of hosts we praise,
His saving name confess;
Yea, fill'd with holy awe, revere
The Father, Son, and Comforter:
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

2 Praise to the slaughter'd Lamb:
His love :‖: we will proclaim,
Who died us to redeem; [beat,
O might each pulse thanksgiving
And every breath his praise repeat:
From angels and from men,
To the Lamb slain
All honour doth pertain.

695. T. 230.

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration
Be given to God without cessation,
To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord:
For his mercy, love, and favour
To us, his flock, endure for ever;
Bless, bless his name with one accord:
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujah!
In highest strain
Praise the Lamb slain:
Let heaven and earth reply,
Amen.

XXX. PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

696. T. 582.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows his cheering face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee was spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 My soul, believe and pray,
Without a *doubt believe;*
Whate'er we ask in God's own way
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent,
To fervent, persevering prayer
He 'll every blessing grant.

697. T. 11.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray,
And sends none unheard away.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Oh, do not my suit disdain!
None shall seek thy face in vain.

698.* T. 10.

THE prayers of the needy,
Thou, Lord, to hear art ready,
Thy mercy and forbearance
We every day experience.

2 When thee in faith addressing,
Thou no good gift nor blessing
Unto thy church deniest,
But all her wants suppliest.

3 In thee we trust for ever,
Since thou to each believer
Afford'st that consolation:
I've heard thy supplication.

699. T. 583.

THE love of Christ to me is greater far
Than outwardly it doth to man ap- [pear;
When I before him my complaints make known,
He sympathizeth with them as his own.

2 As oft as I approach the holy place,
And bow 'fore him by whom I live through grace,
Most graciously he answers my re- [quest,
And thus my troubled heart is soothed to rest.

700.* T. 136.

THIS yields me joy,
That God, in his compassion,
Does not reject my prayer and sup-
But graciously [plication,
Regards my poverty;
That with unwearied patience he is ready
At all times to attend to me, his child most needy,
And to relieve my wants is nigh:
This yields me joy.

2 Long as I live,
The promises of Jesus
I'll to myself apply, to me they're
When I to him, [precious;
My faithful Saviour, cleave,
And pond ring on his wonders, kneel before him,
Praise him with tears of joy, and in the dust adore him,
I of his love fresh proofs receive
While here I live.

3 I'm well assured
His love to me is tender:
Therefore I now my all to him sur-
He's merciful, [render;
A kind, forgiving Lord:
Though I may not immediately experience
The succour which I ask, I'll wait with faith and patience;
For he at last will help afford,
I'm well assured.

4 Praise ye the Lord,
Whose kindness, grace, and favour,
Unto his congregation last for ever;
Whose presence cheers
His chosen witnesses:
Where'er we are, to him ourselves addressing
In prayer, we surely shall not fail to share his blessing;
We therefore sing with one accord:
Praise ye the Lord.

701.* T. 16.

QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God my friend;
Now from worldly cares receding,
I my time in prayer will spend.

2 O how blessed are the moments,
When the Lord himself draws near,
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my prayer.

702. T. 14.

MANY complaints to Christ I can Ev'n by a sigh relate,
Which I can't represent to man,
They are too delicate.

703. T. 16.

NE'ER dejected—unaffected,
May I walk before thee here;
What distresses—or oppresses,
Pouring in thy faithful ear.

704.* T. 79.

WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait:
O lend a gracious ear
Unto my manifold complaints:
I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,
And deign thy needy child to hear.

2 Grant me an upright simple heart,
A cheerful mind to me impart,
Free from sin's galling load:

O may I of my sinfulness
Always retain a consciousness,
But not serve sin; forbid it, God!

3 Grant me a harmless, dove-like mind,
To true humility inclined;
Thy will be mine indeed:
O may I labour, constantly
Endow'd with spirit's poverty,
From every hurtful influence freed.

4 In peace with all may I be found,
Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,
In praying faithful be;
A share in others' welfare take,
The schemes and plots of Satan break,
Fast bound unto thy church and thee.

5 Presence of mind on me bestow;
A readiness O may I show
To execute thy will:
When I enjoy the highest good,
Partaking of thy flesh and blood,
My soul with thy love's ardour fill:

6 May I be serious, childlike too,
In all essentials firm and true;
Give me a trusty ear:
A sympathising, tender heart,
In joy and sorrow to take part,
And gladly others' burdens bear.

7 In converse make me tractable
And mild; in storms invincible,
And never prone to yield:
May I maintain incessantly
A tender fellowship with thee,
From day to day by grace upheld.

8 Thy unction O may I obey,
And tread the pilgrim's rugged way;
Grant I may shun no toil:
In all my senses render me
Well exercised, and let me be
Anointed with thy gladd'ning oil.

9 What for myself I thus request,
That pray I also for the rest
Of those who cheerfully
Go forth, salvation to proclaim
Thro' faith in thy most holy name,
Wherever they are sent by thee.

10 Thou of all nations the desire,
With zeal thy ministers inspire;
And grant that every field,
With gospel-seed already sown,
In Gentile lands, or in our own,
May an abundant harvest yield.

11 O Father, as with pleasure own,
The dear-bought purchase of thy Son;
O Spirit, be our guide,
To us thy saving light afford;
O Christ, the church's Head and Lord,
May we for ever thine abide.

705.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, thy body's Head and Saviour,
On us, thy children, deign to look in favour;
Our grateful hearts with thanks are overflowing,
Before thee bowing.

2 What peace do we derive, what consolation,
What strength from thy atoning death and passion:
Impress'd with holy reverence we adore thee,
And fall before thee.

3 Thy goodness, as thy power, is past expression;
We trust that thou, whene'er with supplication
We seek thy face, in mercy wilt accept us, And not reject us.

4 O Lord, thou great High-priest of our profession,
Who at God's right hand makest intercession,
And by thy powerful prayers to help the needy Art ever ready:—

5 The many drops of blood which from thee flowed,
The streams of tears which oft thy cheeks bedewed,
Are all in our behalf for mercy pleading And interceding.

6 O may thy church before thee bloom like flowers,
Unto thy praise, through thy atonement's powers;
Yea, glorify thy name in us, dear Saviour, Both now and ever.

706.* T. 83.

FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship
Offer fervent supplication,
Whether to rejoice or weep
We may now have most occasion;

When the lips no more can pray,
Sighs will find to him their way.

2 O may he so sensibly
Bless us with his grace and favour,
That we in humility
May rejoice in him, our Saviour,
May he in his mercy grant
All we weep for, all we want.

3 May his presence constantly
Yield us joy and consolation,
In the certain hope that he
Will regard our supplication,
Grant our prayers, and much more give
Than we 're worthy to receive.

4 This be our supreme delight,
To remain in closest union
With our Lord both day and night,
And enjoy his sweet communion;
This our heaven while here we stay,
Him to love, serve, and obey.

707.* T. 79.

O THOU, who in the sanctuary
Dost minister, thy church supply
With incense for her prayer;
Grant to us all a cheerful heart;
A burning steady light impart,
Defended from all noxious air.

2 Lord, give us an attentive ear,
Which may thy voice distinctly hear,
An eye to view thee still;
And priestly lips to tell thy praise,
And feet earth's rugged, craggy ways
To traverse without fearing ill.

3 Our hands for blessing hallow'd be,
Our bodies temples be to thee,
Our souls enjoy thy peace;
A breeze divine our spirits cheer,
Grant us thy still small voice to hear,
Unknown save to thy flock of [grace.

708.* T. 79.

LORD, our High-priest and Saviour,
Pour fire and spirit's fervour
On all thy priestly bands;
When we are interceding,
And for thy people pleading,
Give incense and hold up our hands.

2 By thine illumination,
Thy church's situation
In the true light we trace:
We rise from prayer with blessing,
O'ercome what is distressing
Through thee, and run with joy our race.

709.* T. 114.

WHENEVER we with ardent supplication
Survey the kingdom of thy cross, O Lord,
And recollect the promised, rich reward
For thy soul's travail, bitter death, and passion,
The hope we cherish that thy flock of grace
On earth will still abundantly increase.

2 O Father of thy people, we implore thee,
The church, the fruit of Jesus' sufferings, bless;
Refresh thine heritage with showers of grace,
The cause is thine, and thine alone the glory:
May Jesus thousands as a spoil obtain,
And his disciples constant victory gain.

3 Spirit of truth, who Christ's blood-bought salvation
Sett'st forth, and glorifiest his sacrifice,
May hosts of sinners, list'ning to thy voice,
Receive with joy the gospel invitation,
And, by thee gather'd, see their names enroll'd
Among the sheep of Jesus' ransom'd fold.

710.* T. 583.

LORD Jesus, may thy blood-bought church increase
From day to day in knowledge and in grace;
To all her choirs those special blessings grant,
Which they in their degree and measure want.

2 Thy servants and thy handmaids keep in faith,
And ground them all on thy atoning death;
Let those who have the care of souls, by thee
Be taught; thus will their labour prosperous be.

3 May all our pastors who instruct thy sheep,
Firm to the word of thy atonement keep;
To act as in thy sight O give them grace,
In word and walk may they show forth thy praise.

4 For all our meetings, for each conference,
We crave the blessing of thy countenance; [love
Keep in the bond of harmony and
All elders, and their strength in weakness prove.

5 Remain our Lord, our Shepherd, Head, and King,
And each to the other in subjection bring:
Thy flocks preserve in peace and unity,
And walk among them with complacency.

6 From grace to grace still further lead us on,
And finish the good work thou hast begun;
That we thy saving name may magnify,
And for thy bitter torments yield thee joy.

7 Thy messengers, who storms and waves disdain,
To teach the nations and their souls to gain,
Bless thou, and touch their lips with hallow'd fire;
To witness of thy death their tongues inspire.

8 On Israel's scatter'd tribes look down in grace,
In mercy visit soon the old covenant race,
Their stubbornness subdue, remove the veil, [hail.
That they may thee as the Messiah

9 May thy whole flock, by thee their Shepherd led,
Afford thee joy, and in thy footsteps tread;
Unto eternal life let us by faith
Feed on the merits of thy blood and death.

10 May all thy people far and near fulfil,
Supported by thy aid, thy holy will;
To thee all praise, all honour doth pertain,
Let all who love thy name, reply, Amen.

711.* T. 583.

THOU hast thy church appointed, Lord, through grace,
Thy saving name to honour and confess,
A church that in herself is void of good,
But yet by thee with power divine endow'd.

2 Teach us to pray for all the ransom'd fold:
Lord, from thy church no needful gift withhold,
As head and ruler in thy house remain,
And be the leader of thy witness-train.

3 Grant that we all may steadfastly adhere
To those great truths, by thee to us made clear:
Although we have but little strength, may we,
Abiding in thy word, preserved be.

4 O let thy congregation feel thy peace,
And daily may her joy in thee increase:
Preserve her graciously from every harm,
Protect her by thy strong and mighty arm.

5 Grant her to thee an ever free access,
That cheerful to the mark she onward press,

And far and near, supported by thy aid,
Extend thy knowledge, and thy gospel spread.

6 Thou know'st our wants, and comfort dost impart
Unto each needy, poor, and sin-sick heart:
Yea, by thy body and thy precious blood
Thou giv'st to us an ever-strengthening food.

7 By thee as Shepherd of the flock we're led,
Till we shall join the church now perfected: [fulfil,
Till then thy blessed aim with us
And teach us in all things to do thy will.

712. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Saviour, bless thy congregation,
Richly all her wants supply:
Be our only joy and consolation,
Till we quit mortality:
Of each weight may we be more divested,
Live beneath thy sceptre unmolested,
In thy matchless radiance shine,
Filled with thy love divine.

2 Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus,
Who thy dying love proclaim:
That with joy they may to distant places
Bear thy great and glorious name:
By thy arm O may they be defended,
Till their pilgrimage on earth is ended,
And they are with thee at rest:
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

713.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy presence bless,
By land and sea, thy witnesses;
In every danger them defend,
In every trial prove their friend.

2 O may thy word in Christendom
Be blest, and may thy kingdom *come*;
May all thy ministers succ
In bringing fruit to thee tl

3 Preserve in constant lov
And thro' thy blessing stil
Thy little flocks, which far
In towns and villages app

4 Thy thoughts of peac fulfil,
Incline our hearts to do th
Thy gospel make more full
May all the world thy go d

714.* T.

ACCORDING to thy merc
True Christian faith to us
That we thy kindness, lov
May taste throughout our f

2 Hold over us thy gracious
Protect and keep us to the
From earthly noise and m
Retired and still to walk v

3 O grant that we may thi
And deeper ground in thee
Yea, give us to our latest
To enjoy the merits of thy

715. T.

ATTEND, O Saviour, to o
All things by thy appoint
We thee confess the sove
Thy name be every where

2 Thou who on earth the heal,
And to the poor thy love
O comfort, by a look from
All who are now in miser

3 Nearer and nearer draw
Might all but know thy h
Subdue all pride and stub
O Lord, by thy prevailing

4 Preserve by thy most g
Those who have thee t made;
Grant that, in all things blame,
In meekness they may name.

716. T.

JESUS, hear our fervent
Own thy people, seal u

Thee to obey from day to day
By thy Spirit us incline.
Us for ever bless and keep,
Mark us as thy chosen sheep;
From thy fulness to us grant
Every grace and gift we want.

717.* T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, with fervent supplication
We lift up our hearts to thee:
Bless, we pray, thy ransom'd congregation,
Grant that young and old may be
Plants of thy dear heavenly Father's planting,
That on thy great day none may be wanting:
Unconfounded, without fear,
Then to meet thee all prepare.

718.* T. 166.

O JESUS, bless thy witnesses,
Spread over them thy arms of love,
Behold them in their destined race,
Where bold in faith's bright path they move:
Support them under every load,
Console them when they weep 'fore thee,
And help them for thy aid bestow'd
To praise thy name continually.

719.* T. 159.

ABUNDANTLY our Saviour's hand
Bestoweth gifts and grace,
This we in many a distant land
With inward joy can trace:
When for his work engaged in prayer,
We know, he our requests will hear,
And confidently can believe,
A rich increase he 'll give.

720. T. 185.

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy congregation,
Bless each choir and family;
Bless the youth, the rising generation,
Bless the children dear to thee;
Bless thy servants, grant them grace and unction,
That they may with care discharge their function:
Lord, on thee we humbly call,
Let thy blessing rest on all.

721.* T. 1.

O LORD, ashamed and blushing we declare,
That we thy poor insolvent debtors are.

2 O lift on us thy gracious countenance,
In mercy look upon our indigence.

3 Grant us each blessing purchased by thy blood,
O'ersream our souls with that atoning flood.

722.* T. 97.

OFT as the church the blessings weighs
Derived from Jesus' saving grace,
And ponders on his faithful care,
Which she each day doth richly share,
By love constrain'd to pray she is inclined
For the prosperity of all mankind.

2 For all put in authority
We supplicate most fervently;
The magistrates thou hast ordain'd
Support by thy almighty hand,
In guarding church and state give them success;
The land in which we live protect and bless.

3 From strife and tumult, God of grace,
Preserve us; bless the land with peace:
May all men willingly obey
Rulers, ordain'd to bear the sway;
And under their protection, grant that we
May live in godliness and honesty.

723. T. 97.

SINCE rulers are ordain'd that they
O'er other men should bear the sway,
To punish evil, and protect
The good; O grant, that they may act

As in thy name, according to thy word,
And be thyself their shield and great reward.

2 Let the whole world thy mercy see,
Bless those, who humbly cleave to thee,
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence,
We trust, thou 'lt hear our prayers, yea, for each want,
More than we ask or think, unto us grant.

724.* T. 151.

AMEN, this the conclusion
Of our petitions be:
Lord, by thy blood's effusion,
Let us belong to thee;
Thus we await, possessing
True bliss while we are here,
The time, when joys unceasing
We once with thee shall share.

XXXI. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AND THE CONGREGATION OF THE BRETHREN.

725.* T. 520.

PRAISE God for ever:
Boundless is his favour
To his church and chosen flock,
Founded on Christ the rock,
His almighty Son,
On fair Mount Zion,
By his Spirit, grace, and word:
Blest city of the Lord,
Thou in spite of every powerful foe
Shalt unshaken stand, and prospering grow,
'Midst disgrace—to God's praise,
Both in love and unity:
Praise God eternally.

2 It plain appeareth,
As God's word declareth,
That the Lord his flock defends,
Through mercy which ne'er ends;
As he was of old
With his chosen fold,
Thus his power and faithfulness
We in the church may trace:
For our God his people still protects
And 'mongst them his righteous throne erects:
Praises be—given to thee,
Mighty God, Immanuel,
That thou with us wilt dwell.

3 God our salvation
Feeds his congregation
With his word and sacrament;
All evil doth prevent,
That the weak and poor
Here may dwell secure:
Order is herein maintain'd
By discipline unstain'd,
And God's servants watch with faithful care
O'er his flock, and offer fervent prayer:
God our Lord—will afford
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Until the end of days.

726. T. 167.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
In his courts to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

727.* T. 69.

HOW amiable
Thy habitations are,
Wherein assemble
Thy Christian people dear,
O Lord,—thy praises to record.

2 My heart with fervour
And inward longing pants,
Thy grace and favour
To tell there with thy saints,
Boldly—the truth to testify.

3 For there thou choosest
To dwell, my living Tower;
Sweet rest diffusest
From that place evermore,
Which thou—ordained hast thereto.

4 There is asserted
The new birth spiritual;
Souls are converted
By thy pure gospel's call,
And there—in Christ's church grafted are.

5 For this I 'm longing,
To be throughout my days
Thereto belonging,
Thy holy name to praise,
And thee—to serve incessantly.

6 All those are blessed
That come into thine house;
With awe expressed,
Which deep conviction shows,
And pray—and to thee homage pay.

7 Thou dost deliver
Thy church in all distress:
Thou art our Saviour;
Whate'er may us oppress,
Victory—we may obtain thro' thee.

8 One day is better
Spent in the Christian church,
Thy praise to utter,
Than thousands spent in search
Of joy—in the broad worldly way.

9 This territory
The Lord as sun doth light,
Gives grace and glory,
And sanctified delight
To all—who on his mercy call.

10 Yea, his condition
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,
Whom thou admission
Dost to thy church afford,
And so—the heavenly kingdom too.

11 Through grace afford us,
Dear Lord, church-liberty,
To each good purpose,
That we our days employ
With care—thy holy word to hear.

728.* T. 166.

UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our King;
In stillness he collects his flock,
Leads on, doth to perfection bring,
And grounds it on himself the rock:
With little hurry, noise, or show,
He safely guideth every soul;
No more the blinded world can do
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2 Thy church, great Saviour, bought with blood,
Despised of men, but dear to thee,
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
An easy yoke; thrice happy she,
When bearing thy reproach below,
She still partakes of thy free grace;
The grace thou richly dost bestow,
And which affliction's load outweighs.

3 Thou hast with shepherd's faithfulness
Brought many souls to thy bleat fold,
Made them partakers of thy grace,
Amongst thy followers them enroll'd;

They yield thee pleasure and delight,
When they thy voice hear and obey,
And while they in thy love unite,
Thou guid'st them through life's narrow way.

4 We humbly pray, support the weak,
Support thy children by thy grace;
Thou know'st for thee athirst we seek,
Kind Master of thy chosen race;
We know thy faithfulness and love,
Thy mercy all our wants supplies;
May spirit, soul, and body prove
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5 By thee protected, gracious Lord,
O may we ever live secure,
Led by thy Spirit, grace, and word,
Relying on thy covenant sure:
Thy work O prosper and defend,
We're feeble, but confide in thee;
Let thy true followers to the end
Amidst oppression conquerors be.

729.* T. 22.

AS long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains;
It was, it is, and will be so
With his church militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
Remains his church's glorious dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our corner stone remain,
Our rock which will unshaken stay
When heaven & earth are fled away.

4 The Spirit which anointed Christ,
By which the apostles were baptized,
Proceeding from the church's Head,
Is given to us, and makes us glad.

5 That cause shall never suffer harm
Which rests on Jesus' mighty arm;
What men can do we need not fear,
No foe shall even touch a hair:—

6 For these our God hath number'd all,
Without his leave not one can fall;
If in the least he be so true,
What will he not in greater do?

7 He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word;
And while our Jesus reigns above,
His church will more than conquerors prove.

730.* T. 22.

AS birds their infant brood protect
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
So will I guard Jerusalem.

2 And what is then Jerusalem,
The darling object of his care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son:
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own

4 Though foes on every side assail,
This city hath a sure defence;
Against her they shall ne'er prevail
While guarded by Omnipotence.

731.* T. 126.

THE Lord, ere he appeared
Upon this earth as man,
Already had prepared
The great and glorious plan,
A church to gather to his praise,
And had before ordained
How this should come to pass.

2 Though man, by sin deceived,
God's image forfeited,
Yet Christ this loss retrieved,
By dying in his stead;
Thou Bridegroom of the church, once slain,
What anguish did it cost thee,
Thy faithless bride to gain!

3 O days of solid blessing,
When Christ, the sun of grace,
All other light surpassing,
His healing beams displays:
Then walking on the narrow way,
Our path we can discover,
Till dawn of endless day.

4 When we shall see our Jesus,
In majesty most bright,
O how will this abase us,
When in his kingdom's light

And heavenly glory we shall share:
Lord Jesus, for thy coming
Thy church on earth prepare.

5 We shall possess for ever
Those joys divine in heaven,
Of which to the believer
A foretaste here is given;
And our redemption by his blood
Shall be our song eternal
Before the throne of God.

732. T. 97.

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair;
What peace, what bliss, inhabit there:
With ardent hope, with strong desire,
My heart, my flesh, to thee aspire;
How oft I long thy heavenly courts and thee,
My Lord and God, the living God, to see.

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart hath form'd, and still doth form;
One gift I ask, that to my end
Thine hallow'd house I may attend:
There may I joyful find a safe abode,
There may I view the beauty of my God.

733. T. 90.

THE consecrated house we love,
Where God vouchsafes to place his name;
Nor will we, Lord, from thence remove,
But jointly there thy praise proclaim,
And daily to thy courts repair,
To seek thee in the house of prayer.

2 But oh, the house of living stones
We never can neglect nor leave;
That temple which the world disowns,
To that in life and death we cleave,
Thro' faith to every member join'd,
The church diffused through all mankind.

734.* T. 9.

ONE there is to Christ well known,
And by him approved,
Poor and needy, yet his own,
His bride, his beloved.

2 She to Christ, her matchless friend,
Love sincere declareth,
And with a devoted mind
His cross gladly beareth.

3 We one Lord and Saviour own,
Even Christ our brother,
Of our flesh and of our bone;
We know of none other.

4 He upon his heart doth bear
All his souls redeemed,
All his Father's children dear
Now through grace esteemed.

735.* T. 234.

THOU sovereign Lord of earth and heaven,
And of our hearts, to thee for ever
Be homage paid and praises given,
For thy eternal love and favour;
The subjects of thy government,
Who from thy death have life obtained,
Their souls and bodies now present
To thee as trophies dearly gain'd:
Thou, Lord, this gift entire,
Dost of us all require,
As justly due by thee 'tis claimed;
And until all have grace
To live unto thy praise,
The faithful part must stand ashamed.

2 We worship thee with filial fear,
As part of thy blest congregation,
With all who with us grounded are
On Apostolic truth's foundation,
Where Jesus is the corner-stone,
And give thee praise for our election;
In thee we put our trust alone,
Thou, Lord, wilt lead us to perfection:
O grant us to make known
Thy truth, and freely own,
That faith from works can't be disjoined;
That piety on grace
Must rest, and faithfulness
With faith must ever be combined.

736.* T. 221.

THOU Monarch of all, thou Lord God of creation,
How wonderful, and yet how blest,
Appears in the church thy wise administration, [fess'd:
Of which thou art the Head con-
'Tis here for the needy all help abounds;
To keep the eye steady fix'd on thy wounds,
The sum is and substance with poor contrite sinners
Of all the wise maxims whereby they are winners.

2 What is it that makes us stand fast in one spirit,
Lord Jesus, author of our faith?
What is it cements us?—"Tis only thy merit,
Thy wounds and all-atoning death:
Ye heralds of mercy, with courage good [blood:
Redemption proclaim now in Jesus'
No heart e'er dissolved by Sinai's thunder,
But rocks at the message of peace cleave asunder.

3 Art thou not refresh'd with divine consolation,
Thou ransom'd, highly favour'd flock,
When drinking with joy of the wells of salvation,
Which freely flow from Christ the rock? [bled;
Who now would be fearful? for us he
Who would not be cheerful? 'tis finished!
This doctrine we'll hold and declare without ceasing;
His cross brings us peace, 'tis the source of all blessing.

737.* T. 26.

CHRIST is the church's Lord and Head; [fidence,
This makes us hope with con-
That he will be our sure defence
And help in every time of need.

2 O may our fellowship abide
An honour to his blessed name;
May he in us fulfil his aim,
That we throughout be sanctified.

738.* T. 14.

THE great salvation of the Lord
Abides his church's joy,
To honour him with sweet accord,
Our fav'rite, blest employ.

2 Into the bosom of our Friend
Both joy and grief we pour,
Until our griefs shall have an end,
And sorrows be no more.

3 What comfort, what supreme de-
Do we enjoy, what bliss, [light,
When the Lamb slain appears in sight:
Might the whole world know this.

739.* T. 14.

HAPPY, O Lord, are they who wait
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
Upon thy statutes meditate,
And learn to do thy will.

2 How blessed is thy family;
Thy kind support they prove:
All may be done by faith in thee,
From strength to strength they move.

740. T. 168.

O HOW blessed is the station
Of all those who love the Lord,
Who partake of his salvation,
Trusting in his sacred word:
Blest who, in love's bond united,
To his altars are invited;
In his courts on earth they dwell,
There his matchless praise to tell.

741. T. 14.

HAIL, church of Christ, bought with his blood!
The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee, thro' boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part:
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place?
Who, gather'd round the erected cross,
Enjoy redeeming grace?—

5 O yes, nor would I change my lot
For all this world can give;
By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
To thee alone I'll live.

742.* T. 205.

RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives;
Glad we are his praise to sing,
He his people's praise receives:
On his powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice;
His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.

2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to him with joy;
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'Tis through grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

3 Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace;
Boldly things not seen achieve,
Trusting in thy promises:
Faith thy people's stronghold is;
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy grace alone.

4 Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below;
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow;
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide:
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

5 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fulness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

743.* T. 26.

WHO can the love of Christ express
To those who, by his blood redeemed,
Are as the heirs of life esteemed?
He owns them as his chosen race.

2 With thanks before his throne appear,
And praise his name, dear congregation,
For every proof and demonstration,
That you his favour'd people are.

3 We know his boundless love and grace,
Enjoy his goodness, care, and favour,
He keeps his covenant for ever;
Can aught exceed his faithfulness?

4 O might this church of Christ always
Be to the world a bright example,
How by the Holy Ghost a temple
May be constructed to his praise.

744. T. 155.

JESUS, Prince of life once slain,
Thy remembrance ever raises
Thanks and praises;
And thy love, when shed abroad,
Lamb of God,
Prompts us, gather'd here before thee,
With abasement to adore thee
For thy sufferings, wounds, & blood.

2 To redeem us from the fall,
Thou hast death for us endured,
And procured
For all those who trust in thee
Mercy free;
Now thy ransom'd congregation
Has thee for her sole foundation,
Here and in eternity.

3 Since thou hast deliver'd us
From the yoke of every stranger
And all danger,
In thee, Saviour of the lost,
Is our boast:
From thy all-sufficient merit
We eternal life inherit,
For thy blood hath paid the cost.

4 May thy ransom'd people, Lord,
To thy inmost courts admitted,
For priests fitted,
Offering prayer and praise to thee
Willingly,
Prize their glorious destination,
Yield to thee their ministration,
And thy faithful followers be.

5 Sanctify us for thyself,
From each thing by thy soul hated
Separated:
Freed from this world's sinful ways,
Grant us grace
In our walk and whole demeanour
As new creatures thee to honour,
And thy holy name to praise.

6 Deep engrave it on our hearts,
How by thee we are esteemed,
Why redeemed;
Ev'n to practise in these days
Heaven's ways:
'Midst all poverty and weakness,
To grow up into thy likeness,
And at judgment be thy praise.

7 O lift up thy countenance
On thy church; in love remember
Every member;
Might none who would not be thine
Enter in;
May we all, in thee believing,
Grace for grace from thee receiving,
Needful strength and succour win.

745.* T. 166.

THY church, O Lamb of God appears
Before thee, fill'd with humble shame:
Our eyes o'erflow with grateful tears,
With melted hearts we praise thy name,
For the discoveries of thy grace,
And proofs of all thy faithful care,
Experienced in so various ways,
Of which each soul can witness bear.

2 With thanks we call to mind the day,
On which the power of thy blood
We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,
As sinners dead and void of good;
The willing slaves of sin and death
We were, and enemies to thee;
But granting us a living faith,
Thou from the curse didst set us free.

3 Is there a thing that warms the heart,
That stirs up gratitude and love?
It is the grace thou dost impart,
Thy blood, the power of which we prove:
We sink astonish'd at thy feet,
Thy mercy 's an unfathom'd sea,
How can we find expressions meet,
Who but so lately loved thee?

4 The word of Jesus' bloody sweat,
Of his dire passion, wounds, and death,
With power our souls doth penetrate,
And quicken with life-giving breath:
The powers of hell this vanquishes,
Supports the church in every need;
Though Satan to the threshold press,
Christ's blood his entrance doth forbid.

5 Who in the Spirit's light can trace
The church of God he must declare,
It is alone through Jesus' grace
That she abiding fruit can bear:
To him all honour doth pertain,
Who by his blood made her his own:
Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain,
The Lord for us great things hath done.

6 The church of Christ who views aright,
He sees a glorious master-piece,
And must with wonder and delight,
Adore him who the author is;
Her beauty plainly doth appear
To those who have discerning eyes;
Her songs delight the ravish'd ear
Of all who know celestial joys.

7 She Christ, her faithful Shepherd, knows,
Attends to his instructive voice;
Amidst adversity she grows,
In her election doth rejoice;
Is by the holy Spirit led,
The blood of covenant maintains
Her union with the Lord her Head,
In whom she constant victory gains.

746. T. 164.

O THOU, who out of sin's dark night,
Hast us, thy children, called,
And hast thy glorious gospel-light
Unto our hearts revealed;
Abased with shame we all
Before thee humbly fall,
And render for electing grace
To thee, Lord Jesus, thanks and praise.

2 The patience, love, unwearied care,
Abundant grace and blessing,
Thou dost bestow from year to year,
Are truly past expressing;

Great mercy thou hast shown
To us, we freely own,
Yet hath thy aim, most faithful
Friend,
With us not fully been obtain'd.

3 What rich returns of thankfulness
From us might be expected;
Who, that we might show forth thy
praise,
Have been through grace elected;
But here we blush for shame,
Unworthy of the name
We bear, while of our heavenly call
As yet so very short we fall.

4 May we show forth continually,
In our whole conversation,
What we to others testify
Of thee and thy salvation:
May all men in us see,
Our words and works agree;
Then shall we of redeeming love
To others a sweet savour prove.

5 But are there such among us still,
Whose hearts thy love ne'er
warmed,
Who, tho' their wretched state they
Are not thereby alarmed? [feel,
O rouse them from death's sleep,
That they may pray and weep,
And flee as sinners to thy wounds,
Where for the vilest grace abounds.

747. T. 79.

THRICE happy congregation
For thy predestination
Adore the suffering Lamb:
Who, moved by love unbounded,
To purchase thee was wounded,
The cross endured, despised the
shame.

2 It ne'er can be expressed
In words, how thou art blessed;
Thy happy lot hold fast:
Thy ransom, so expensive,
Is surely more extensive,
Than barely to be saved at last.

3 O yes, our free election,
By our kind Lord's direction,
Is of a nobler kind;
John's portion to inherit,
To be with Christ one spirit,
Rightly acquainted with his mind:

4 To this world crucified,
For his use sanctified,
In body and in soul,
Till we to his full stature
Are grown, and of his nature
Partakers are, throughout the
whole:—

5 A bow of grace, appearing
To the world, witness bearing
That God is well inclined;
A light, whose radiation,
From Christ's illumination
Derived, may shine to all man-
kind.

6 In each state and condition,
Teach us, Lord, with precision
To execute thy will:
Be our heart's inclination
Thy every intimation,
To understand, and to fulfil.

7 The Father's kind inspection,
His blessing and protection,
Be daily our support;
The holy Spirit's leading,
And Jesus' powerful pleading,
Convey us through this world un-
hurt.

748.* T. 155.

CHURCH of Christ, sing and rejoice,
Bring the Lord, thro' all thy classes,
Thanks and praises,
Glory, honour, might, and power
Evermore;
Since he is our Head and Saviour,
And his mercy, grace, and favour
Richly doth on us bestow.

2 When we on his faithfulness,
Love and mercy duly ponder,
Lost in wonder,
We desire his name to praise:
For his grace,
Love, and goodness never ceaseth;
He the number still increaseth
Of the church in which he rules.

3 Highly favour'd church, thou art
Still beyond all contradiction,
'Midst affliction,
By the Lord who thee redeem'd,
Much esteem'd;
Therefore may thy whole behaviour,
Be an honour to thy Saviour,
Whose great mercy never ends.

4 Tho' thou hast but little strength,
Let thy faith be manifested
And attested
By unfeigned love to him;
Serve his name
With true zeal in every station,
As his feeble congregation,
Which relies on his support.

749. T. 161.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the rock,
Own with thanks and adoration,
He 's the Shepherd, we his flock;
He 's our Saviour,—whose great favour
We 've 'midst many trials proved;
We 're unworthy, yet beloved.

2 Church of Christ, within thy borders
Truth prevail and love unfeign'd;
Be thy government and orders
With due faithfulness maintain'd;
Lord, most holy,—may we truly
Prize our great predestination
In thy chosen congregation.

3 Think, my soul, how great the favour
In Jehovah's courts to dwell;
There poor sinners meet their Saviour,
There the sin-sick souls grow well:
Was not Jesus—always gracious,
When we, conscious how we failed,
To his loving heart appealed?

4 Here by faith we 're humbly eyeing
Our Redeemer on the cross;
We behold him bleeding, dying,
To gain endless bliss for us:
Here is ready—for the needy
Meat and drink at Jesus' table,
Which to explain we are not able.

5 In thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more and more abound;
This thy word and Spirit teach us,
As its mark to all around:
May we learning—and discerning
Both thy doctrine and example,
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6 Grant that with thy chosen people
Each may serve thee evermore,
Following thee as thy disciple,
And in spirit thee adore:
Gracious Saviour,—with heart's fervour,
May we walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast appointed.

750.* T. 26.

REDEEMED souls, adore and praise
Our merciful and gracious God,
For all the blessings he bestow'd,
For all the wonders of his grace.

2 The Lord for us great things hath done,
Our warmest thanks to him are due:
We trace his goodness when we view
His church, where he erects his throne.

3 We humbly take what he 'll bestow,
Who would refuse his boundless grace?
O may his church in every place
His blessed views more fully know.

4 We all in spirit are agreed
To follow Jesus as his flock,
To build on him, our only rock,
And on the path of life proceed.

5 And though a rugged path it be,
On which we oft with trials meet,
And many dangers us beset,
It leads to true felicity.

6 The Father's garden here below
With patience must be watch'd indeed;
For as in nature 'tis, the seed
Must die before the plant can grow.

7 Here is our hand; us, Lord, assist
To serve thee, 'midst reproach and shame,
And thy atonement to proclaim,
Until we in thy presence rest.

8 In mutual love and harmony,
Our solemn covenant we renew;
Say thou in grace, Amen, thereto:
We give our hearts and hands to thee.

751.* T. 16.

CHURCH of Christ, thy destination
Is to joy in him by faith;
He hath purchased thy salvation,
He hath ransom'd thee from death.

2 Sin-sick souls, repair for healing
To his stripes and bleeding wounds;

Then retain a grateful feeling
Of the grace which there abounds.

3 In all wants, in all distresses,
Thence deriving sure relief;
Looking daily unto Jesus,
Who to gladness turns your grief;—

4 Join his church in this confession:
I am sinful, weak, and poor,
But my Saviour's birth and passion
Prove to me the richest store;—

5 Nought but Jesus' grace, his merit,
And his blood-bought righteousness,
Is the cause why I inherit
Life, and peace, and holiness.

6 Jesus' death thy strength abideth,
Church of Philadelphia;
He who in aught else confideth
Goes Laodicea's way.

752.* T. 126.

THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,
The Saviour's happy bride,
Arise, show forth his praises
Who for thee bled and died:
Ye, though a people poor and mean,
Of God are highly honour'd
Because the Lamb was slain.

2 In our degree and measure
His love we will proclaim
In lowliness with pleasure
Yield service to his name;
The church with tender care he 'll guide,
And will in every trial
Our sure support abide.

753.* T. 68.

CHURCH of Christ be glad,
Praise thy Lord and Head;
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
That thou 'rt filled with his Spirit
Is perceived, and this
Proves that thou art his:—

2 For the Lamb of God
Fixeth his abode
In his ransom'd congregation;
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound
Where the Lord is found.

3 All thy strength and life
From Christ's death derive,
And proclaim his bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation;
Showing forth his praise
Till the end of days.

754.* T. 114.

BRIDE of the Lamb, thou favour'd congregation,
Thou fruit of Jesus' cross, dear covenant-flock,
Securely built on him, the eternal rock,
Rejoice in him, the God of thy salvation,
Reap all the blessings he design'd for thee,
Grow in his grace and knowledge constantly.

2 Thy glory be to all the world displayed,
To all mankind his dying love proclaim;
Awake, put on thy strength, Jerusalem,
And in thy beauteous garments be arrayed;
Break forth, extend thyself both far and near,
That thousands still thy happiness may share.

755. T. 16.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Loved by Jesus and esteem'd,
Ne'er forget thy destination,
Why from this vain world redeem'd.

2 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
Blest in his communion sweet,
Destined heaven to inherit,
And the church above to meet:—

3 Witness here to all around thee
Of thy Saviour's dying love;
Testify, He sought and found me,
Else I still should restless rove:—

4 Evidence by word and action,
That thy faith is not in vain,
That thy highest satisfaction
Centres in the Lamb once slain.

5 By love's closest bonds united,
As the Lord's own family,
Be to serve his name excited,
Be to him a fruitful tree.

6 Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,
What adorns her in thy sight:
Let her walls be called salvation,
Be her glory, shield, and light.

756. T. 119.

PRAISE the Lord! :‖:
Bounteously he deals with thee,
Highly favour'd church of Jesus:
Thee he chose through mercy free,
To show forth his matchless praises,
And rich fruit meet for the master's
use, To produce. :‖:

2 Gracious Lord, :‖:
Blessed is our lot indeed,
In thy ransom'd congregation:
Here we on thy merits feed,
Here the well-springs of salvation,
All the needy to revive and cheer,
Open are. :‖:

3 As thy sheep :‖:
May we all thy voice obey,
And not listen to a stranger;
Keep us, lest we go astray,
Shelter us from every danger:
No where else can we secured be,
But in thee. :‖:

4 Might we all, :‖:
Young and old, be witnesses
Of the power of thy salvation,
And extol redeeming grace
'Midst a crooked generation:
Thus will many souls around us be
Gain'd for thee. :‖:

5 We entreat, :‖:
Lord, lift up thy countenance
On thy ransom'd congregation;
Grace to every choir dispense:
May we all, each in his station,
Daily in thy great salvation share:
Hear our prayer. :‖:

757. T. 595.

O CHURCH, thy Saviour praise,
He chose thee for his own;
Rejoice in his electing grace,
He much for thee hath done.

2 Thanks for his boundless love,
And constant faithful care;
We, for the mercies which we prove,
Insolvent debtors are.

3 Ye servants of our G
Who in his presence
Extol him for his aid b
Upon his word depen

4 Chief Shepherd of th
Thy servants' only G
Them with thy mighty
And in their midst pı

5 Thy children laud th
Thy mercies daily ne
O Lord, our grateful pr
To thee our thanks a

6 Thee for thy care we
Adore thy grace and
Since thou delight'st to
Out of the sucklings'

758.

YE, who freely offer pı
Glorify your Saviour
Do not his unbounded ı
Justly our thanksgivi

2 Yes, with grateful hea
We his love and goo
That on earth a congre
He hath formed to hi

3 O how kindly hath h
O'er us watch'd with
On the richest pastures
Saved from danger
fear.

4 Yet while we with j
We indeed have caus
To confess our faults b
And to him as sinne

5 O forgive each deviat
Lord, while we for n
Let us joy in thy salva
As of old our days re

759. T.

CALLING gratefully t
How by Christ we are
And protected,
As a flock which he hat
Richly fed,
On the pastures of his n
We as one man, glad in
Magnify the church's H

2 Yet amidst our songs of praise,
We abased fall before him,
And implore him,
Taking to ourselves with shame
All the blame:
Grant us, Lord, full absolution;
Unto us belongs confusion,
But all glory to thy name.

760. T. 16.

ON thy ransom'd congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance;
Be our help, joy, and salvation;
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart O fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfil thy blest intent.

3 Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we, as thine anointed,
Walk 'fore thee in truth and grace;
In the path thou hast appointed,
Lead us, Lord, unto thy praise.

761.* T. 58.

O THOU, whose goodness words can ne'er express,
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving face
On the congregation, her choirs and classes,
Let us perceive in all our streets and places
Thy peace divine.

2 In labour or at rest, O Lord, bedew
With thy most precious blood whate'er we do;
Let thy gracious presence surround us ever,
As though our longing eyes enjoy'd the favour
Thee to behold.

3 With fervour all thy people's hearts inspire,
And to enjoy thy grace be our desire;
May thy love, dear Saviour, to love constrain us,
And closely in the bond of peace maintain us, As one 'fore thee.

4 We surely are a work of thy own hand,
Sinners on whom thou 'st deigned thy blood to spend,
By the holy Spirit to thee directed,
A covenant-people, by free grace elected To serve thy name.

5 Grant that we all, both young and old, may prove
True witnesses of thy redeeming love;
Showing forth thy praises, may we adore thee,
And humbly walk in grace, and truth before thee,
Till we go hence.

6 May'st thou with us thy gracious aim obtain:
Grant that thy church may constant victory gain:
May we, truly conscious that we are needy,
To look to thee in faith be always ready, And trust thy power.

7 Might every one who knows us, clearly trace
In all thy people unction, truth, and grace;
That whoe'er approacheth thy congregation,
May feel and own it from a clear persuasion, The Lord is here.

762. T. 227.

GRACIOUS Lord, who us hast called
By thy gospel out of sin's dark, dismal night,
To our hearts thy love revealed,
And in mercy brought us to thy saving light;
Thou hast by thy kind direction,
Thanks be to thy free election,
Form'd the Brethren's Unity,
As a favour'd flock, to be
In one covenant closely joined,
To thy blessed will resigned,

Pledged, wholly thee to follow,
And to serve thee—spirit, soul, and body hallow.

2 Bless, O Lord, thy congregation,
As thy planting, as a work of thine own hand;
Visit her with thy salvation,
Be the sacred bond of love therein maintain'd:
Grant that we, in thee remaining
And thy perfect aim attaining,
Through thy faithful nursing care,
Copious fruit to thee may bear:
Thus, from this world separated,
To thy service dedicated,
We in our degree and measure,
For the travail of thy soul shall yield thee pleasure.

763.* T. 26.

O LORD, lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, and own us thine;
Impart to us thy peace divine,
And blessings unto all dispense.

2 'Tis our desire to follow thee,
And from experience to proclaim
Salvation in thy blessed name:
O bless thy servants' ministry.

3 Thy mercy is our only stay,
Direct us by thy holy word,
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,
Preserve us lest we go astray.

4 O Well of life, we pant for thee;
In copious streams thy thirsty flock
Desires to drink of thee the Rock
And thirst no more eternally.

5 Thy grace thou freely dost bestow,
This is our only plea and claim:
We blush 'fore thee with conscious shame,
Our many faults and wants we know.

6 To thee, O Lord, our righteousness,
Who by thy blood hast wash'd us clean
From every spot and stain of sin,
We give unfeigned thanks and praise.

764.* T. 244.

LORD, may the congregation,
Establish'd on thy death,
Enjoy thy great salvation
And daily live by faith;
Believing in thy blood,
That all atoning flood,
Grant we may cleave for ever
To thee our highest good.

2 Unfold thy grace's treasure,
And all our hearts prepare,
That we may in full measure
In thy salvation share:
O may thy looks of grace
Insure our happiness;
Uphold us, and for ever
Set us before thy face.

3 Let us 'fore thee abased,
Be daily more and more
To taste thy friendship raised;
Prepare, we thee implore,
Amidst thy chosen race
Still many witnesses,
Who can from heart's experience
Proclaim redeeming grace.

4 We will of Jesus' passion
And meritorious death
Ne'er cease to make confession,
Till we give up our breath;
Till we in heavenly light
Shall see his face most bright,
And with the saints in glory
In songs of praise unite.

765.* T. 30.

LIFT up thy pierced hands, most gracious Saviour,
O'er thy church, and pour out all that favour,
Which in thy loving
And kind heart for us is ever moving.

2 To thy care ourselves we now surrender,
Of our lives to thee we make a tender,
Protect and lead us,
As our faithful Shepherd daily feed us.

).* T. 58.

'er thy church, Lord, thy
cting hand,
hy truth O may she ever
:
ransom'd people show forth
raises,
levoted to thy name, Lord
, Until thou comest.

e thy church, Lord Jesus,
where,
t that she rich fruit for thee
bear,
outward structure, fill her
glory,
ach member praise thee and
thee,
And serve thy name.

'.* T. 595.

py church of Christ
to this very day;
o are chosen daily find
an open way.

sus, when we trace
icious call and aim
hy flock, we render praise
y holy name.

pen'st us a door,
le strength thou know'st;
Lord, we thee implore,
to thee the lost.

).* T. 583.

ld and vain the attempt to
hrow
sed church of Jesus Christ
/;
m's bulwarks, holy walls,
owers,
nd in spite of all opposing
rs.

).* T. 132.

it of the witnesses
n the congregation,
er to proclaim free grace
st's propitiation;
heth her when to rejoice,
lift up her cheerful voice,
hen to weep in silence.

770.* T. 56.

THOU, whose name is :|: inexpressible,
And whose counsels :|: are unsearchable,
Thou, who from eternity
Didst the time and place decree
Where securely :|: thy dear flock should dwell;—

2 Spread thy blessing :|: here and every where,
Far surpassing :|: all our thought and prayer:
When we have performed all,
And fulfill'd thy gracious call,
After labour :|: we sweet rest shall share.

771.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose mercies far exceed
All we can think or say,
As in thy people thou indeed
Dost daily more display:
Let for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of thy death and blood,
Still thousand blessings flow.

2 Lord Jesus, let us be thine own,
And ever thine remain,
We now ourselves to thee commend
With thy whole chosen train;
Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd
With us thy thoughts of peace,
When we in joys which never end,
Shall see thee face to face.

3 Shelter our souls most graciously
Within thy open'd side,
Move them from every harm away,
And in thy safeguard hide:
O let our names in life's blest rolls
Inscribed be ever found,
And in life's bundle may our souls
Be fast and firmly bound.

4 Now may the very God of peace
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of unction from on high,
That spirit, soul, and body may,
Preserved free from stain,
Be blameless until thy great day,
Lord Jesus Christ: Amen.

772.* T. 79.

THOU know'st the congregation
Hath thee for her foundation,
Whate'er the world may say:
Grant us to cleave for ever
To thee, our faithful Saviour;
May love among us bear the sway.

773.* T. 106.

LORD, may not one among us be
Who trifles with his call of grace,
None who believes not heartily
In thee, the Lord our righteousness;
But grant that, prompted by thy love,
We all to thee may faithful prove.

774.* T. 151.

O JESUS Christ, most holy,
Head of the church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified;
O may in each believer
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

775.* T. 208.

LORD, thy body's Saviour,
Shepherd and Preserver,
If times numberless
We, thy congregation,
Paid our adoration
For electing grace,
Yet should we—great debtors be:
Take us all as an oblation
For thy bitter passion.

776. T. 586.

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church-dispensation,
Lift up, we pray, thy pierced hand,
And bless thy ransom'd congregation,
In every place by sea or land;
Before thy Father's throne remember
By name each individual member;
Thy face upon us shine,
Grant us thy peace divine,
For we are thine.

777.* T. 121.

IN Jesus' love and peace,
On earth's extended face,
Dwell our congregations;
Both here, and o'er the seas,
We raise our supplications,
That the God of grace
All of us may bless,
Till the end of days.

778.* T. 161.

JESUS, hear our supplication,
'Tis thy pleasure
Those to bless who to thee cleave
Grant us stronger demonstration
Of thy favour,
Than our weak minds can concei
Help the feeble,—us enable,
In thy blest path of salvation,
Bold and joyful
To go through faith's each gradati

779.* T. 221.

O LORD, let thy countenance frie
ly and gracious
Shine clearly on thy chosen race;
To thee we commend ourselves joi
ly, to bless us;
Let every member feel thy peace
Thy servants protect, O most g
cious Lord,
And always direct by thy holy wo
Yea, grant them with boldness
death to proclaim,
And life and remission of
through thy name.

780.* T. 121.

LORD Jesus, by thy death,
Whereon we trust by faith,
Thy wounds, thy pierced side,
Thy agony and sweat,
Preserve the church, thy bride,
Till thou comest again,
Prince of life once slain. :‖:

XXXII. FOR FESTAL OCCASIONS.

781.* T. 22.

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise:
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of thy grace:

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King;
Till we behold thy face most bright
In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God, the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

782.* T. 141.

OWN thy congregation,
O thou slaughter'd Lamb;
We are here assembled
In thy holy name;
Look upon thy people,
Whom thou by thy blood
Hast in love redeemed,
And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
For these many years;
Ah, accept our praises
And our grateful tears:
Grant us all the favour
To obey thy voice,
Yea, what thou directest
Be our only choice.

3 Church, who art arrayed
In the glorious dress
Of thy Lord and Saviour's
Spotless righteousness,
Be both now and ever
By his blood kept clean,
And in all thy members
May his grace be seen.

783.* T. 155.

SLAUGHTER'D Lamb, Immanuel,
Who hast gained our salvation
By thy passion,
Ah, we give thee thanks and praise
For thy grace;
Grant that we may all inherit
The anointing of thy Spirit,
Which instructs us what to do.

2 Let thy Spirit, which is truth,
Raise our grovelling thoughts to heaven,
Us enliven;
Thus adorn'd and beautified
As thy bride,
May our walk and conversation
Be a striking demonstration
That thou dwell'st and walk'st in us.

3 Lord, for grace we thee intreat;
Grace, the anchor firm and stable
Of the feeble;
Grace, whereon we must depend
To the end;
Grace, the sinner's consolation,
Sure support in each temptation,
Confidence in life and death.

4 God with us, we vow to thee
Due allegiance now and ever;
Gracious Saviour,
We to serve thee ready stand;
Take the hand,
As a pledge and declaration
Of the grateful heart's sensation,
Which thy dying love excites.

784.* T. 341.

LORD, in thy name we meet
Before thy mercy-seat;
Sacred may each moment be,
Spent in solemn worship here:
May our incense rise to thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2 Here are we richly fed,
Refresh'd and comforted,

Nourish'd with celestial food,
Blest with streams from thee, the Rock;
We with humble gratitude
Praise thee, Shepherd of thy flock.

3 O grant us new displays
Of glory and of grace;
Touch our lips with hallow'd flame,
While, to sinners far and near,
Of salvation in thy name
Joyfully we witness bear.

4 O give us that good part,
A pure and holy heart;
Every needful gift and grace,
Faith, and hope, and charity;
Form us, Lord, unto thy praise,
That we pleasure yield to thee.

5 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
Thy people's strength remain;
O preserve us in thy love,
Us in thy pavilion hide;
Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
Be in life and death our guide.

785. T. 583.

LORD Jesus, in thy presence we are blest, [for guest;
And thou art even now our wish'd-
Without thee all our meetings would be cold, [old.
And soon become a custom dead and

2 Thou canst alone to us true life impart,
Canst comfort, bless, and cheer each needy heart:
We are assembled here before thy face [grace.
To take out of thy fulness grace for

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore adored,
We thee confess our Master, Head, and Lord;
Thy faithfulness and truth we daily prove,
Grant us to live for thee, constrain'd by love.

786.* T. 161.

CHOSEN souls, who now assemble
Under Christ's protecting care:
Though you 're weak, your foes must tremble,
If by him you guarded are:
Of his goodness—bear ye witness;
Know ye not your high vocation
As the Lord's own congregation?

2 To his name give thanks an praises,
Him with deepest awe adore;
May his people in all places
Join to exalt him evermore:
Christ, our Saviour—be for ever
Of your building the foundation,
And the God of your salvation.

3 Herrnhut,† the Most High's ow structure,
Built upon the grace of God,
May thy walls be without fracture;
Sprinkled be thy gates with blood
God's election—and protection
Founded and maintain our union;
Christ's the ground of our commu nion.

4 May this place exist no longer
Than Lord Jesus, thy own hand,
Uncontroll'd, rules in its border:
And be love our sacred band:
May we by thee—be found worthy
As a good salt to be|used,
That some fruit may be produced.

5 Bless our covenanting together;
Make us like a burning torch,
Kindled by our heavenly Father,
In these last days of the church:
To thee joined—and r signed,
May by each of us be further'd,
What thy holy will hath order'd.

6 Now, dear Brethren, know y Jesus?
Happy who him truly knows:
He 's the head, and we are member
From him every blessing flows:
Who believeth—to Christ cleaveth,
Can rejoice in every station,
'Midst reproach and tribulation.

787.* T. 114.

THOU Source of love, we pray, in part thy favour
Each day unto thy house and family
Who as one man united are in thee

---

† The first congregation of the re newed Church of the Brethren.

O grant that every one thy grace
may savour,
And that thy church for ever may
rejoice
In thee, and praise thy name with
heart and voice.

2 O thou, whose love extends beyond all measure,
Thou hearest us already, ere we cry;
No soul that calls on thee thou
passest by,
But to relieve thy children is thy
pleasure:
Thou art our light, our strength, our
shield and rock,
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are
thy flock.

788. T. 341.

OUR souls with inmost shame
Address thy holy name:
Jesus in our midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Every contrite sinner cheer,
Breathe thy Spirit thro' the whole.

2 We sinners humbly crave
Thy presence here to have,
In this place to find thee true
To thy promises of grace,
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

3 From thy majestic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the souls athirst for thee,
Turn to them thy cheering face;
Each adores, with bended knee,
Thee, O Jesus, for thy grace.

789.* T. 155.

MY soul waiteth on the Lord,
And shall never be ashamed;
He is named
God our sun, our shield and rock,
By his flock;
He is merciful and gracious,
And his goodness doth refresh us,
When we long and pant for him.

2 His enlivening countenance
To lift up on all the needy
He is ready,
And enricheth evermore
All the poor;
In our peaceful habitations,
O how many demonstrations
Of his favour do we prove.

3 We reply Amen thereto,
For his bounty never ceaseth,
Yea increaseth,
And are filled with amaze
At his grace;
Each himself unworthy deemeth
Of his love; his goodness claimeth
Our unfeigned gratitude.

790. * T. 9.

M. CHRIST our Saviour look on
Ransom'd congregation. [thee,
C. We to him belong, for he
Purchased our salvation.

M. 2 In electing grace rejoice,
Prize his love and favour;
Then his calling, gifts, and choice
He'll maintain for ever.

C. 3 Yea, his sympathizing heart
Yields us consolation;
May we ne'er from Christ depart
Till our consummation.

M. 4 To his voice attentive be,
Thankfully adore him,
And with heart's fidelity
Humbly walk before him.

C. 5 Thus in number and in grace
We shall be increasing,
Showing forth our Saviour's praise,
And to him be pleasing.

791. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd and
salvation,
In thy presence we appear;
Own us as thy flock and congregation,
Let us feel that thou art near:
May we all enjoy thy grace and
favour,
And obey thee as our Head and Saviour,
Who, by thy most precious blood,
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive our thanks and
adoration,
Which to thee we humbly pay,
For our calling and predestination,
Gracious Saviour, on this day,

Give us grace to walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast for us appointed;
We devote most heartily
Soul and body unto thee.

3 Chosen flock, thy faithful Shepherd follow,
Who laid down his life for thee;
All thy days unto his service hallow,
Each his true disciple be:
Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure,
Be the fulness of his grace thy treasure;
Should success thy labour crown,
Give the praise to him alone.

792.* T. 166.

O THOU, the church's Lord, and head,
Our only refuge, shield and rock,
The pilgrim's guide, support, and aid,
Thou faithful Shepherd of thy flock:
Vile as we are, we're surely thine,
Thro' mercy we have life obtain'd;
As monuments of grace divine,
To our astonishment we stand.

2 As part of thy church militant,
An emblem of the church above,
To thy dear Father us present,
Thou in the bosom of his love;
That us as children he may own,
Since we're thy dearly earn'd reward,
And send his holy Spirit down,
To train us up for thee our Lord.

3 We cast ourselves into thy arms,
While we with inward rapture glow,
The flame, which thy pure bosom warms,
Thy never-failing love we know;
Thou, who for us once tastedst death,
And wast restored to life again,
Thy quick'ning Spirit on us breathe,
Come, heavenly Vine, each branch sustain.

4 We wish, (and what we wish is gain'd
Since we thy chosen followers are,
And have thy power divine obtain'd,)
To thee well-pleasing fruit to bear;
Thy servants we will be thro' grace,
Thy handmaids, who look up to thee;
Set us, O Lord, unto thy praise,
Grant we may serve thee faithfully.

793. T. 151.

HEAD of thy congregation,
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord,
Look on us with compassion,
Met here with one accord;
Accept our thanks and praises
For all thy love and care,
Which we in various cases
Repeatedly did share.

2 Our lips would gladly mention
Thy patience, love, and grace,
Our hearts with due attention
Thy loving-kindness trace,
Which under thy protection
'Midst trials we have proved;
Thy fatherly correction
Show'd us that we're beloved.

794.* T. 101.

BOW down, ye followers of the Lamb,
These are your hours of consolation;
With awe adore his saving name:
His cross and wounds are of salvation
The lasting source for sinners who believe;
Come then, and grace for grace freely from him receive.

2 His mercy claims our highest praise,
'Tis by his grace we were elected;
Freed from the world's deceitful ways,
We're to his chosen flock collected;
His faithful heart we know, and search it still;
May thousands more believe, and do his holy will.

3 Ourselves, dear Lord, we now to thee
Resign anew with soul and body;
As thy redeemed property
Accept of us, tho' poor and needy;
Out of the mouths of sucklings perfect praise,
And magnify in us thy name and saving grace.

4 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
That, in one covenant united,
The bond of peace we may maintain,
And be to mutual love excited:
To God and to the Lamb be praises given
By sinners here below, and by the saints in heaven.

795.* T. 9.

JESUS CHRIST, who bled and died
For mankind's salvation,
Shows his wounds and pierced side
To his congregation.

2 Yea he, with uplifted hands,
Mark'd with nail-prints bloody,
'Midst his chosen people stands,
Saviour of his body.

3 While he doth himself reveal,
Oh, what consolation
In his presence do we feel!
'Tis beyond expression.

4 Teach us, Lord, to follow thee
With entire devotion;
As thy willing subjects we
Wait thy Spirit's motion.

5 Jesus, all-creating Word,
King of every nation,
But especially the Lord
Of thy congregation,—

6 To thy name be evermore
Praise and glory given;
Thee we worship and adore,
Lord of earth and heaven.

796.* T. 10.

WHEN we rejoice that Jesus
From year to year doth bless us,
And that his grace and favour
Towards us never waver:—

2 Or he that consolation
Grants to his congregation,
That we shall rest for ever
With him our gracious Saviour:—

3 Then we forget distresses,
And what would else oppress us;
Are we with Christ connected,
We need not be dejected.

797.* T. 166.

HEAD of thy church, behold us here,
Direct and rule us by thy grace;
Hear thou each humble sinner's prayer,
Confirming thus thy promises:
O help us, that we may fulfil
What in thy name we take in hand,
Concordant with thy holy will,
And may it to thy glory tend.

2 One suit in mercy to us grant:
Let us from all divested be
Which furthers not our covenant,
Or is displeasing unto thee;
All that whence hurt to souls accrues,
Whate'er thy doctrine doth disgrace
Or counteracts thy blessed views,
Root out and utterly erase.

798.* T. 15.

LORD, when before the Father's face
Thou in thy ministration,
Presentest the redeemed race,
Gather'd from every nation;—

2 In love remember this thy flock
Bought by thy bitter passion:
To thee, who art the church's Rock,
We pay our adoration.

3 We here unite in prayer to thee,
And praise thee, Lord Jehovah;
We join to sighs for mercy free
A joyful Hallelujah.

799.* T. 97.

JESUS, O may we thee obey,
Who art the life, the truth, the way;
Since thou didst for our sins atone,
With right thou claim'st us as thine own:
Thou wast obedient unto death, that we
Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2 O let each member of thy fold
Be in the book of life enroll'd;
The Holy Ghost to us impart
To bear the sway in every heart:
Us with thy gracious presence daily bless,
And evermore vouchsafe to us [gra

800. T. 167.

AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Smile upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant looked fresh and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen:
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare;
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

801. T. 22.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, saith the Saviour, I will be,
Amidst this little company:
To them I will unveil my face
And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

802.* T. 185.

GRACE and peace from God our blessed Saviour
Be with all who love his name:
Church of Christ, his service deem a favour,
Joyfully his death proclaim:
Be prepared for rest or for e
ment,
With activity combine enjoyn
Serve with zeal and faithful
Love enraptured with his gr

2 Gracious Father, bless this c
gation
As the purchase of thy Son;
For his sake behold us with co
sion,
And us all thy children own
Jesus, grant to us thy peac
favour;
Holy Ghost, abide with us for
And to us Christ's love expl
Hear us, Lord our God:

803. T. 2

OUR lot of grace how truly bl
Since we are called to assemb
And daily worship in thy tem
Where thou dost cause thy N
rest.

2 To thee, our Shepherd ever
We now ourselves anew surre
O plead our cause, in love ren
Thy people, closely to thee jo

804. T. 1

GOOD Shepherd, hear:
Thou, who thine Israel lea
And with thy word and s
Who us redeem'dst (
That thou might'st purify
Unto thyself a people w
praise thee,
And, both in word and d
the world confess the
To us thy ransom'd flock
Good Shepherd, hear.

2 Turn us to thee;
Thus from the world es
Transform'd in mind,
image changed,
We thee shall praise:
Lord, as of old, renew
Our days, restore the
vation
To us; forsake us no
vine compassion
Bear with and tend u
Turn us to thee.

805.* T. 22.

LORD, with thy glorious presence bless,
Fill and adorn this hallow'd place,
Wherein is preached thy holy word,
And sacramental grace conferr'd.

2 That this redeemed, happy flock
Be firm'y built on Christ the rock,
And of those blessings be possess'd
Which on the Spirit's union rest.

3 With power from on high endue
Thy flock, O Lord, this day anew,
That many souls with us may feel
Thy pardoning grace, the Spirit's seal:—

4 That thousands by our ministry
May to the truth converted be,
And we may see them flock with us
Unto the standard of thy cross.

5 As long as we on earth remain,
We will confess the Lamb once (slain,
Until we for his victory
Shall praise him in eternity.

806. T. 101.

BEFORE thy throne we now appear,
Head of thy ransom'd congregation;
Unto our songs of praise give ear,
And listen to our supplication:
Hear from the heavens, thy lofty dwelling-place,
And when thou hear'st forgive thy people's trespasses.

2 In heaven and earth who is like thee?
Thou keepest covenant for ever,
Maintain'st thy cause most gloriously,
And to thy servants showest favour:
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified.
That thou the church's Head and Shepherd wilt abide.

3 Thine eyes be open on this house,
This temple unto thee devoted;
O consecrate it for thy use,
Thy glory be by us promoted:
And since thou chosest us, and didst ordain
That we should fruit produce, O may our fruit remain.

4 Now to the Lamb upon the throne,
Who by his precious blood hath bought us,
That he might claim us as his own,
And to his fold in mercy brought us,
All praise and honour evermore pertain:
Let all who love his name, reply thereto, Amen.

807. T. 214.

PEACE be to thy every dwelling,
City by Jehovah blest,
Who, his grace to thee revealing,
Thee preserves in peace and rest:
May his presence still attend thee,
Mayst thou sit by day and night,
In his shadow with delight;
His all powerful arm defend thee:
Prize, O prize thy lot of grace;
Live unto thy Saviour's praise.

2 Grant, we fervently implore thee,
That while pilgrims here below,
We may walk in truth before thee,
Lord, and in thy knowledge grow,
Showing forth thy matchless praises;
Thou, who out of sin's dark night,
Hast to thine own marvellous light
Call'd thy people, O Lord Jesus,
Keep and seal us ever thine,
Leave with us thy peace divine.

808. T. 167.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein;
Peace, which flows from Christ's salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly giver,
Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne.

809. T. 230.

FROM thy holy habitation,
O God of grace and consolation,
Behold us, met before thy throne;
Saviour, to believers precious,
With sanctified delights refresh us,
And us, as thine, in mercy ow

We humbly cry to thee,
Send now prosperity;
Let thy beauty
On us appear,—establish here
Our work, the work of praise and prayer.

810. T. 71.

'FORE thee, Lord, we appear,
Thou list'nest to our prayer,
Wait'st to be gracious,
Thy goodness to display
Unto thy church this day,
To own and bless us.

2 Thy pierced hands, for us
Once nailed to the cross,
Give benediction;
Thy blood from sin us cleanse,
And pardoning grace dispense,
Without restriction.

811.* T. 69.

THIS habitation
And all who dwell therein,
Fill with salvation;
O may in each be seen
True grace,—and Christian holiness.

812.* T. 37.

O CHURCH, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour;
Thy Friend himself draws near,
Come, taste his favour:
Await, devout and still,
The grace he giveth;
With all who seek his face,
His peace he leaveth.

813.* T. 185.

JOY divine and heavenly peace with unction,
Church of Christ, thy portion be:
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep compunction
Flowing from Christ's agony:
Father, bless and keep without cessation
Thy Son's dearly purchased congregation:
Slaughter'd Lamb, thy peace divine
Seal our covenant, we are thine.

814. T. 159.

THIS day is holy to the Lord,
This day the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice with one accord,
And in his name be glad:
Come, let us worship and bow down
With thanks appear before his throne:
He to our songs of praise and prayer
Will lend a gracious ear.

2 We now return, each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Through grace will ne'er depart:
Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand
To live to him, and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

815.* T. 166.

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise thy name in fellowship,
We're humbly met before thy face,
And in thy presence love-feast keep
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
In thee be truly one in heart.

816. T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread
But do not then depart:
Saviour, abide with us and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Then sup with us in love divine
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heaven wine,
Be our immortal food.

817.* T. 159.

THE Sabbath is for man, that he
Therein may find repose,
And that the soul refreshed be
By Christ the church's spouse:
Now doth his ransom'd, happy bride,
Fruit of his anguish when he died,
Enjoy a true sabbatic rest,
In his communion blest.

818. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Lord, with one accord,
We're assembled in thy name;
Deign to hear our fervent prayer,
Mercy is our only claim.
While with tears and blushing face
We our sins to thee confess,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace thou dost bestow.

819. T. 590.

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
Unite us all in one,
And in our meetings every where,
Be thou our aim alone:
Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign:
Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

820.* T. 79.

O KING of peace, our Sovereign,
Thou shalt alone us govern;
Come, form us soon to be
To others an example,
The Holy Spirit's temple,
The Father's pleasure constantly.

2 O thou our first-born Brother,
Thou Master at the rudder,
Who guidest thy church, to thee
We hearts and hands deliver,
And promise thee for ever,
That we thy faithful souls will be.

821.* T. 185.

WE who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone:
O may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
Say, My peace I leave with you:
Amen, Amen, be it so.

822.* T. 166.

WELCOME among thy flock of grace
With joyful acclamation,
Thou, whom our Shepherd we confess:
Come, feed thy congregation:
We own the doctrine of thy cross
To be our sole foundation:
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal
Thy grace and love unceasing;
Thy hand, once pierced with the nail,
Bestow on us a blessing,
That hand which to thy family,
With tender love's affection,
Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3 Though thou 'rt unseen, yet we by sight
Should scarce be more assured;
As yet thy glorious heavenly light
Can't be by man endured:
The time will come, when these our eyes
Shall see thy face for ever;
Faith here the want of sight supplies
In every true believer.

4 Ye who from Jesus Christ have stray'd,
And his communion slighted,
To him return, be not afraid,
You 're graciously invited;
Come all, whatever be your case,
Come without hesitation,
He'll now impart to you thro' grace
Peace, pardon, and salvation.

5 O thou, who always dost abide
Thy body's Head and Saviour,
Who art the pilgrim's constant guide,
Direct thy servants ever:
O may they an example be
Unto thy congregation,
And in thy temple faithfully
Perform their ministration.

6 Thy statutes to thy church declare,
Thy truth be our confession;
Take of each member special care,
Bless pilgrims in their station:
In danger constantly defend
And aid thy chosen people;
Of all contention make an end;
Support the weak and feeble.

7 O thou, the Church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd leadest
Thy flock, and richly with thy word
And sacrament it feedest:
What shall we say? we can't express
In words our heart's sensation;
None thee sufficiently can praise,
Thou God of our salvation.

8 Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
By virtue of Christ's passion,
In whom we all accepted are,
O bring into completion
The hidden counsel of thy love;
Its steps still more unravel:
May we, without exception, prove
The fruit of thy Son's travail.

9 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration;
Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid his ministration;
Thou teachest us the way to bliss:
Keep under thy protection
That church of which He ruler is;
We'll follow thy direction.

823.* T. 230.

JESUS, God of our salvation, [tion,
Behold, thy church, with supplica-
Humbly appears before thy face;
We, by fervent love constrained,
Since from thy death we life obtained, [praise:
To thee give glory, thanks, and
O listen to our prayer,
To meet thee us prepare
With due reverence;
No tongue can tell
What joy we feel, [veal.
When thou, Lord, dost thyself re-

2 Thee to approach with awe we venture,
Intreating thee our gates to enter;
Our souls and bodies are thine o
Speak to every church division,
We'll hear thy voice with deep pression,
For we are bound to thee alon
To thee in each concern
We'll always humbly turn;
Want we insight
May we by thee—instructed be,
Then in thy light the light we s

3 Be especially intreated
To own thy servants, who are se
Before thy face, though poor
And in all their conferences [
Grant them thy Spirit's influenc
Be present with them every wh
This we request of thee,
O let us constantly
Do thy pleasure;
All our distress,—O Lord, redres
For without thee there 's no suc

4 Ruler of the congregations,
Which thou hast gather'd fro
nations, [
We thee implore thy churc
Shepherd, who so kindly guides
Thy flock, and over it presides
Thy sheep for ever tend and
What joy, what matchless grac
Will still in future days
Be displayed,
When our good Lord,
Who keeps his word,
To the stray'd sheep will help a

5 In the dust we sink before th
And for thy boundless love
thee;
Thee, Lord, our All in all we
We, thy people, make confessio
Thy love is great beyond expre
Tho' to the world it be unkn
The power which doth abound
In thee, we've always found
Efficacious:
We will proclaim—thy saving n
O Lord, who ever art the same.

6 Thus our bliss will last for ev
While we enjoy thy love and fa
By thee our Shepherd led,
blest;
We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee in the congregation
Whose Head and Lord tho
confess'd:

To the Ancient of all days
Might, honour, power, and praise
Be for ever:
Lord, grant that we
Eternally
May place our confidence in thee.

824. T. 341.

TO Christ we homage pay,
We covenant this day
Him to serve with all our strength,
Him to love with all our heart,
Him to follow, till at length
We obtain in heaven our part.

825.* T. 79.

INCLINE thine ear in favour
To us, most gracious Saviour,
Accept our promises:
Thy death, thy wounds, and passion
Abide our heart's confession,
Till we shall see thee face to face.

826.* T. 185.

HEAD and Ruler of thy congregation,
Whom thou lovest unspeakably,
And to whom thou often a sensation
Givest of thy complacency;
Graciously regard the inward glowing
Of our hearts, and tears our cheeks bedewing:
Lord, we blush with humble shame,
And adore thy holy name.

2 Jesus, great High-priest of our profession,
We in confidence draw near;
Condescend in mercy the confession
Of our grateful hearts to hear:
Thee we gladly own in every nation,
Head and Master of thy congregation,
Conscious that in every place
Thou dispensest life and grace.

3 Thy blest people, trusting in thy merit,
On the earth's extended face,
From each other far, but one in spirit,
Sound with one accord thy praise;
May we never cease to make confession,
That thy death's the cause of our salvation;
We to thee, our Head and King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing.

827. T. 97.

THOU, who so graciously didst lead,
Israel of old, from bondage freed,
And by thine own almighty hand
Didst guide them to the promised land,
A cloud thy brightness veiling in the day,
By night thy pillar'd fire did mark their way;—

2 That mighty power thou then didst show,
We are assured attends us now;
We still thy tender, watchful care,
Though undeserving, richly share,
If we thy leadings faithfully pursue,
Following thy Spirit's teaching, as 'tis due.

3 May we to thee, our Shepherd, cleave,
Thy Holy Spirit never grieve,
And love each other heartily;
Thereby the scorning world will see
That we are temples of the living God,
A chosen people, bought with Jesus' blood.

828.* T. 146.

O MAKER of my soul,
My every hair's Creator,
Who turn'st my tears to joy,
And heal'st my sin-sick nature;
Chief Shepherd of thy flock,
Thy servants' only guide:
The church's Lord and Head
Thou ever dost abide.

829. T. 230.

O THOU God of our salvation,
Behold thy blood-bought congregation,
Assembled here before thy face;

Pondering on thy gracious dealing,
We would express our grateful feeling,
And joyful Hallelujahs raise:
But when we in thy light
Discern, how we requite
Thee, O Jesus,
We blush for shame
Ours is the blame,
But praise is due unto thy name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,
To thee we turn, hear our confession,
Assure us of thy pardoning love:
O root out whate'er impedeth
Thy Spirit's work, or discord breedeth, [move:
Each stumbling-block from us re-
Those who have gone astray,
Cause to return, we pray,
Faithful Shepherd:
With thee our guide,
May we abide:
Preserve us, lest we turn aside.

830. T. 68.

LORD, thy church's Rock,
Who dost rule thy flock,
Elder of this congregation,
We with humble adoration
Thee, and thee alone,
Our chief Shepherd own.

831.* T. 166.

WHEN our great Sovereign from on high,
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware
That he his chosen family, [care,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender
Would be constrained soon to leave;
He, fill'd with love and grief intense,
To them his farewell-blessing gave,
Before his sufferings did commence.

2 Feeling before-hand all the weight
Of those dire scenes of pain and wo,
Which he well knew did him await;
His love towards his own did show,
He water in a basin pour'd,
And washed his disciples' feet;
Their souls already by his word,
Save one, were cleansed every whit

3 Lord Jesus Christ, we pray be near
Forgive us all our trespasses;
With joy divine our spirits cheer,
Impart to us thy pardoning grace:
As our High-priest lift up thy hand.
That hand, the nail once pierced
Thy mercy unto us extend, [thro';
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

4 Inspire our hearts with mutual
O may we truly humble be, [love,
Thy faithful servants ever prove,
Who yield in all things joy to thee:
In due obedience to thy word
We now have wash'd each other's feet,
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,
To follow, we find always meet.

5 Sure as thou art the church's Head,
Though we but dust and ashes are,
Yet we by faith in thee are freed
From guilt, and stand absolved and clear: [mains
And while thy church on earth re-
To the blind world a spectacle,
Thy Holy Spirit in her reigns,
And thou dost in thy temple dwell.

832.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. A.)

IN the name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
The church's Head by us adored,
The Brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you;—

2 With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone,
To enjoy his faithful shepherd-care,
And his reproach and joy to share.

3 O may our Lord, the God of grace,
While you receive the kiss of peace,
Own you his blood-bought property,
And lead and bless you constantly.

4 With heart and hand you now we own;
The Lord, to whom your heart is known,
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us to be
His joy and your felicity.

5 The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless till his perfect day.

833.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. B.)

THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee;
While, conscious of her poverty,
She weepeth often contrite tears,
When 'fore her Saviour she appears.

2 But yet she can in truth rejoice,
Because she hears the Shepherd's voice,
And owns that by her Lord and Head,
She 's gently govern'd, train'd, and led.

3 While we the kiss of peace impart,
We own thee one with us in heart,
In Christ, who is the only ground,
That in one covenant we are found.

4 Enjoy then, with the church, Christ's spouse,
The privileges of his house;
And in our joy and grief and care,
With us take thy allotted share.

5 As his redeem'd from this world's thrall,
With us make sure thy blessed call;
That when the Bridegroom comes we may
Be found wise virgins in that day.

XXXIII. THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

834.* T. 166.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The Lord of hosts his work surveys,
He marks the souls which are his own,
And smiles on his peculiar race;
He rests well pleased their toil to see,
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

2 See, where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude appear,
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
The ground for him they toil to clear;
The love of Christ their heart constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands:
They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

3 Where'er these faithful labourers are,
The steps of industry we view,
They Satan's seed root up with care,
And in its stead the gospel sow;
This seed they water with their tears,
They long for the returning word,
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Produce some fruit to please their Lord.

4 Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown:
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promised blessing down:
Then plenteous showers of grace bedew
And fructify the parched ground,
The plants spring up, they thrive and grow,
The earth looks fruitful all around.

5 He prospers all his servants' toils,
And us his flock in mercy chose;
Yea, on us undeserved smiles,
And choicest blessings he bestows:

As humble followers of the Lamb,
We firmly to his word adhere;
Of him, amidst reproach and shame,
With joy we testimony bear.

6 Here many faithful souls are found,
With genuine love to Christ endow'd,
Full of the light of life, and crown'd
As kings and priests to serve their God;
Burning with zeal, by love divine
Constrain'd, themselves they freely give,
Their wealth and life for Christ resign,
For him they gladly die or live.

7 What can we offer thee, O Lord?
How worthily set forth thy praise?
Fain would we preach thy saving word
And dying love in every place,
In thee believe, thee love and serve;
To thee our life, our all we owe,
Who dost 'midst danger us preserve
And mercies numberless bestow.

8 O may our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
That thousands still may know thy name,
Humbly adore and worship thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
Striving to shut, may strive in vain:
Grant that thy word may richly dwell
Among us, and our fruit remain.

835.* T. 90.

PRAISE be to God the Holy Ghost,
Who Jesus in the heart displays,
That he the numerous faithful host
Of blest departed witnesses,
Who now in heaven are perfected,
To Christ by his instruction led.

2 Christ crucified we own as God,
Though we were scorn'd by all mankind,
He is our motto most avow'd;
To such in spirit we are join'd,
And them as brethren gla
Who by this Shibboleth a

3 He who was scorned or
He whom his nation st.
Who marks with gloriou
All who are as his known;
He is the church's Lord a
By whom we graciously

4 We stand unto this ver
In one firm bond of pea
We are at enmity no mo
But reconciled to God a
As children we by him ar
Since Christ for all our si

5 All ye who gospel-prea
Adhere to Jesus crucifi
And watch with unremit
That you in your first l
Whoe'er forsakes it can't
A want of apostolic zeal.

6 Heralds of grace wou
mence,
Of grace first self-exper
And by the gospel you di
Yourselves be reconcil'
When pardon, grace and l
Then publish it to all ma

7 We join the ransom'd
God,
His blood-bought, blood-
train,
To publish the good new
That only through the
slain,
The world may gain a fu
From all their sins, and er

8 Christ's ransom'd peo
joy,
Upon his arm they lea
To follow him is their er
In this most blessed tin
They preach their Savio
Determined nought to k

9 In life they witness
power
That strikes and fast
And when this mortal p
And they in peace to
part,
Their dying looks, serene
Bear witness that they
are.

836.* T. 595.

A MESSENGER of peace
No higher pleasure knows,
Than to direct the human race
To flee to Jesus' cross,
To Jesus' healing wounds,
And precious cleansing blood;
The source, whence life to us redounds,
The fountain of all good.

2 Servant of God, be fill'd
With Jesus' love alone,
Upon a sure foundation build,
On Christ the corner-stone;
By faith in him abide,
Rejoicing with his saints;
To him with confidence, when tried,
Make known all thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,
A life of faith in God,
An interest, nothing can destroy,
In Christ's atoning blood;
Then, though the heathen rage,
And devils envious roar,
The Saviour's grace in every age
Extol for evermore.

837. T. 90.

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on mount Calvary seal'd,
We sign, asserting every word,
Which in his gospel is reveal'd,
As truth divine; and cursed are they
Who add thereto or take away.

2 We steadfastly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no (one;
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ and his righteousness receive.

3 Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness,
Ev'n our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4 Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
The fulness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone,
His Godhead and his death shall be,
Our theme to all eternity.

5 On him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know,
This we subscribe with heart and hand,
Resolved through grace thereby to stand.

6 This now with heaven's resplendent host
We echo thro' the church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast,
Of Jesus' saving death and blood:
We loud like many waters join,
In showing forth his love divine.

838.* T. 82.

PREACHERS of the gospel word,
Seek ye first to know the Lord,
And to live in the enjoyment
Of his grace; then your employment
Rays of light will shed abroad
In the family of God;—

2 Not for your own worthiness
(All you are, you are through grace)
But because your Lord and Saviour,
Whose blest purposes ne'er waver,
Is your sure support and aid,
Counsellor and friend in need.

3 Leaders, would ye faithful prove,
Every other gift above,
Of obedience be possessed:
With this duty unimpressed,
How could you at home preside?
How the flocks of Jesus guide?

839.* T. 22.

SHALL I, thro' fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's fire in me restrain?
Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most High?—

2 Shall I to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, and smooth my tongue;
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?—

3 No, fearless I'll in deed and word
Witness of thee my gracious Lord:
My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent.

4 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
I no reproach nor sufferings dread;
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
I need not fear by sea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

840.* T. 166.

WE often in our course thro' time
Have rugged roads to travel;
Faith's fortitude must sometimes (climb,
And paths uneven level:
But Jesus, through his tender care,
Which is at all times present,
Revives the weary traveller
Again by ways more pleasant.

2 O thou, the sole defence and aid
Of all the weak and feeble,
Thou strong support in time of need,
And Saviour of thy people;
Uphold us, Lord, most powerfully
With thy divine assistance,
And grant us constant victory
When meeting with resistance.

3 We offer gladly unto thee
Our spirit, soul, and body;
We promise thee fidelity,
And loyalty most steady: (tain,
Thou surely wilt thy cause main-
Nor leave thy work unfinish'd;
Thy servants many conquests gain,
Though in appearance vanquish'd.

841. T. 56.

YE who called :‖: to Christ's service are,
Join together :‖: both in work and *prayer*;
Venture all on him our Lord;
Who assures us in his word,
That we're constant :‖: objects of his care.

2 Show'rs of blessing :‖: from the Lord proceed,
Strength supplying :‖: in the time of need;
For no servant of our King
Ever lacked any thing
He will never :‖: break the bruised reed.

3 Lord, have mercy :‖: on each land and place,
Where thy servants :‖: preach the word of peace;
Life and power on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness :‖: they may thee confess.

4 May we faithful :‖: in our service be,
Truly careful :‖: in our ministry;
Keep us to thy church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound,
Often weeping :‖: grateful tears 'fore thee.

842.* T. 14.

LORD JESUS, who hast called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy cross
Amidst reproach and shame;—

2 We thee entreat with one accord,
Thy ministers prepare
To lead thy flock, and preach thy word,
With meekness, zeal, and care.

3 Without thy aid we nought can (do,
But by thy power we know,
Weak as we are, we're heroes too,
Who conquer where we go.

843.* T. 583.

SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious Lamb of God,
We thy poor children, purchased by thy blood,
With gratitude acknowledge, that we share
Thy boundless favour and protecting care.

2 From day to day may we with rapture feel
Thy life, thy unction, and thy Spirit's seal,
The powerful drawings of thy love and grace,
And zeal to serve thy cause with faithfulness.

3 With each of us fulfil thy gracious aim,
That we, thy servants, may exalt thy name;
Enabled by thy grace, may we declare
The greatness of thy ransom everywhere.

4 We feel our insufficiency to bear
The weighty charge committed to our care;
To thee, who dost thy people's cause defend,
We the concerns of thy whole church commend.

844. T. 166.

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
Thou know'st the thoughts of every breast,
To thee each servant gladly goes,
Like Noah's dove, for peace and rest,
Indeed the waters overflow
The world all o'er, and us withstand; [know,
Few will our mind and purpose
Few comprehend thy blest command.

2 But we can hope thy word and grace
Will soften many a heart of stone:
What means can help the human race?
The same which our poor hearts have won:
Though carnal reason stand to faith
Opposed, the wounded conscience flies
To the blest doctrine of thy death,
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3 Thy powerful presence, Lord, display,
Or else in vain the sun we see;
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,
We have no comfort but in thee:
Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord;
Where'er obedient to thy call
We go, thy help to us afford,
And ever be our All in all.

845.* T. 58.

REDEEMER of mankind, God of all grace,
Pour fire and Spirit on thy witnesses,
Preaching thy salvation, by love constrained:
Thus thousands more for thee shall still be gained
By thy blest word.

2 O may thy ransom'd people every where
Of this great truth for ever witness bear,
That whoe'er believeth in Christ's redemption,
May find free grace, and a complete exemption
From serving sin.

3 Our elders and all other servants bless,
To all their undertakings give success;
Gracious Lord, afford them thy Spirit's unction,
That they may faithfully fulfil the function
To which they 're call'd.

4 Grant none amongst us may inactive be,
Enable us to serve thee cheerfully;
Render thou successful each step and action
Which we perform, Lord, under thy direction,
And in thy name.

5 Let more unto thy church collected be [thee,
In every quarter, to yield joy to
Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her stations;
And, O impart to the most savage nations Thy saving grace.

846. T. 22.

BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord:
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do.

2 O teach us all thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfil:
When human insight fails, give light:
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength and stay,
In our employ from day to day:
Our thoughts and our activity
Through Jesus' merits hallow'd be.

847.* T. 146.

LORD, grant thy servants grace,
The needful gifts and unction,
That with due faithfulness
They may discharge their function;
That all things as they ought
May punctually be done;
And with success, when wrought,
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

2 We pray thee, bless them all,
And prosper their endeavour,
In their important call
To serve thee, gracious Saviour:
Thou listen'st to our prayers,
And surely wilt uphold
The faithful ministers
Of thy redeemed fold.

848.* T. 26.

MOST faithful Lord, thyself reveal:
My eyes with contrite tears o'erflow,
My heart with gratitude doth glow,
But adequate expressions fail.

2 Give me what thy own mind decrees,
And what thy children must possess,
If they shall serve thee with success,
A neck which with thy yoke agrees.

3 Give me a lowly, faithful mind,
With patience and undauntedness;
If thou my weak endeavours bless,
Action and rest may be combined.

4 Give me an inly cheerful heart,
Besprinkled with thy blood, made clean;
O may it in my works be seen
That thou its sole possessor art.

5 Grant me to know thy blessed ways;
With all both joy and grief to share;
And lips thy mercy to declare
To all that mourning seek thy face.

849.* T. 185.

SINCE our Saviour call'd us to inherit
Everlasting happiness,
And without the unction of his Spirit,
We the way to him can't trace;
Grant us, therefore, Holy Ghost, the viour,
favour,
Both in doctrine and in our behe-
By thee to be taught and led,
Till in Christ we 're perfected.

2 Faithful Lord, my only joy and pleasure,
Shall remain, while here I stay,
Thee, my matchless Friend and highest Treasure,
To adore, serve, and obey;
Tho' I in myself am weak and feeble,
Yet I trust thy grace will me enable,
By obedience to thy will,
All thy purpose to fulfil.

850.* T. 282.

BODY and soul's at thy command,
And we with gladness ready stand
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus:
Since thy blest Spirit did explain
Unto our hearts, why thou wast slain,
Nought else on earth can please us:
O no, although
We are feeble and unstable,
Thou 'rt our treasure,
And to serve thee is our pleasure.

2 Unto ourselves no praise is due;
And should we even something do,
That in thy sight were pleasing,
To thee we render all the praise:
Thou givest thereto enabling grace,
And grantest us thy blessing;
Unless thy grace
Sway our nature, every creature
Is unwilling
Aught that 's good to be fulfilling.

851.* T. 166.

TAKE me into thy hands anew,
Out of which none is plucked,

By which thy children are brought through,
And servants are conducted:
Lord Jesus, lead and bless thou me
In every future station,
That I may serve thee faithfully
Until my consummation.

2 With mouth and hand I give to thee
Myself as thy own booty,
To increase each talent thou gavest me,
Shall be my pleasant duty:
O let my soul ne'er moved be
From thee, my faithful Saviour;
Both late and early show to me
Thy mercy and thy favour.

852. T. 39.

LORD, grant us tho' deeply abased with shame,
With true Christian courage to act in thy name;
May we in thy blessed work always abound,
And may with success all our labour be crown'd.

2 Give grace, that as brethren we join hands in love,
Engaging to thee ever faithful to prove,
Where'er to thy service appointed we stand,
To sow or to reap, at thy call and command.

853.* T. 4.

O JESUS, my Lord,
For ever adored,
My portion, my all,
At thy holy feet with abasement I fall.

2 As sure as I prove
Thy mercy and love
To me, thy poor child,
As sure as thou art my reward and my shield,—

3 So sure may I be
Devoted to thee,
And cheerfully stand,
Prepared to follow thy every command.

4 Keep me through thy grace
So minded always,
That I nought beside,
May know but thee only, and thee crucified.

5 Whene'er I survey
In stillness and weigh
The proofs of thy grace,
Experienced by me in so manifold ways,—

6 I then at thy throne
Adoring sink down
With joy and deep shame;
Thy love to my grateful return hath a claim.

7 For ever be blest,
Thou source of true rest;
Thanks be to thy hand,
Which led me, and safely will lead to the end.

8 Now am I, though dust,
Thy property just,
With thee one in heart;
May nought from thy love, me, poor sinner, e'er part.

9 Soul, spirit, and mind
To thee be resign'd,
Thy throne there erect,
Till thou thy whole purpose in me canst effect.

10 Whatever I do
With thy blood bedew;
May every thought be
Intent on enjoying communion with thee.

11 Make me thine abode,
A temple of God,
A vessel of grace,
Prepared for thy service, and formed to thy praise.

12 The covenant is made,
With thee as my Head:
Lord, grant my request,
To love and to serve thee, till with thee I rest.

854.* T. 97.

ATTEND, Lord Jesus, to my prayer,
Unto thyself O draw me near;
Thou know'st the frailty of my heart,
Thy unction unto me impart;
For vain were all my zeal and faithfulness,
Unless supported by thy aiding grace.

2 May I in thy communion blest
Enjoy an undisturbed rest;
Make soul and body thine abode,
A temple of the living God:
Thus, Lord, for thy appearing may I wait,
Then will my joy in thee be quite complete.

855.* T. 14.

O GRANT thy servant through thy grace
An understanding heart,
Thy dealings with thy church to trace,
And counsel to impart.

2 With heavenly wisdom me endow,
Thy peace O may I feel;
Presence of mind on me bestow,
To execute thy will.

3 Thus strengthened in the inner man,
Supported by thy aid,
I shall thy gracious aim obtain,
And in thy path proceed.

856. T. 9.

SHEPHERD, help thy chosen few,
Thee in truth to follow;
With thy blood, whate'er we do,
Be thou pleased to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more
Of thy church's beauty:
Give the impulse and the power
For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet
On thy service venture;
Thy hard labour makes all sweet,
When on toil we enter.

857.* T. 22.

IN mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in thy service we may do
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assign'd.

Grant we, impelled by thy love,
In smallest things may faithful prove;
Till we depart, we wish to be
Devoted wholly unto thee.

858.* T. 155.

FIT us for thy service, Lord,
Each one in thy congregation,
In his station;
Set us in the appointed
To thy praise:
Make us in thy service
Willing, lively, faithful
Till in thee we end our

859.* T.

O MAY the witness-spi
Lord, on thy congreg
May godly zeal inspire
To publish thy salvati
We gladly promise faitl
To do what we are al
Sufficient is for us thy g
Which doth support tl

860.*

WITH gladness we will
We vow allegiance, ben
To thee, our Lord and
We'll venture freely, e
At thy command, O Chr
By thee alone we will

861. T.

O GLORIOUS Master
Thy chosen flock's de
Upon thee stay'd, my m
At ease, though in su
Most graciously I 'm on
Beneath thy tender ca
Thy arm prepares my w
Looks out before me f

862. T.

O BLESS the ministry
To which I am appoin
'Midst weakness may I
With power divine an
A lowly mind bestow,
Obedient, sway'd by g
Give me thy will to kno
Then will my works t

863. T

THOU Master of thy fa
In humble faith we look

Dispose our hearts, thy blessed will
With resignation to fulfil:
Call forth thy servants, grant them needful grace,
And say to each, I leave with thee my peace.

864.* T. 232.

JESUS, who died upon the cross,
And shed his precious blood for us,
To God a pure oblation,
Is the blest object of our faith;
We show the virtue of his death,
Of him we make confession:
O may his love our hearts inspire,
And touch our lips with hallow'd fire:
Led by his Spirit and his grace,
May we set forth his matchless praise;
Thus will the Lord—his due reward
Well-pleased regard,
Receiving honour through our word.

865.* T. 205.

LET thy presence go with me,
Saviour, else I dare not move;
With thy aid and led by thee
I will go, constrain'd by love;
Serve thy cause with all my might,
Deeming every burden light;
And, if favour'd with success,
To thee render all the praise.

866.* T. 14.

THE day will come, when Jesus Christ,
The righteous Judge declared,
Will be his servants' crown of joy,
Their endless, great reward.

2 Meanwhile they tread the narrow path,
From worldly fetters freed;
Obedient to their Lord, in hope
They sow the gospel seed.

XXXIV. THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

867.* T. 22.

ALL is the Lord's; the spacious earth
Sets his creative wisdom forth;
What man of all the human race
Is not an object of his grace?

2 Gladly we spend our life and blood
To serve our Lord, the living God;
Ourselves to Christ an offering give,
Who died that we through him might live.

3 What true disciple e'er would choose
At home to follow selfish views,
If, tho' with hardship and with pain,
One soul for Jesus he might gain?

4 God sends you forth—his will be done,
Your destined race with patience (run;
To all mankind his word declare;
Christ's ransom publish every where.

5 But lay your own foundation sure,
Be clean in heart, in spirit poor,
Devoted wholly to the Lord;
Then will he needful strength afford.

6 Fall down in faith beneath his cross,
Cry, God be merciful to us;
Lord, let us hear thy cheering voice,
And ever in thy name rejoice.

868.* T. 590.

IS this indeed our happy lot,
To exalt thee, slaughter'd Lamb?
Who art thou? who can right describe
Thy great and glorious name?
And who are we, that we should take
This mighty task in hand?
We helpless sinners, base and vile;
Sure we must blushing stand.

2 Yet we are thine, most gracious King;
To thee our hearts are bound.

Our knowledge yet extends not far,
O grant us deeper ground;
That each beholder may in us
Thy image clearly trace,
And in our words and walk discern
That we are led by grace.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us shower;
Lift up thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore:
O may we fully know thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen tribes may find
Salvation in thy name.

4 In these our days exalt thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread;
That for the travail of thy soul
Thou mayst behold thy seed:
O may thy knowledge fill the earth;
Increase the number still
Of those who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.

5 Thanks, Jesus, for thy sacred blood,
That precious healing stream:
All without this is cold and dead,
However good it seem:
That virtue is of no avail,
Which takes not hence its rise;
Thy blood were else of no effect,
That blood of so great price.

6 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
To follow thy command,
To execute thy utmost aim,
And in thy presence stand,
As servants willing to be used,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and prayer
As incense day and night.

7 Hereto we cheerful say, Amen;
We have this truth avow'd,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God:
Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd our hearts,
And conquer'd us by love;
To him we have engaged ourselves:
O may we faithful prove.

869.* T. 166.

O LORD, we highly magnify
And bless thy saving Jesus' name:
The love that prompted thee to die
We will to all mankind proclaim:
Thou bidst the sparks of grace arise,
Which kindle many a lifeless heart;
Thou hear'st the needy sinner's cries,
And pardon freely dost impart.

2 If we are to thy cause but true,
Upright, obedient to thy will,
Enabling grace thou wilt bestow,
Thy thoughts of peace in us fulfil:
In all things we may trust thy grace
And rest on thy almighty arm:
Keep thou our souls in constant peace,
And shelter us from every harm.

870.* T. 22.

IN our short warfare here below
May our experience daily show,
That in our weakness thro' thy aid
Thy strength divine is perfected.

2 Without thy blessing how could we
Be servants pleasing unto thee?
But we can by experience sing,
Thy word hath power, and fruit doth bring.

3 Ah, could we preach in every place
Our Saviour's boundless love and grace,
That thousands who are yet enslaved,
Might in these gospel-times be saved

4 There's but a small beginning made,
The earth is still o'ercast with shade
Break forth, thou Sun of righteousness,
And spread thy all-enlivening rays.

5 Whene'er we to mankind proclaim
Thy dying love and precious name,
Support thy servants' weakness Lord,
By thy blest Spirit, grace, and word

6 Lord of the harvest, lab'rers send
Who willing are their lives to spend
In scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7 When all our labour here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no more,
When our endeavours have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

871.* T. 114.

THOU Saviour of the world, great Mediator,
O mayst thou for the travail of thy soul
Behold thy seed extend from pole to pole:
Thy boundless mercy show to every creature;
With old and young thy gracious aim obtain;
Thy prayers and tears can never plead in vain.

2 Thy glorious gospel spread thro' every nation, (name
Give us an open door, thy saving
In the most distant regions to proclaim,
With power and with the Spirit's demonstration;
And grant us joyfully to feed by faith
In peace upon the merits of thy death.

872. T. 74.

THINK on our brethren, Lord,
Who preach the gospel-word,
In spirit free and bold,
In hunger, heat, and cold;
Thou art their strength and shield,
Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,
And spirit, grace, and power,
To tell what thou hast done
For mankind to atone;
That thus in every place
We may declare thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go;
To every sinner show
What need he hath of thee,
And then most powerfully
Convince each human heart,
That thou our Saviour art.

4 O let thy strength and might
Subdue the enemy's spite:
Our weakness well thou know'st;
Of nothing we can boast.
But that we trust thy word,
And know thou art our Lord.

5 Our weak endeavours bless,
And crown them with success:
Thou Workman great and wise,
Who shall thy work despise?
A tool that's used by thee
Can wonders do, we see.

873.* T. 97.

THE Lord himself gave forth the word; (Lord:
We preach most gladly Christ the
May thousands, Lord, thy voice obey,
And turn to thee without delay;
To those who hear us grant an open ear,
And when we point thee out, do thou appear.

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,
That in the earth's remotest parts
The love of God to all mankind
Be preached to heathen base and blind;
For Jesus saves from sin all who believe,
And the offer'd pardon in his blood receive.

3 Thanks, adoration, glory, praise,
To Christ we render for his grace;
With every breath may we proclaim
His goodness, and extol his name:
O Lord, thy knowledge spread both far and near,
May all in thy redemption have a share.

874. T. 97.

AS 'twas of old, we now may trace,
In these most blessed times of grace,
How the reviving gospel sound
Of blood-bought grace is spreading round;
We see with joy the work of God increase,
And thousands who through Jesus find release.

2 We see in hearts as cold as ice
The Sun of righteousness arise,
And that his all-enlivening rays
Of Satan's slaves make sons of grace.

Who are increasing daily more and more,
And who the slaughter'd Lamb with us adore.

3 Great is the harvest, truly great;
Saviour of all, we thee intreat,
To send forth lab'rers who with joy
Of thy atonement testify,
And to prepare still many witnesses,
Who from experience may proclaim thy grace.

875.* T. 22.

LORD, at thy feet amazed we sink,
When on thy wondrous grace we think,
Which now so strikingly appears,
The glory of this vale of tears.

2 The gospel in these blessed days,
Throughout the earth its beams displays;
Nations that never heard of thee
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3 That mystery, from ages seal'd,
God by his Spirit hath reveal'd,
That heavenly thrones and powers might know
God's wisdom by the church below.

4 Though hated, though despised, and mean,
Yet while we on thy mercy lean,
Let nations rage, let devils roar,
We will confess thee evermore.

876.* T. 121.

YE people of the Lord,
Be still, and trust his word;
Bring your supplications
'Fore him with one accord,
That many heathen nations
May his word receive,
And in him believe. :‖:

2 O might we clearly trace,
In these blest times of grace,
'Mongst the Brethren's people
In each a willingness
To be the Lord's disciple,
To spend life and blood
In the cause of God. :‖:

877.* T. 206.

LET the world hear, :‖:
God's Son and Heir,
Who to us came,
And bore :‖: our sin and shame,
Who lived among his own :‖:
Unknown,
Despised and mean,
And then was slain,
The ransom He :‖:
For all the world and me. :‖:

2 Hereby we stand :‖:
With life in hand,
Us help afford
To bear :‖: this witness, Lord:
That thousands may embrace :‖:
Thy grace:
We will diffuse
The gospel-news
In every land, :‖:
The Lord will by us stand. :‖:

878. T. 221.

THE springs of salvation from Christ the rock bursting,
And flowing through the wil'erness,
Refresh and enliven his heritage thirsting;
Abundant are the showers of grace:
As rain overstreaming the parched ground,
With plenty now teeming, spreads verdure round,
The promised blessing its influence diffuses,
And fruit, to the husbandman grateful, produces.

2 I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing,
Thus saith the Lord, to all around;
O may we in grace and in number increasing
In faith which works by love abound:
Upon thy grace founded immoveably,
And rooted and grounded in love to thee;
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word and behaviour,
To others of life unto life prove a savour,

879. T. 583.

THE earth's the Lord's; to cultivate the land
And sow the gospel-seed we ready stand;

In hope, that for his travail Christ may see
A rich reward, and reap abundantly.

2 O Lord, command us what we are to do,
Where thou wilt call us we desire to go;
Because thy orders do imply success,
We break thro' roads we else could never pass.

3 May many wild, uncultivated parts,
Where Satan bears the sway in heathens' hearts,
Bear fruit abundantly to thee, O Lord,
And thousands be converted by thy word.

880.* T. 205.

WOULD the world our passport see
By which we free entrance gain,
Or ask our authority,
We reply, The Lamb was slain:
This is every where our boast;
He that higher soars is lost:
For that powerful word we raise,
Christ, to thee eternal praise.

2 Every where with shoutings loud,
Shouts that shake the gates of hell,
Thy anointed witness-cloud,
Of thy great redemption tell:
Are our door-posts, Lamb of God,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
By its virtue we shall be
From the dread destroyer free.

881.* T. 136.

GOD'S boundless grace
Preserves each faithful servant:
All share his aid, in cold and heat most fervent,
'Midst ice and rocks,
Or on the stormy seas,
Are soul and body under his direction;
The shadow of his wings affords complete protection:
The Lord will be about our ways,
O boundless grace.

2 Our life, our death,
Be to thy joy and honour,
Who art of life and each good gift the donor:
We say, Amen,
Thou Author of our faith,
Thy name be glorified in our behaviour;
Whether our pilgrimage be rough or smooth, dear Saviour,
Be thou our strength while we have breath, Our life in death.

882.* T. 221.

WITH fire and with spirit endow'd every moment,
Ye ministers of Christ confess'd,
Go forth and proclaim ye the word of atonement,
Both far and near; and when oppress'd
By hardships and trials, be bold in God,
And gladly for him spend your life and blood:
'Midst tempests and billows, and through deserts go,
The seed of the gospel 'mongst heathen to sow.

883.* T. 205.

GROUNDED on the eternal rock,
Jesus Christ, his church's stay,
Strong and firm, 'midst every shock,
Humble, but without dismay;
Such the pilgrim who in faith
Safely walks the narrow path:
He proceeds from grace to grace,
Till with joy he ends his race.

2 More and more our joys increase,
As we humbly travel on;
Jesus gives abundant grace,
While we lean on him alone:
Through the virtue of his blood,
Source of life and every good,
We preserve a cheerful mind,
His blest will to do inclined.

3 Then we suit ourselves to those
Who with us yoke-fellows are,
Glad to soften all their woes,
Glad their every joy to share:
If to Christ the Vine we cleave,
Daily strength from him receive,
Through his power we shall produce
Goodly fruit, matured for use.

884.* T. 582.

AMBASSADORS of Christ,
Know ye the way you go?
It is a path not strew'd with flowers,
But yielding thorns and wo:
All who Christ crucified
Their only Saviour own,
Meet oftentimes with treatment base,
As to their Master shown.

2 Only against offence
With circumspection guard:
By craft or force in every place
The fiend is striving hard
God's work to overthrow;
That in the trying hour
The servants of the Lord may fall,
Bereft of faith and power.

2 But see, the fields are white;
Go therefore, lab'rers, go,
The Lord leads on to victory,
His power and grace ye know:
Christ, whom we Saviour call,
Of all is sovereign Lord,
He is the Captain of the host,
We conquer through his word.

885.* T. 11.

BRETHREN, what do you desire?
After what do you aspire?
Whither do your labours tend?
To preach Christ the sinners' friend.

2 Seems this subject ever new?
Can you give it praises due?
Ne'er be weary to proclaim
Jesus' lovely, saving name.

3 Never, never will we cease
To proclaim the news of peace,
Never, till our latest breath;
Fervent, faithful unto death.

886.* T. 79.

GO, witness of the suffering
Of Christ, who as our offering
Our guilt and curse did bear;
Proclaim his great salvation
To many a heathen nation,
And spread his gospel far and near.

887.* T. 205.

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, let what may befall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way;
In the strength of Jesus boast;
Never, never quit thy post.

888.* T. 185.

WHAT affords the Christian wa
rior vigour,
Who climbs rocks, or sinks i
sands,
Braving now of northern storms th
rigour,
Scorched then in southern lands!
Here no care avails, no circumspe
tion,
But, depending on his Lord's prote
tion,
In his heavenly armour clad,
He moves on, serene and glad.

889. T. 14.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lor
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their shield Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands r
Supported by thy care, [mo
Through burning climes they pa
unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every toil,
Makes every region please,
Where on the mountains they pl
claim
Thy reign, O Prince of peace.

4 The love of Christ constraini
them,
They plant sweet Sharon's rose
Successfully on icy plains
And in eternal snows.

5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, a
deaths
Thy goodness they adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies pa
And humbly hope for more.

890.* T. 161.

URGED by love on every station
To the fallen human race,

We will publish Christ's salvation,
And declare his blood-bought grace;
To display him—and portray him
In his suffering form and beauty,
Be our aim and pleasing duty.

891. * T. 155.

O WHAT songs in highest strain,
Will the ransom'd sing in heaven
With thanksgiving,
To him who brought us to God
By his blood,
When of every tongue and nation
There will be with exultation
But one flock and Shepherd known.

2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,
Surely he his gracious promise
Will accomplish:
Ye his servants, ready stand
In each land,
Yea, in the most distant places,
Till he comes, to sound his praises,
And make known his saving name.

892. T. 590.

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,
Their shield and portion be,
And let their lives the world con-
That they belong to thee: [vince
Extend thy help to distant parts,
Thy servants send to call;
Reveal thy grace to heathens' hearts,
Thy grace extend to all.

893. T. 22.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 Enter his gates with thankful songs,
And in his courts your voices raise:
Let earth with her ten thousand tongues
Sound forth, O gracious Lord, thy praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

894.* T. 195.

LORD God, our salvation,
Let thy grace and favour
Rest upon thy church for ever:
Jesus, thee to follow
Be our blessed function;
Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,
To declare—every where
The complete salvation,
Purchased by thy passion.

895. T. 22.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring thy cross before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
O rend the heavens and come down,
And make each rebel heart thine own.

896. T. 22.

WITH joy we hasten to the place,
Where we our Saviour oft have met:

And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
Or with affliction daily fed,
It makes amends, if we can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

3 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:
Here we thy promised presence seek,
Open thine hand, with blessings stored,
And grant us manna for the week.

897. T. 11.

JESUS is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

2 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

3 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations spread it round:
Zion, sing, thy Monarch see;
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

898. T. 14.

ZION, where God records his name,
In our esteem is dear;
Tasting his goodness, we exclaim,
'Tis good to sojourn here.

2 We see his beauty, and admire
The glories of his house;
Into his will we here inquire,
And here we pay our vows.

3 Dear Saviour, bless us from on high,
Infuse thy love and fear;
And let our lives exemplify
The precious truths we hear.

4 And as successively we quit
This mortal, dying frame,
May others here before thee meet
To bless thy holy name.

899. T. 11.

SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee.

2 Let the minds of all c
Feel the force of sacred
While the gospel-call th
May they learn to love

3 Show them what the
Show them the desert o
Then thy dying love re
This shall melt a heart

4 Where thou hast thy
Give new strength the
Scatter darkness, doubt
Wipe away the mourne

5 Bless us all, both old a
Call forth praise from e
Let the whole assembl
Thy rich grace and dyi

900.*

CHRIST JESUS is grain,
Which fell into the grot
Now since he for our si
He doth no more alone
But for the travail of h
His seed appears from p

901.

FROM all that dwell be
Let the Creator's praise
Let the Redeemer's nar
Through every land, by

2 Eternal are thy merc
Eternal truth attends t
Thy praise shall sound shore,
Till suns shall rise and

902. T.

LORD, dismiss us with
Fill our hearts with joy
Let us each, thy love po
Triumph in redeeming
O refresh us, :|:
Travelling through this

2 Thanks we give and
For thy gospel's joyful
May the fruits of thy s
In our hearts and lives
King of glory, :|:
Sway thy sceptre all ar

XXXV. HOLY BAPTISM.

903. T. 58.

WHEN we baptise a sinner in Christ's death,
Then is the blood and water his true bath:
Not with water only came the Lord Jesus;
He came with water and with blood to bless us:
Praise be to God.

2 The water is in baptism seen by eyes;
On Jesus' blood not seen our faith relies:
We are well persuaded this fountain cleanseth
Polluted sinners, and true grace dispenseth To live to him.

3 This precious blood is full of energy,
It washes clean and cures effectually;
And the Holy Spirit, unto us tender'd,
Bears witness powerfully that we are render'd Children of God.

4 O come then, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
While we of Jesus' bitter passion boast;
While on him relying, we are baptising
This sinner in Christ's death, that *he* be rising With Jesus too:

5 Besprinkle *him*, O Jesus, Son of God,
Now with thy precious all-atoning blood;
Cleanse both soul and body from all pollution,
And grant to *him* the seal of absolution, Thy peace divine.

904. T. 590.

HEAVEN'S kingdom none shall enter in
But he who is a child;
Therefore the children are by Christ Heirs of his kingdom styled:
Is heaven theirs, none shall forbid A child to come to him;
Who shall forbid the water flood A babe to overstream?

2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be present with us here;
We trust in Jesus' saving name,
To us his words are dear:
We now baptise a little child Into the Saviour's death;
'Tis his command, and we perform This solemn act in faith.

905. T. 590.

LORD JESUS, from thy pierced side
Both blood and water stream'd,
A cleansing laver to provide
For man, from sin redeem'd:
Thou saidst, Preach pardon to the lost,
Baptise them in the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
We now will do the same.

2 Be present with us, Lord our God;
Though water fails from sin
To cleanse, yet thy atoning blood
Can wash this infant clean:
Accept this child we now baptise And here present to thee;
His soul be precious in thine eyes,
Now and eternally.

906. T. 22.

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Christ by his blood atoned for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean:
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

907. T. 582.

OUR baptism first declares
That we must cleansed be,
Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs
Dispenseth purity.

2 Water the body laves:
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.

3 Baptised into his death,
We rise to life divine;
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

908. T. 14.

FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord,
In him our Father too,
O bless, we pray, with one accord,
The work we have to do.

2 Jesus, as water well applied,
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.

3 O Holy Ghost, with power apply
The Saviour's cleansing blood;
Own thou this babe, and testify,
This is a child of God.

909. T. 39.

THOU who in the days of thy flesh didst receive
The children, and to them thy blessing didst give,
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favour bestow
On *him* we present thee; we pray, bless *him* now.

2 Receive *him*, O Christ, as a lamb thou hadst lost,
And think what a price *his* redemption hath cost;
Thy name on *his* forehead, thy seal on *his* breast,
Be by thee our Shepherd and Bishop impress'd.

3 Vouchsafe to be present, thou Father adored;
And thou our Redeemer and merciful *Lord;*
O Holy Ghost, come with thy unction and fire,
And all with thy love and salvation inspire.

910.* T. 201.

THE eye sees water, nothing more,
As it is poured out by men;
But faith alone conceives the power
Of Jesus' blood to make us clean:
Faith sees it as a cleansing flood,
Which overstreams the soul with grace, (good,
Heals every wound and makes all
That Adam brought on us his race,
And all that we ourselves have done.

911. T. 22.

O BLEST Redeemer, in thy side
Upon the cross was made a wound,
The fount, in which we 're purified,
Wherein our sin and guilt are drown'd.

2 Water and blood in streams ran hence,
And on the earth were freely spilt;
Water, to sanctify and cleanse;
Blood, to atone for heinous guilt.

3 This wondrous grace to place in view,
Baptismal waters were design'd,
In which thou, Lord, wast buried too,
To thy great Father's will resign'd.

4 Thus penitents who die to sin,
With thee are buried in thy grave;
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Their souls a resurrection have.

5 And tho' their bodies turn to dust,
This holy symbol doth assure,
The resurrection of the just
Shall render them once bright and pure.

912. T. 582.

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame
Wash in your Saviour's clean (bl
And call upon his name.

2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts;
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptis
Will wash away your guilt.

3 While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot them [out,
Remember them no more.

4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he hath done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd;
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6 Ye with your Lord are risen;
Aspire to things above:
Mansions for you your Lord prepares,
In realms of light and love.

XXXVI. THE HOLY COMMUNION.

913.* T. 599.

LORD Jesus, who before thy passion,
Distress'd and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of thy oblation
In thy last supper didst bequeath;
Accept our praise, thou bounteous Giver
Of life to every true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts surpassing;
And while we thee in memory bear
At each returning celebration,
We show thy death for our salvation.

3 Assurance of our pardon sealed
Is in this sacrament renew'd;
The soul with peace and joy is filled,
With thy atoning blood bedew'd:
This from unrighteousness us cleanseth,
And life abundantly dispenseth.

4 That bond of love, that mystic union,
By which to thee, our Head, we 're join'd,
Is closer drawn at each communion;
By love inspired, we know thy mind,
And, feeding on thy death and merit,
Are render'd one with thee in spirit.

5 Lord, by thy flesh the soul is nourish'd,
When faint, thy blood doth us revive;
And while our faith thereby is cherish'd,
To serve thee and thy house we strive;
We, by this food invigorated,
Are to good works anew created.

6 While thus thou feed'st the poor and needy,
Life from thy death pervades the whole;
And the true members of thy body,
In thee, their Head, one heart and soul,
For whom one bread and cup sufficed,
Into one spirit are baptised.

7 Thy flesh to us a pledge is given,
That ev'n our flesh, corrupt and vile,
Shall from the dust be raised to heaven,
And with unfading glories smile,
And soul and body be for ever
At home with thee, our Lord and Saviour.

8 O what a striking exhibition
Of love divine is here bestow'd;
Our hungry souls in this fruition
Find here on earth their highest good:
It proves, amidst all tribulation,
Of heavenly bliss the anticipation.

914.* T. 69.

WITH deep devotion
We in Christ's sufferings trace
The unfathom'd ocean
Of his unbounded grace:
He gave—himself, our souls to save.

2 His body broken
Upon the shameful cross,
As he hath spoken,
Was given to death for us;
We feed—on everlasting bread.

3 That precious fountain
Of blood, which from him flow'd
On Calvary's mountain,
Is now on us bestow'd;
Here we—life's well-spring open see.

4 O well-spring flowing
Unto eternal life,
Our souls bedewing,
By thee alone we thrive,
And are—enabled fruit to bear.

5 The Lord draws near us,
Let us to meet him haste;
He comes to cheer us,
His flesh is our repast,
His blood—our drink and highest good.

6 In sweet communion
With Christ our paschal Lamb,
And holy union
With all who love his name,
May we—abide continually.

915. T. 160.

SEE Jesus seated 'midst his own,
With pensive mind oppressed,
Foreboding pangs and griefs unknown,
Amazed and distressed:
Strong fears beset—but stronger yet
Love's power his soul then moved,
And love the conqueror proved.

2 With great desire he long'd before
His final, bitter suffering,
To eat the passover once more,
Type of his body's offering;
And in a last—farewell repast
To give a sacred token
Of his love's bond unbroken.

3 In that most dark and doleful night
When Jesus was betrayed,
And, viewing hell's ce
As man, felt sore dis
Yet see his face—wi
grace
Shine on his flock wit
Pardon and peace reve

4 In bread and wine to
His sacred body brok
His blood, shed guilty
For thus the Lord h
And we believe—ador
Yea, feel the power m
To heal, revive, and ch

5 Lord Christ, I thank
Since by thy invitati
Here at thy table I tak
And taste of thy obla
Now seal me thine—
That nought on earth
From thy communion s

6 'Tis here my needy s
But not with food te
Thy body is my living
Thy blood my drink
And at thy feet—my re
Here may I have my st
A trophy of thy passio

7 And when I once, of
And perfect love pos
Shall see my Saviour a
The Lamb for ever b
Still shall each breath
his death:
My voice shall swell th
To sing that song most

916. T.

IN that most dark and
In which our Saviour
Before his sufferings be
Blessed and brake it, an
Take, eat; this is my b
For you, and offer'd on
Perform this ordinance
And doing it, remember

2 Then after supper to
And having given than
'Tis the New Testamen
The blood for you and
Take this, and drink ye
Your sins' remission be
Oft as this ordinance ye
It in remembrance do of

rd, we will remember thee,
er forget thy love divine;
we 'll ever bear in mind,
ade thee ours, and made us
:
commemorate thy death,
shalt once again appear;
le, remember, gracious

worthy followers here.

* T. 205.

ace—of witnesses,
God's Spirit doth ordain
known—what God hath
only victory gain [done;
acred covenant-blood,
e fathers, bold in God,
faith on every door,
slayer might pass o'er.

seed—from slavery freed,
h joy their paschal lamb;
ride—of Christ who died,
m bondage to redeem,
ther passover;
shadow; substance here:
s the flesh and blood
laughter'd Lamb of God.

now—most humbly bow,
et in Jesus' name,
s—died on the cross,
our reproach and shame:
Father, 'fore the Son,
Spirit, Three in One,
countless heavenly host,
assembly of the just.

taste—the rich repast
he offers graciously,
od—his flesh and blood,
g in the sanctuary;
sacrament to enjoy,
awe to him draw nigh:
ve and fellowship
munion love-feast keep.

l rest—at this great feast,
serve him freely go,
for pilgrims fit,
iples ought to do:
n Jesus we shall see,
n his majesty,
marriage supper share,
true followers are.

ill be—of ransom'd souls
umerable throng;
9

Lamb once slain—to thee pertain,
Thanks and praise will be their [song:
Hallelujah will they cry,
Singing in sweet harmony,
'Midst all trials we o'ercame
Only by thy blood, O Lamb.

918.* T. 594.

JESUS, how great was thy desire
Once more to eat the paschal lamb
With thy dear flock! O what love's fire
Did here thy sorrowing soul inflame!
Each precious word thy kindness showeth,
Thereby we are divinely blest;
The love that in thy bosom gloweth,
Is herein render'd manifest.

2 Thy love is great, beyond all measure,
Thence we derive eternal good:
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure!
Thy holy body and thy blood:
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient
That thou shouldst die for our offence,
But, out of love, thou every patient
Wouldst heal and make thy residence.

3 O love divine, how strong, how ardent,
More strong than death; our life to gain,
The incarnate God, thro' love most fervent,
Was as a lamb for sinners slain:
Love urged the sovereign great Creator,
'Fore whom the universe doth shake,
By whom all things subsist in nature,
Once in the earth his grave to make.

919. T. 590.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain:

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor sinner to repeat,
For me he died, for me.

2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things:
O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
My Saviour died for me.

920. T. 166.

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
Show forth thy death and praise thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb:
In memory of our dying Lord,
The church on earth, till time shall end,
Meets at his table to record
The love of her departed Friend.

921. T. 9.

SUFFERING Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used!
With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised:

2 We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity:
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heavenly city.

5 O sustain us on the road
Through this desert dreary;
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.

6 Bid us call to mind thy cross,
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
For we need it often.

922.* T.

TO avert from man God'
Jesus suffer'd in our st
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement m
And by his most precious
Brought us sinners nigh

2 That we never should
This great love on us
He gave us his flesh to e
And to drink his preci
All who sick and needy
May receive in him a sh

3 Hither each afflicted s
May repair, tho' fill'd
To the sick, not to the w
The physician brings
Fear not, therefore, but
He will all your wants s

4 He, who in self-righte
Fixeth any hope or st
Hath not on a wedding-
And with shame is se
To the hungry, weary h
He will food and rest im

5 But examine first you
Whether you be in th
Do you mourn for pardo
Is your only hope his
Then, howe'er your sou
Come, you are a worthy

6 He, who Jesus' mercy
Is from wrath and en
Love unto our neighbo
That we are his flock
Thus we may in all our
Show forth our Redeem

923.* T

CHRIST was revealed
for us,
To suffer death upon
cross;
Now his holy body, for
Is our soul's food, unti
heaven
Ad

2 With thirsty souls
sacred blood,
Which flow'd from Je
Lamb of God,

To procure for sinners complete salvation,
When he became the full propitiation For all our sins.

3 While we partake thereof in humble faith,
We show forth Jesus' sin-atoning death;
And with deep abasement the congregation
Gives glory, honour, praise, and adoration Unto the Lamb.

924.* T. 126.

IS that my dearest Brother,
Saith one of low degree,
Who, though the Father's equal,
Became a man like me,
And on the ignominious tree
Atoned for my transgressions?—
'Tis He most certainly.

2 Ye who believe in Jesus,
And on account of sin
Havé mourn'd with pungent sorrow,
But now feel joy within,
What think ye, that to him on high,
'Fore whom ev'n John did tremble,
Ye dare approach so nigh?

3 He showers his choicest blessings
This day upon each heart,
And thus to soul and body
Salvation doth impart:
That blood which on the cross he shed
Our drink is, and his body
Is our true heavenly bread.

4 He said, My flesh is truly
Meat, and my blood is drink:
So did, unto his glory,
The Lord's disciples think:
We with the heart believe it too,
And can with full assurance
Declare it to be true.

5 In spirit we behold him
As dying in our stead;
We may approach with boldness
To him in all our need:
The enjoyment of this heavenly feast
Makes us, his congregation,
In soul and body chaste.

6 Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,
Increase in love and faith,
United to thy Saviour:
Be faithful unto death,
And own him God for evermore,
Who took our human nature;
Him in the dust adore.

925. T. 232.

THE holy bread which now we break,
The cup of which we all partake,
Is the participation
Of Jesus' flesh and blood, for us
A ransom given upon the cross,
To purchase our salvation:
He said, My flesh is truly meat;
This is my body, take and eat:
He also took the cup, and said,
This is my blood, for you 'tis shed;
Lord, we draw near—thy table here
With child-like fear:
Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2 Most Holy Lord, thou know'st our wants,
And how each needy sinner pants
For thee, our gracious Saviour:
O may our hungry souls be fed
With thee, the true, life-giving bread,
And taste thy matchless favour:
O may thy blood, the stream of life,
Our thirst assuage, our souls revive:
Thou living Vine, each branch supply;
Our souls and bodies sanctify:
And grant that we
Abide in thee—continually;
Yea, bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3 O Lord, who dost thyself impart
In mercy to each contrite heart,
Enjoying the communion:
Grant that we may be one in thee,
May love each other heartily,
And thus abide in union:
Let nothing 'mongst thy flock take place,
Which tends thy doctrine to disgrace;
By faith and love in all we do,
O may we to thy honour show
In all our ways—the boundless grace
Thy love displays,
Which in the sacrament we trace.

4 Now bless and praise the slaughter'd Lamb,
Extol his saving Jesus' name,
Thou favour'd congregation,

Which at the table of our Lord
Hast ate and drank with one accord;
Thou know'st thy destination
Is to abide in Christ by faith,
And to show forth our Saviour's death:
Walk then as children of the light;
Live to his praise by day and night:
O Lamb once slain,
We vow again—thine to remain:
Confirm our promises: Amen.

926.* T. 9.

TILL the hour shall come, with tears
By the church desired,
When our Lord again appears,
Now from sight retired:—

2 He hath with a pledge of grace
His dear flock supplied,
Whereby his own witness-race
Shows forth that he died.

3 'Tis his body and his blood
Which the soul refreshes;
Church of Christ, this highest good
Claims thy thanks and praises.

4 By this sacrament we are
To our Lord united;
To due watchfulness and prayer,
And good works excited.

5 With deep reverence we draw nigh,
Falling down before thee;
While we this repast enjoy,
We with awe adore thee.

6 Us thy congregation own,
Let us taste thy favour,
And by faith recline like John
On thy breast, dear Saviour.

927.* T. 23.

SOUL, at this most awful season,
Soar above thy scanty reason;
To the light approach, where clearest;
Duly mind what dress thou wearest.

2 Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives thee now an invitation;
His unbounded love revealing,
He 'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3 Hasten, as for brides is fitting,
Give thy Bridegroom soon the meeting;
Say, Dear Lord, let me receiv
Hold thee fast, and never lea

4 Heavenly joy and holy tre
I feel in me, past dissembling
Since, by sharing this commu
I 'm with God in closest unio

5 Human reason is too shallo
In this mystery thee to follo
How thou hast unto us given
Thy own flesh, the bread of h

6 How the blood which fro
Is in wine on us bestowed: [
O the mystery, deep and bles
By God's Spirit here expresse

7 Thy communion's celebrati
Bows me down to deep prost
May I never, unprepared,
To my condemnation share it

928.* T. 2

COME, approach to Jesus' ta
Taste that food incomparable
Which to us is freely given
As an antepast of heaven.

2 Jesus' bride, his congregati
Calls to mind her Saviour's p
With his body she is nourish'
With his blood refresh'd an
rish'd.

3 Far be gone all carnal reason
At this awful, blessed season
Slaughter'd Lamb, we now de
By thy love to be inspired.

4 This mysterious, heavenly b
Is all thought by far surpassin
Deeply bow'd may we adore th
Soul and body sink before the

5 Now is come our time sabb
Lord, we feel thy power emph
Ah, draw near to us, dear Savi
Let us taste thy grace and fav

929.* T. 7

MY soul, prepare to meet
Thy Saviour; at his feet
Fall down adoring:
The Lord of earth and skies
A feast for thee supplies,
Past thy exploring.

2 How vast is here display'd,
In brightest form array'd,
His love's dimension!
O grace, beyond the ken
Of angels or of men,
Past comprehension!

3 How should I, slaughter'd Lamb,
Who dust and ashes am,
A worm, and earthy,
To taste such boundless grace,
And have so high a place
Be counted worthy!

4 Ah, why am I thus blest,
That such a heavenly guest
My house will enter?
Dare I, thou highest good,
To taste thy flesh and blood,
A sinner, venture?—

5 Upon thy call I 'm here:
I venture to draw near,
Because thou 'rt gracious;
I on thy word rely,
Thou wilt my soul supply
With food delicious.

6 Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee by thy death
I am united:
To cure and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

7 Thy body slain for me,
My food; my foretaste be
Of heaven's fruition;
And by its power may I,
While I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

8 Pervade, thou precious flood
Of Christ's all-healing blood,
My soul and senses:
And to my needy heart
Life, peace, and health impart;
Thus heaven commences.

9 Lord, of thy wondrous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gavest this token:
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

10 Didst thou thyself devise
To be my sacrifice,
My Lord, my Treasure?
Grant that continually
To live alone for thee
May be my pleasure.

11 Cause me who now am thine,
As branch to thee the Vine
To cleave unceasing;
Receiving strength and juice,
That I may fruit produce
To thee well-pleasing.

12 Such grace on me is spent,
That none hath its extent
Aright explained:
Grant now that I may show
To fellow-sinners too
A love unfeigned.

13 May every drop of blood,
In me, O Lord my God,
Be sanctified:
Oft as my heart doth beat,
May I his praise repeat
Who for me died.

930.* T. 22.

THE congregation while below,
Being imperfect, tears must sow;
But we expect once joy to reap,
Since we for Jesus' mercy weep.

2 Meanwhile that we might bear in mind
His dying love to lost mankind,
He hath as his last testament
To us bequeath'd the sacrament.

3 He when this feast was first ordain'd,
Its solemn import thus explain'd:
This is my body, take and eat,
That you may never me forget:—

4 This is my blood, of which whene'er
Ye drink, my death in memory bear:
The church believes, and thus in faith
Partakes, and showeth the Lord's death.

5 But words can never fully tell
What in our melted hearts we feel:
We taste, experience, and possess
True joy, and weep for thankfulness.

931.* T. 242.

AS oft as we expect the favour,
That in the sacrament our Saviour
His flesh and blood to us will give,
We weep for joy and grief:
For joy, that we're brought nigh to God
By Jesus' blood.

For grief, that we so little honour
Afford to him in our demeanour;
Yea, ev'n oppose his gracious views
And purposes with us:
Ah, then in faith we sigh,
And to our Saviour cry:
Thy hand, for us once pierced thro'
Dispense a blessing now,
And give absolving grace:
Lord, leave with us thy peace.

932.* T. 211.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Hear thy people's fervent prayer,
Us to meet thee now prepare:
We with awe appear before thee,
Longing to enjoy thy favour;
In this consecrated place
We approach the throne of grace:
Lord, Lord, God,
Thee we own our only Saviour, :||:
Blessed, truly blessed they,
Who to thee have found the way,
And of thy body and thy blood even here partakers are:
They in the supper of the Lamb there in heav'n shall for ever (share.

933. T. 151.

DEAR Lord, this congregation
Is poor, despise her not;
She 's taken with thy passion,
As were she on the spot,
When, earning her election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death:
This stirs up her affection,
And gives her life and breath.

2 Shouldst thou desire her beauty,
For shame she hides her face;
And shoul 'st thou look for duty,
Her only plea is grace:
Though we are poor and needy,
Yet we're thy property;
When we enjoy thy body
And blood, how blest are we.

934.* T. 15.

AH, come, thou most beloved guest,
My joy and delectation,
With whose indwelling I am blest,
Source of all consolation.

2 O keep thy banquet, Lord, with (me,
A sinner poor and needy,
Since thou invit'st me graciously,
Come, all things now are ready.

3 I open heart and soul to thee,
Lord Jesus to receive thee;
For thee I long most ardently,
O may I never leave thee.

935.* T. 146.

WHERE my Redeemer's blood
And sweat the earth did cover,
May every sinful thought
Be now interr'd for ever:
Lord Jesus, grant my wish,
That I may thine abide,
And by thy holy flesh
And blood be sanctified.

936.* T. 4.

O GLORIFIED Head,
Since mortals may tread
The holiest of all,
And deeply abased 'fore the mercy-seat fall;—

2 Admit us we pray,
On this solemn day,
To thee to draw nigh,
And thy holy body and blood to enjoy.

937. T. 14.

WHEN we before our Saviour's face
Appear with contrite hearts,
He soothes our griefs, and pardoning
To every one imparts. (grace

2 When we commemorate his love,
He saith, For you I died:
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And view my wounded side:—

3 These are the wounds I bore for
The tokens of my pain; (you,
By which I for your guilty soul
Eternal life did gain.

4 We eat his body slain for us,
And given a sacrifice:
Thirsting we drink his sacred blood,
That precious ransom-price.

5 Ah, then we feel, that life divine
From Jesus' death redounds,
Eternal blessings from his cross,
And healing from his wounds.

938. T. 14.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are;
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace.—

2 There the rich bounties of our God
And heavenly glories shine;
There Jesus saith, that I am his,
And my Beloved 's mine.

3 Here, saith our kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
Behold the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died.

4 What shall we pay our heavenly (King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

939. T. 14.

TOGETHER with these symbols, (Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' (love
Prepare us for this feast;
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

940.* T. 141.

CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger
For thy flesh, our food,
Thirsts with ardent longing
For thy precious blood,
Which thou hast bequeathed
As thy testament
To thy congregation
In the sacrament.

2 Like the king of Salem,
Thou with wine and bread
Comest to meet thy people,
Them to cheer and feed:
O preserve the enjoyment
Of thy blood and death
To thy congregation,
While we live by faith.

941. T. 56.

THEY who hunger :‖: after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty :‖: to life's fountain (led;
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From his fulness :‖: they are nourished.

2 Since he welcomes :‖: every soul distress'd,
And hath promised :‖: to the weary rest,
At his call we now draw nigh;
He invites each graciously,
Come, poor sinner, :‖: come and share my feast.

942.* T. 151.

THOSE souls are truly blessed
Who to our Saviour cleave,
Of living faith possessed,
And in his name believe;
For what is still denied
To sight, while here below,
Is by our faith enjoyed,
And makes our hearts to glow.

2 Faith on Christ's declaration
With confidence relies;
He now his congregation
With heavenly food supplies:
Would we as branches flourish
In Jesus, the true Vine,
His blood our souls must nourish,
Else they would droop and pine.

3 Draw near to Jesus' table,
Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick, and feeble
His choicest dainties share;
Let Jesus' death engraven
Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven;
Eternal life you gain.

943.* T. 22.

O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw near
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to his testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2 Here all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died.

May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

3 The enjoyment of the flesh and blood
Of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God,
Endoweth us with strength and grace,
To love and serve him all our days.

944.* T. 99.

ACT full of godlike majesty!
O Love's abyss, I 'm lost in thee!
O mystery, all our thoughts surpassing!
Now all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died,
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

945. T. 185.

GREAT the feast, to which thou, Lord, hast bidden
Such a worthless guest as me;
'Tis an awful mystery, deep and hidden,
'Tis a heavenly legacy:
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin infected,
Are made welcome, not one is rejected;
Else this grace to sinful me
Never could extended be.

2 Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
Who may feast and take their fill;
Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
And thy goodness to reveal:
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from thee, the Bread of life, nutrition;
And we, as thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with thee are render'd one.

946.* T. 119.

BREAD of life, :||:
Christ, by whom alone we live,
Bread, that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive
Unless thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after thee,
Feed thou me. :||:

947.* T. 22.

O THAT in Jesus' church, his bride,
Sin might henceforth be mortified
By him who us to save was slain,
And underwent such racking pain.

2 O might our souls and bodies be
From sinful influences free;
Might we, while still on earth we live,
To him, the Vine, as branches cleave.

3 O were we free from strange desire,
And from depraved nature's fire,
As dead to all corruption base,
As formerly to righteousness.

4 Lord, by the power of thy death
Renew in us a living faith;
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5 O church rejoice, though trembling,
The Lord's death now pervadeth (thee;
O may his sacred body cure,
And make our souls and bodies pure.

948. T. 26.

AH, who are we, thou God of love,
That we should hear, through grace abounding,
The solemn invitation sounding,
Prepare for the Lamb's feast above.

2 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
We sinners lie with holy trembling,
The elders' blissful choir resembling,
Who cast their crowns before thy feet.

3 Here more than Tabor's glories shine:
Heart-captivating meditation!
Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congregation
With heavenly manna, food divine.

4 Here it is good for us to be;
Our souls imbibe, while here we tarry,
The breezes of the sanctuary,
The atmosphere of Calvary.

5 Rise, and your pilgrim-path pursue,
Revived by this rich fruition;
Soon shall the beatific vision,
The Lamb in glory meet your view.

949.* T. 97.

THE breath which can the dead
bones raise,
And to Christ's members life conveys,
Pervadeth thee, thou church of God:
And Jesus' sanctifying blood
Is now imparted to each thirsty soul;
It cheers the mourners, makes the
wounded whole.

2 O church of God, lift up thy heart,
The Vine its power doth impart:
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
For thine and every sinner's guilt;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so
freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and every sinner's guilt.

950.* T. 152.

WHEN the Lord of glory died,
Not a bone was broken;
But a soldier pierced his side,
For a lasting token:
From thence stream'd a double flood,
Of a cleansing nature;
Both the water and the blood
Wash the guilty creature.

951. T. 582.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood:
Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

952. T. 166.

YE followers of the slaughter'd
Lamb,
Draw near, and take the cup of God;
Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchased grace;
That blood which takes away all
guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience
peace.

953.* T. 146.

BY thy sweat mix'd with blood,
Which flow'd in thy soul's anguish
From thee, O Lamb of God,
When thou for us didst languish
In sad Gethsemane,
And, with our sins oppress'd,
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,
That sinners might be bless'd;—

2 Yea, by thy blood once shed
For us, when scourges wounded
Thy back, and when thy head
A thorny crown surrounded;
Oh, by that blood which flow'd,
When nails thy body tore,
Bless us, O Lord our God,
Who humbly thee adore.

3 Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink of it in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death.

954.* T. 149.

O WHAT happiness divine,
What a lot most precious,
Confidently to recline
On the breast of Jesus;
Where who will—takes his fill,
And yet longs for ever
For more grace and favour.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfil
All thy heart desireth,
Doth himself to thee reveal,
Thee with love inspireth:
His blood spilt—all thy guilt
Will erase for ever,
And thy sins will cover.

955. T. 184.

SEE from the rock the waters burst-
ing [mand,
In copious streams at God's com-
His people to refresh, when thirsting
With drought parch'd in a barren
land:
Thus plenteous flow'd on Calvary's
mountain [wounds:
The blood from Jesus' healing
Here is for sin an open fountain,
Here everlasting life abounds.

956. T. 97.

JESUS, thou source of life, impart
Thy blood unto my thirsting heart;
Panting I seek that fountain-head,
Whence waters so divine proceed;
Still near this living stream may I
abide,
By which my needy soul is satisfied.

957. T. 124.

MAY the stream from thee, the rock,
Gracious Jesus,
Richly bless thy thirsting flock
And refresh us;
'Tis the source of power, of life
And salvation
To thy congregation.

958.* T. 79.

THY precious, all-atoning blood
Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,
An ocean of free grace:
All those who venture to draw nigh
To thee, can witness bear with joy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

959.* T. 23.

FLOCK of Christ, with exultation
View the well-spring of salvation;
Drink and live—with an emotion
Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

2 May to Jesus, while we're living,
From our works redound thanksgiv-
ing,
And our lowly, meek behaviour
Clearly show we love our Saviour.

960. T.

ROCK of ages, rent for
Let me hide myself in th
Let the water and the bl
From thy riven side whi
Be of sin the double cure
Cleanse me from its guilt

2 Not the labour of my l
Can fulfil thy law's dems
Could my zeal no respite
Could my tears for ever
All for sin could not ato
Thou must save, and th

3 Nothing in my hand I
Simply to thy cross I cli
Naked, come to thee for
Helpless, look to thee fo
Vile, I to the fountain fl
Wash me, Saviour, or I

4 While I draw this flee
When my eyes shall clo
When I soar to worlds
See thee on thy judgmen
Rock of ages, rent for
Let me hide myself in

961.*

JESUS makes my heart
I'm his sheep, and kno
He's a Shepherd kind a
And his pastures are de
Constant love to me he
Yea, my worthless nan

2 Trusting his mild sta
I go in and out in peac
He will feed me with th
Of his grace in richest
When athirst to him I
Living water he'll sup

3 Should not I for glad
Led by Jesus as his she
For when these blest d
To the arms of my dea
I shall be convey'd to r
Amen, yea, my lot is b

962.*

MORE than shepherd's
To his flock our Saviou
From the treasures of
He the choicest gifts be
As his sheep by him w
Since his blood for us a

2 They who feel their want and need,
Thirsting for his great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

963. T. 582.

MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord who died:
With all that 's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied:
He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

2 My table he doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb, the living bread,
And eat most joyfully:
He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil;
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of his toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love prevail alone,
I then shall see him face to face,
And know as I am known:
Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise and him adore,
And in his Father's house shall share
True bliss for evermore.

964.* T. 583.

HOW blest are we, when we enjoy thy love,
And in the sacrament thy bounty prove;
When we with humble shame, O Lamb of God,
Feed on thy body and thy precious blood.

2 Whenever we this highest good enjoy,
We promise thee anew fidelity;
Power to perform thou hast for us obtain'd,
When by thy death life was for man regain'd.

3 Make thou us monuments of grace to show
What wonders thou on sinners vile canst do;
O were in our whole walk this to be seen,
That of thy feast we have partakers been.

4 We humbly pray that with thy chosen train
From this repast we may new strength obtain;
O deaden all that would thy grace withstand,
Or to its influence refuse to bend.

5 We have nought good in us to bring 'fore thee,
Yet thou art ours, and we're thy property;
Preserve to us this grace, we thee implore,
To have our part in thee for evermore.

965.* T. 11.

COULD we sinners fully tell,
How our hearts with rapture swell,
Gladly then we would declare
Ev'n to angels what we share.

2 But since words the happiness
Which we feel can ne'er express,
We adoring 'fore him lie,
And what he bestows enjoy.

3 Angels sing before his throne,
While we at his feet sink down:
Gracious Jesus, man and God,
What hast thou on us bestow'd.

966.* T. 583.

SINCE Jesus died, my guilty soul to save,
Heaven's foretaste I may here already have:
O how unutterably blest am I,
Partaking of him sacramentally!—

2 When heavenly bread he gives my soul to eat,
That I may henceforth never him forget;
When I, a needy sheep of his blest flock,
Drink of the stream that flows from Christ the rock.

3 I live now, and to God myself will give,
But yet not I, but Christ in me shall live;

His mercy and his goodness I shall taste
Both here below, and when with him at rest.

967.* T. 11.

JESUS, who to save hast power,
And who livest evermore
For thy flock to intercede,
Helping us in time of need;—

2 Thou, who a divine repast
For the poor prepared hast,
Giving thy own flesh and blood
As the needy sinner's food;—

3 Let thy power, divine, we pray,
Be our strength and only stay,
Till we drop this mortal vest,
And the spirit goes to rest.

968.* T. 22.

FOR that amazing love and grace,
Which doth our thoughts by far surpass,
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
Thanks be to thee, O Lamb of God.

2 Thy sacred body thou didst give
For us, that we thereby might live;
No pledge of love could be so great:
O may we ne'er thy love forget.

3 Thy precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Cleanseth our hearts, removes our guilt;
The debt is paid which we incurr'd,
And we 're to happiness restored.

4 Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,
So that we rightly may conceive,
What thou for all believers hast
Prepared in this blest repast.

969.* T. 151.

LORD Christ, I give thee praises;
Thy hand ne'er intermits
To show'r, as each day passes,
On me thy benefits:
Thy name, all names exceeding,
I'll praise, for thou art good,
Art with thy flesh me feeding,
To drink givest me thy blood.

970.* T. 185.

PRAISE be given to Christ, our soul's beloved,
By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures, far removed
From angelic purity:
Yet when he to his rich banquet bids us,
Where he with his sacred body feeds us,
And we drink his blood once shed
We are richly comforted.

971. T. 590.

THOU, who art present with thy [church
According to thy word,
When to enjoy thy flesh and blood
We meet with one accord;
O grant us to show forth thy death
Until thou shalt appear;
And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy followers are.

2 May we so captivated be
By thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things
And fix our thoughts above;
May all that's carnal be subdued
And mortified in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

972.* T. 96.

SINCE Jesus' body I have ate,
And drank the blood he shed for [me
O may I never him forget:
I know he will remember me;
And I shall, when this life is o'er,
Live in his presence evermore.

973.* T. 83.

CHRIST, how are thy people blest
With thee as their head united;
Though of thee by faith possess'd,
Still we, by thy love excited,
Tears of ardent longing shed;
Thou'rt our highest good indeed.

974. T. 582.

COME, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true and living bread.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our incarnate God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth his death.

975.* T. 14.

NO words can ever fully tell
What blessings Christ bestows
On us, when we on Calvary dwell,
And weep beneath his cross.

2 He who unto his flesh and blood
Can ne'er himself deny,
Saith unto us, Take courage good,
Your brother, lo, am I.

3 His loving heart we open see,
Replete with tenderness;
He as his blood-bought property
Doth even us confess.

4 We are forgiven and reconciled,
Our happiness renew'd, (fill'd
Our hearts with deep abasement
And with his blood bedew'd.

5 From all anxiety and dread,
Which else our souls oppress'd,
Thanks be to him, we now are freed;
Our cares are soothed to rest.

976.* T. 26.

THOU Lamb once slain, thy flesh and blood,
Which thou didst sacrifice for us
Upon the altar of the cross,
Are to our souls delicious food.

2 This makes us all with one accord
To love each other fervently;
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,
And all that love thee, gracious Lord.

977.* T. 22.

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face,
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

2 Ah, might in my behaviour shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking and his finding me.

XXXVII. FOR DIFFERENT AGES AND STATIONS IN LIFE.

978. T. 83.

EACH division of thy fold,
Freed from this world's vain tradition,
Male or female, young or old,
In thee hath true joy's fruition;
All in their allotted place
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2 Grant us a contented mind,
That in his peculiar station
Each may be to thee resign'd,
Seeking only thy salvation:
By thy staff we're safely led,
Till in thee we're perfected.

A. FOR CHILDREN.

979. T. 22.

THOUGH but a little child I am,
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd Lamb:
He loveth children tenderly,
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive;
For thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, Let children come to me.

3 Lord Jesus unto me impart
An humble, meek, and docile heart;

O cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will;
Each day prepare me through thy grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

980. T. 14.

THOUGH Christ was God and all things made,
Himself he humbled thus;
That he, a servant in our stead,
Might minister to us.

2 Our Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight,
In his behaviour meek and mild,
And always acted right.

3 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
That they to him might joy afford,
And never misbehave.

4 A child true happiness may find,
And humbly ought to pray;
Lord Jesus, make my heart inclined
To love and to obey:—

5 I'm often stubborn, vain, and wild,
Self-will'd, and hard in heart:
O Lord, to me thy chaste, thy mild,
Thy holy mind impart.

981. T. 14.

O WHAT a wretched heart have I,
How full of sin and shame,
How obstinate continually,
How day by day to blame!—

2 Lord, look on me, 'midst all my faults;
And when thou seest my guilt,
My wicked words and foolish thoughts,
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3 In that most precious river cleanse
And wash my crimes away,
My selfishness, and each offence
Which I have done to-day.

4 When thou, dear Jesus, wast a child,
Thou hadst no sin like me;
No wicked words thy lips defiled,
No faults appear'd in thee.

5 Thou wast more spotless than a dove,
More harmless than a lamb,
Obedient, humble, full of love,
And never once to blame.

6 But I am proud, and headstrong too,
Oft sadly misbehave;
I am not meek like thee, and low;
Me, Lord, in mercy save.

7 O might I but resemble thee,
That every one might know
I love the Saviour, and will be
His follower here below.

8 Imprint thine image on my heart,
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,
And an obedient mind impart;
Then I shall not be lost.

982. T. 14.

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How bad am I, and how defiled,
How prone to every sin.

2 O change my vile and stubborn heart,
Like thee, O make me pure;
To me thy love divine impart,
Keep me from sin secure.

3 Self-will, that cruel enemy,
No more I would obey;
Thy Spirit shall my teacher be,
And guide me in thy way.

4 O may I never speak a word
But what I truly mean,
Nor lie to thee, most gracious Lord,
By whom each thought is seen.

5 I'll make thy wondrous, dying love,
Dear Lord, my daily song;
And joys like theirs who sing above
Shall tune my infant-tongue.

983. T. 11.

LAMB of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

2 Due obedience thou didst show;
O make me obedient too;
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In thy hands secure I am;
Fix thy temple in my heart,
Never from thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth thy praise,
Love and serve thee all my days;
O might all around me see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

984. T. 14.

THOU, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wast pleased a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious (blood
Upon the cross for me.

2 O take me as thy property,
Take me just as I am,
I know that I belong to thee;
Thy love my heart doth claim.

3 Low at thy feet O may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.

4 Preserve, I pray, my heart secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make it, and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

5 If early thou wilt take me hence,
O that no harm will be: (mence,
Since endless bliss will then com-
When I shall live with thee.

6 If thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve thee night and day
While I am here below.

7 Then, after walking in thy ways,
And serving thee in love,
Receive me to thyself in peace,
To sing thy praise above.

985. T. 11.

OUT of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the sufferings thou didst bear.

2 Be our shepherd every day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray;
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee for all the care
That 's bestow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

986. T. 22.

THOU Guardian of thy lambs, behold
Us little ones of thy dear fold;
Take us into thy special care,
Secure our souls from every snare.

2 Let nothing in our minds take place
But what is sanctified by grace;
Thy love sink deep into each heart,
And may nought else have any part.

3 Set on our breasts thy Spirit's seal,
Within our hearts thyself reveal,
And our poor souls securely keep
Among thy flock, thy chosen sheep.

987. T. 14.

LOVER of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore;
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thy arms,
Then we are truly blest; (harms
Thy new-born babes are safe from
While leaning on thy breast.

3 Still as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow:
That daily more we thee may praise
More of thy mercy know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
But ignorant of ill;
In malice, subtlety, and pride,
We would be children still.

988. T. 14.

JESUS the Lord our Shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem;
Our present and eternal bliss
Are both secured in him.

2 His mercy every sinner claims;
For all his flock he cares;
The sheep he gently leads, the lambs
He in his bosom bears.

3 If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclined;
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.

4 Then let us thank him for his grace;
He will not disapprove
Our meanest sacrifice of praise,
For his unbounded love.

5 When children honour Jesus thus,
And thank him for his grace,
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.

6 To thee, almighty God, to thee
Ourselves we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
We were in childhood thine.

7 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our infant breath;
Thus we're prepared for length of days,
Or fit for early death.

989.* T. 22.

JESUS, the children's dearest friend,
Who dost to all our wants attend,
Thou wast a child, and knowest well
How we, thy helpless children, feel.

2 Grant unto us continually
The blessings of thy infancy;
Let us, through each succeeding year
The merits of thy childhood share.

3 Thee, gracious Lord, we now implore
To manifest thyself still more,
And thus to teach us by degrees
To live a life of happiness.

4 May we thy mind still better know,
May we in grace and knowledge grow,
And learn all that whereby we may
Adorn thy doctrine every way.

5 O may we ever feel thee near,
And be employ'd in praise and prayer:
May we in thy blest fellowship
Wake, do our daily work, and sleep.

6 Thus will our infant tongues record
Thy birth and passion, gracious Lord,
That thou, who diedst in our stead,
Art God, by whom all things were made.

990.* T. 22.

EMBRACE us in thy tender way,
Dear Lord, and bless us all, we pray,
As thou on earth didst formerly,
When children once were brought to thee.

2 We are baptised into thy death,
And call'd to praise thee with each breath:
Thou bought'st us with thy blood divine:
O take and keep us ever thine.

3 Thy youth unspotted, full of grace,
Teach us all virtue and all praise;
Thou art our pattern, grant that we
In all things may resemble thee.

4 From year to year, while we increase
In stature, may we grow in grace;
In learning and obedience too,
May we thy blessed path pursue.

5 By day and night our steps direct,
And soul and body, Lord, protect,
From every thing that grieveth thee,
Or unto us might hurtful be.

6 Impart to us that needful good,
A heart besprinkled with thy blood,
Wholly devoted unto thee,
For thy soul's bitter agony.

7 That grace upon us all bestow,
Thee more and more by faith to know;
We then the glories of thy name
In grateful accents shall proclaim.

991.* T. 22.

HERE are we children, poor and mean,
Corrupt throughout, defiled by sin;
But by Christ's purifying blood
We're made acceptable to God.

2 May none of us, while we abide
On earth, be weaned from thy side;

But grant that we be found in thee,
And thou in us eternally.

992. T. 22

I LOVE the Lord who died for me,
I love his grace divine and free:
I love the scriptures, there I read,
Christ loved me, and for me bled.

2 I love his tears and sufferings great,
I love his precious bloody sweat,
I love his blood; were that not spilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3 I love to hear that he was slain,
I love his every grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.

4 I love Mount Calvary, where his love
Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk his dolorous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6 I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home,
And praise him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

993. T. 22.

I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thy everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be, O be thou mine!
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employ'd to bless
The lord who is my righteousness;
My pleasure, only to pursue
His mind, and him my Saviour know.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Or rather live eternally.

994. T. 14.

JESUS, to thee our souls we raise,
And for a blessing look;
May we, assisted by thy grace,
With pleasure learn our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To useful industry.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning's store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey thee more.

4 Let us things excellent discern,
Hold fast what we approve;
But more than all delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

995. T. 14.

STILL may we keep the aim in mind,
For which we hither came,
In search of useful learning join'd,
As followers of the Lamb.

2 Daily to Jesus we'll look up,
As soon as we awake,
And for his constant blessing hope
In all we undertake.

3 His meritorious industry,
His labour, toil and sweat,
Shall our support and pattern be:
Him we will imitate.

4 If he his grace on us confer,
We then shall learn apace,
Live to his glory and declare
Our heavenly Father's praise.

996. T. 14.

O JESUS, Lord of heaven and ea
How sweet thy mercies are;
How rich to those of lowly birth
The children of thy care.

2 Thou art our Shepherd, glo
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and r
The children of thy fold.

3 We praise thy name, that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are wisdom's lessons taught,
The children of thy grace.

4 O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

997. T. 590.

O THOU, before whose Father's face
The children's angels stand,
Grant me, a helpless child, the grace,
That thy angelic band
May watch my ways, and guard my bed,
And minister to me,
Till I in death shall bow my head,
And go to live with thee.

998. T. 159.

HOW heart-affecting Christ to see,
Some days before he bled,
Go to Jerusalem willingly
To suffer in our stead:
When he approach'd, the multitude
Their garments spread and branches strew'd,
Crying Hosanna to his praise,
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'Twas then the children join'd the rest,
And hail'd him with a song;
With one accord his name confess'd
Amidst the joyful throng:
With them may we unite our lays,
And, though in feeble accents, raise
Our Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who died us to redeem.

999. T. 243.

THE holy child Jesus,
Our God and our Saviour,
Who died to release us,
We 'll worship for ever,
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's his name.

2 In liveliest manner
O let us before him
With joy sing Hosanna,
And praise and adore him;
Our childlike cries—he 'll not (spise.

3 Come then, let us follow
Our Master with praises;
His name let us hallow
Whose blood us releases:
O Christ, to thee—all glory be.

4 Hosanna, Hosanna,
Thou Son of King David;
Hosanna, Hosanna,
For thou hast us saved:
For ever reign,—thou Lamb o slain.

1000. T. 39.

LORD Jesus, we bless thee that th wast a child,
And hast us thereby unto God rec ciled;
We thank thee, for suffering and (ing in pain,
For thy being buried and ris again.

2 We thank thee, that thou wilt children permit
To offer their praises and songs thy feet;
That thou, Lord, dost deign th petitions to hear,
And always to help them and s them art near.

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, deemer, and Friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love the end:
O render us truly obedient to thee
That we thy dear children for e may be.

1001. T. 39.

WHEREIN is for children true b to be found?—
When by Jesus Christ as his sh they are own'd;
In him they find pasture while h they remain,
And joys everlasting in heaven (tain.

2 We sing and we hear, how our Maker came down
To earth, and for us left his heavenly throne,
Assuming our nature, became a poor child,
And us by his sufferings to God reconciled.

3 O mystery of godliness, wonder of grace!
May we without ceasing adore him and praise:
May all of us know what a Saviour we have,
Yea, love him sincerely, and in him believe.

4 We now with the angels unite to declare
The praises of him who our sorrows did bear;
With hearts and with voices exalting the Lamb,
Who died on the cross our poor souls to redeem.

1002. T. 39.

Min. DEAR children, assembled to hear of the Lord,
You're here to be taught by his Spirit and word;
O think what great favours on you are conferr'd:—
Ch. For this may his name by us all be revered.

2 The Father in heaven us as children will own,
And we are beloved by Jesus, his Son;
The Spirit of truth will instruct us to pray,
And he will direct us throughout our whole way.

3 *Min.* Ah, should not the mercies which daily you prove,
Excite you our Saviour to praise and to love?—
Ch. Yes, we are desirous to value his grace,
To love and adore him, and live to his praise.

4 O merciful Saviour, so grant it to be,
Nor suffer us ever to wander from thee:
We're poor little children, preserve us, we pray,
And may we our love by obedience display.

1003. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learnt to know the Lord,
Who through his grace escape the crimes
Forbidden in his word.

2 Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid
In Jesus' meritorious death;
Such need not be afraid.

3 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive;
For they who Jesus here have loved,
With him shall ever live.

1004. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Clad in his righteousness.

2 The Saviour whom they loved when here,
Hath wiped their tears away;
They never more can grieve, or fear,
Or sin, or go astray.

3 In ceaseless happiness they view
Our Saviour's smiling face;
That face once bruised, in which beMen saw no comeliness. [low

4 Methinks I hear them joyful sing,
(Ten thousands do the same,)
Salvation to the immortal King,
To God and to the Lamb.

5 O that I may so favour'd be,
With them above to join:
O that, like them, I Christ may see,
And he be ever mine.

6 Grant me but this, thou great High-priest;
And when I 'm here no more,
Convey me safe to endless rest,
Where thou art gone before.

1005. T. 587.

THE child sweetly rests,
Whom nothing molests,
Received in mercy among the Lamb's guests.

2 *He* ne'er shall weep more,
His sighing is o'er,
His travels and dangers; *he's* got safe on shore.

3 *His* body is dead,
And in the grave laid,
But shall, again raised, to life be conveyed.

4 The spirit is gone
In peace to God's throne,
To praise God our Saviour, where we shall be soon.

5 *He* sings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, *he* thence shall remove.

6 *He* rests now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Hath happily finish'd thus early *his* race.

7 For that blessed day
We earnestly pray;
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make no delay.

1006. T. 586.

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Creator,
Who to redeem us by thy death,
Assumedst feeble human nature,
We call on thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent supplication,
Let all our children thy salvation,
Thy tender love and care
In largest measure share:
For thine they are.

B. FOR BOYS.

1007.* T. 164.

BELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim
To be like Christ your Saviour,
And to extol his saving name
In word and in behaviour;
With an obedient mind
Be to his will resign'd.
He by his blood will wash you cle
And free you from the power of s

2 O might it be our heart's deligh
Amidst his flock with pleasure
To obey him, walk as in his sigh
And serve him in our measure:
For every thing that 's good,
And just, flows from his blood;
A virtuous mind, chaste and
stain'd,
May be by faith in him obtain'd.

3 Yea, an obedient simple mind,
Faithful in every station,
To true humility inclined,
And perfect resignation,
The blest effect will prove
Of that unfeigned love
To Christ, which is produced
faith
In him and his atoning death.

1008.* T. 37.

WOULD our youth grow in grac
Wisdom and favour,
As truly was the case
With Christ our Saviour:
Let them continually
View him in spirit:
To them he will apply
His precious merit.

2 He who without delay
To Jesus turneth,
With confidence doth pray,
And humbly mourneth,
Doth certainly receive
(O boundless favour!)
Forgiveness of his sins
From Christ our Saviour.

3 If we with uprightness
'Fore him discover
Our wants, then our distress
Will soon be over:
He 'll cure most graciously
Our worst diseases,
And fill us constantly
With thanks and praises.

1009. T. 23.

JESUS hath procured salvation
For mankind in every station;
Every youth that loves our Sav
Imitates his chaste behaviour.

2 If we, when by guilt oppressed,
Look to Christ, our pattern blessed,
He will graciously direct us,
And from every sin protect us.

1010. T. 79.

MIGHT we unto our Saviour
Lift up our hearts with fervour,
Each day, and pray for grace
To obtain a true sensation
Of Jesus' great salvation,
And of our fall and sinfulness.

1011.* T. 166.

O MIGHT we all Christ's name confess
In our whole conversation,
And each one through our Saviour's grace,
Be faithful in his station;
Might in our very looks be seen
That we through Jesus' merit
Are humble, steady, chaste, and clean,
And guided by his Spirit.

1012. T. 58.

WHAT glorious pattern for the heart and mind,
O Jesus, doth each true believer find
In thy words and actions, and whole behaviour:
We pray thee, grant unto our youth the favour
To follow thee.

C. FOR UNMARRIED MEN.

1013. T. 590.

HOW shall a young man cleanse his way?
By following close his word,
Who once on earth a young man (was,
Jesus, our God and Lord:
His word is spirit and is power;
True life doth flow from him;
Our food his sacred flesh, our drink
His blood, that healing stream.

2 We now no longer need remain
Fast bound in chains of sin:
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,
And by his word made clean:
Since Jesus on the accursed cross
The power of sin did quell,
When sin assaileth us, we look
To him and soon grow well.

3 Ye chosen people of the Lord,
In whom his power we trace,
If in obedience to his word
You 're render'd clean thro' grace;
His dying love be yet impress'd
More clearly on each heart,
And whether you 're at work or rest,
To love him be your part.

4 Ye purchased souls, Christ's happy (flock,
Be to his will resign'd,
And gladly offer up to him
Your body, soul, and mind:
Oh, if the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who died us to redeem, (stand?
But call, who can his call with-
Who would not follow him?

1014. T. 185.

BRETHREN, 'tis but meet to render praises
To Immanuel, our Lord,
Who to bless his children never ceases,
Since to favour they 're restored:
'Midst a sense of our own imperfection,
We can magnify that free election
Of his grace, by which we stand
'Mongst his flock, his chosen band.

2 Yes, we feel indeed our own demerit
And our imperfections great;
Had we not been led by Jesus' Spirit,
Never could we thus have met:
We deserved eternal condemnation,
But his death procured our salvation;
And since we 've experienced this,
We 're determined to be his.

1015.* T. 166.

DEAR brethren, let us take to heart
The teaching of the Spirit;

He 'll every grace to us impart,
Which Jesus Christ did merit:
Who, by all he hath done and said
In his humiliation,
Hath boundless blessings merited,
And sanctified our station.

1016. T. 45.

THEE, God's own Son,—with joy we own
To be our dearest brother:
Heaven and earth do not afford
Like to thee another.

2 But Oh, might we—such brethren be,
Of whom thou 'rt not ashamed;
Might, by all we do, thy grace
Loudly be proclaimed.

1017.* T. 166.

JESUS, we now devote to thee
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Since thou to us prosperity
Impartest through thy merit:
In thought and deed we wish to be
Like thee, that each who sees us
May in us some resemblance see
Of our great pattern, Jesus.

1018. T. 56.

BLESSED Saviour, :‖: with love's sacred fire,
We intreat thee, :‖: all our souls inspire:
By thy death O set us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
Then to serve thee :‖: will be our desire.

2 Chains of darkness, :‖: wherewith men are bound,
Now are broken, :‖: and a help is found:
They who gladly would be free,
May by Christ delivered be;
This to sinners :‖: is a joyful sound.

3 Nought but blessings :‖: he for us intends,
And his mercy :‖: never, never ends;
Let us look unto the cross,
Where he died to ransom us,
On that offering :‖: faith alone depends.

4 As thy chosen, :‖: b
property,
We 'll know nothing, :‖:
Lamb, but thee:
Thou shalt be our Lord a
Of redemption in thy blo
To all nations :‖: we will

1019. T

YE brethren, saved by J
Let us prepare to serve
Remember our Redeeme
Supply our lamps of faitl
To him devote ourselve
anew
With soul and body, for
due.

2 Then let us rise an
Lord,
Go when he calls, procla
Of his atonement far an
Count not our lives for l
Declare to negroes, s
slaves,
That Jesus' blood the
saves.

1020. T.

TO thy brethren ever be
In our hearts thy love
Grant that we may
Lord Jesus;
Fill our souls with ard
To proclaim to many
nation
Thy atoning death for
tion;
Grant us, Jesus, to inc
Both in number and i

D. FOR GIR

1021. T

OUR Lord and Saviour
In mercy to our praye
And will us graciously d
From sin and every s

2 For all who wait upon the Lord,
And seek for peace and rest
In him, according to his word,
Shall be consoled and blest.

3 The mighty from their seats the Lord
Puts down, the hungry fills,
And to the weak doth strength afford;
He quickens and he kills.

4 Thus Mary could with cheerful voice
To all around declare,
In God my Saviour I rejoice;
For he hath heard my prayer.

5 We're poor and needy: but thro' grace
His Spirit teacheth us
To look with all our sinfulness
In faith to Jesus' cross.

6 When simply we obey his voice,
And to our Lord appeal,
In God our Saviour we rejoice,
Since pardoning grace we feel.

7 Most gracious Saviour, to confide
In thee, O grant us grace;
Preserve us all from self and pride,
That bane of happiness.

8 Meekness and true humility
Unto us all impart;
Yea, by thy merits sanctify
And render pure each heart.

1022. T. 16.

BLEST are they whose meditation
Is directed oft by faith
To their Saviour's incarnation,
Human life, and painful death.

2 Blest are they who as poor sinners
Gain from Jesus life and grace;
Tho' they be but young beginners,
And by nature vile and base.

3 Blessed they who live to Jesus,
Who to him their hearts devote,
Wishing to show forth his praises:
Truly blessed is their lot.

1023.* T. 168.

UNTO thee, most gracious Saviour,
We ourselves anew commend;
Look on us in grace and favour,
To our prayers and wants attend;
Grant us all a tender feeling
Of thy love and gracious dealing,
That our hearts may truly be
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady
In the simple path of grace;
And when any thing seems ready
To disturb our happiness,
Lord, in mercy us deliver;
Yea, protect and keep us ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure.

1024. T. 185.

WHEN, bemoaning our undone condition,
Weeping for redeeming grace,
We with heart-felt and sincere contrition
Pant for peace and happiness,
Found alone by living faith in Jesus,
Who was slain, from sorrow to release us;
We find then most certainly
Life and true felicity.—

2 Then, renew'd by grace, the heart desireth
To be Jesus' property;
Yea, his dying love our souls inspireth
Him to love most fervently:
Though we feel, that we are poor and needy,
Yet to yield him joy we're ever ready,
Thinking always how we may
Love unfeign'd to him display.

1025. T. 56.

O BE mindful :‖: of us, gracious Lord,
'Midst our weakness :‖: aid to us afford;
Human frailty well thou know'st:
We of nothing else can boast
But the blessings :‖: which thy death procured.

2 Lord, assist us :‖: in each trying hour,
In temptation :‖: grant us help and power;
We in thee alone confide:
In this world be thou our guide,
Keep us humble :‖: and in spirit poor.

3 From each idol :|: O deliver us,
Make us willing :|: to take up our cross;
Our diseases kindly heal,
To our hearts thy love reveal;
All besides thee :|: may we count but loss.

1026. T. 168.

BLESSED are we, if believing
In the Lord our righteousness,
And in lowliness receiving
From his fulness grace for grace:
When we find in him salvation,
Happiness, and consolation,
And obey the Shepherd's voice;
Then we truly can rejoice.

2 Though we feel that soul and body
Are corrupt and void of good,
Yet the Lord is ever ready
To apply his cleansing blood:
With our weaknesses he beareth,
All our prayers he kindly heareth,
And we daily may increase,
Both in knowledge and in grace.

E. FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN.

1027.* T. 185.

WOULD you know the grace and peace enjoyed
By a child of God through faith;
See a virgin who alone employed
With her Saviour and his death,
Vanity and worldly ways despiseth,
While the converse with her Lord she prizeth,
And thus, on this side the grave,
Foretaste sweet of heaven may have.

2 Therefore this be our concern for ever,
Since we're with such knowledge blest,
To have our eternal Bridegroom's favour;
Thus we find true peace and rest:
But indeed it is of each expected,
That the heart be by his grace directed,
Nor have any other aim,
Than to love the slaughter'd Lamb.

3 Happy they who feel the healing power
Of Christ's blood in every case:
May we follow him, and seek each hour
To preserve ourselves thro' grace:
May the virtue of our Saviour's passion
Sanctify our walk and conversation;
We ourselves to him commend,
May his aim with us be gain'd.

1028.* T. 583.

THE virgins who enjoy our Saviour's grace,
Are happier far than words can e'er express;
Jesus, the Bridegroom of our souls, supplies
Our wants, and soul and body sanctifies.

2 His love produceth love; constrain'd thereby,
Our sole intention is to yield him joy:
When in our hearts his love is shed abroad,
We then like Mary favour find with God.

3 Lord, may thy love with gratitude inspire
Our souls, and to thy name be our desire:
We thee entreat to form us to thy praise,
And all that's carnal wholly to erase.

4 If we thy rich forgiveness daily prove,
This will unite us, Lord, to thee in love:
O make us all devoted unto thee;
Let us thy chaste and faithful virgins be.

1029. T. 16.

HAPPY they who oft for Jesus
Weep, from need as well as love;
They experience him propitious,
And his favour richly prove,

hey who are excited
llow every where,
vith his ways delighted;
h is truly dear.

is each virgin's station
kindly owns as his,
counts his great salvation
ghest good and bliss.

who thus find in Jesus
wishes satisfied:
m how dear and precious
iend who for us died.

30. T. 16.

re they who human nature
ile, corrupt, and base,
every fallen creature
eal'd by Jesus' grace.

ing souls are truly blessed,
t seek will surely find;
nforts the distressed,
ntrite he is kind.

the bread that came from
en,
hungry soul revive;
se who thirst is given
om the well of life.

re they who thro' his favour
eart are purified;
all there behold their Sa-
faith in him abide. [viour,

re they who in his merits
hare, though here despised;
irs; what flesh inherits
ounce, he 's only prized.

e they who, following Jesus,
re in deed and truth;
e cause to give him praises;
aged and the youth.

31. T. 79.

degroom of our souls we
e;
ur grateful songs we raise,
freed from this world's
l,

His purpose is, that sanctified
Throughout, we may in him abide,
With joy to him devote our all.

2 Would we for those things only care,
Which are the Lord's, O let us bear
In mind the promise given:
Blest are the pure in heart, for they
Shall live with me in endless day,
And shall behold my face in heaven.

3 The purity our God requires,
Prompts us to shun all vain desires,
And every subtle wile,
By which the world the soul ensnares,
Or which the tempter's art prepares
The weak and careless to beguile.

4 May happy Mary's better part,
Be the fix'd choice of every heart,
At Jesus' feet to dwell,
To ponder there upon his love,
And in that meditation prove
Joy, heavenly, great, unspeakable.

5 Let us stand ready, let each light.
Trimm'd carefully, burn clear and bright,
Each lamp be well supplied;
May we by faith so walk below,
That all the friends of Christ may know
We live to him who for us died.

1032. T. 56.

WE, O Jesus, :‖: claim thy special care, [ful snare;
Lord, preserve us :‖: from each hurt-
May our hearts and senses be
Fix'd in true simplicity,
On the sufferings :‖: thou for us didst bear.

2 Us deliver :‖: from the world and sin,
Let thy Spirit :‖: rule alone within;
Every vain desire control,
And in spirit, body, soul,
Sanctify us :‖: by thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :‖: may we firmly stand, [mand:—
Ever watchful, :‖: as thou didst com-
Without thee we nought can do;
Strengthen and support us too
In all trials :‖: by thy mighty hand.

4 Fix thy temple, :‖: Saviour, in each
breast;
Undisturbed :‖: be our peace and rest;
Let us on thy merits feed,
In the path of grace proceed,
Be, in union :‖: with thee, ever blest.

1033.* T. 585.

JOIN to render thanks and praises,
To your faithful covenant-God,
For the undeserved mercies
Freely upon you bestow'd:
Salem's daughters, :‖:
In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,
From their seats puts down the
proud,
While he lifts on high the lowly,
Fills the hungry soul with good;
He regardeth :‖:
His handmaiden's low estate.

3 He his mercy doth remember,
This all they who fear him prove:
Are we not of that blest number
Who are objects of his love?
Hallelujah, :‖:
He for us great things hath done.

1034. T. 22.

THOU Bridegroom of the soul, behold,
This part of thy beloved fold,
Thy virgins who, before thee met,
Here to perceive thy presence wait.

2 Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,
And let the sanctifying grace
Which flows from thy humanity,
Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3 O may we feel thy healing power,
And influence every day and hour:
Thus all thy mercies which we prove,
Will us excite to praise and love.

F. FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

1035. T. 71.

O PRECIOUS thoughts of peace,
O undeserved grace,
That our Creator,
By love constrained, gav
Himself, that he might s
His rebel creature.

2 The church his ransom
By him who for her died,
Is much esteemed:
Unfeigned love in her,
Doth to that Friend appe
Who her redeemed.

3 O might this mystery
Be in our marriage-state
By our behaviour
Exemplified; and we
Be truly one in thee,
Our Head and Saviour

1036. T

LORD, who ordain'dst t
state,
When thou didst man at
Thou, who thy body's S
To all of us thy grace i

2 The husbands sanctif
Thy mind upon their hea
Teach them thy Spirit t
In all they do, we humb

3 Unto the wives that
pense,
To cleave to thee with c
Grant they may love th
And walk in true humi

4 Wisdom and faithfuln
To train our children, gr
That in thy knowled
grow,
Themselves and thee, t
know.

5 Lord Jesus, may each
In all their walk thy pr
O may their rule in all
The union of thy churc

1037. T.

THE love which Jesus
plays
Towards the church, h
None can describe, it fa
All other love beside:

Believing husbands are to prove,
By holy and unfeigned love
Towards their wives, that they indeed
Resemble Christ our Head.

2 The Church submits to Christ, her Lord;
Thy will be done, we pray:
This teaches wives, who love God's [word,
With meekness to obey:
Adorned with humility,
They aid their husbands willingly;
Are clothed wi'h the beauteous dress
Of Jesus' righteousness.

3 To thee our vows with sweet accord,
Head of thy church, we pay;
We and our house will serve thee,
Thy word we will obey: [Lord,
Grant us and all our children grace,
In word and deed thy name to praise,
Yea, in each family thy will
And purpose to fulfil.

1038. T. 590.

WE humbly thee adore, O Lord,
For thy unbounded grace;
Astonish'd, in thy sacred word
Thy love divine we trace:
Thou hast the church in love redeem'd,
Thou gavest thyself for us:
We know by thee we are esteem'd,
When we behold thy cross.

2 The Holy Spirit hath reveal'd
To us this mystery great,
That Christ hath chosen, hallow'd, seal'd,
Himself the marriage-state,
Him and his church to represent,
By love and unity:
Lord, may we ever be intent
On wholly following thee.

3 Grant unto every married pair,
By chaste, unfeigned love,
By meekness, patience, faith, and [prayer,
And all we do, to prove
That we, united unto thee,
Are truly one in heart:
Thus we shall live eternally
With thee, and never part.

1039. T. 205.

JESUS, lead each married pair
In the paths of righteousness;
For thy service us prepare,
May we walk in truth and grac
By the virtue of thy blood
Consecrate us priests to God,
That our marriage-covenant
Thee and thy church represent.

2 Be the carnal mind subdued,
All into subjection brought:
Purified, in heart renew'd,
By thy Holy Spirit taught,
May we more and more improve
In the lessons of thy love,
And unto our family
Edifying patterns be.

1040. T. 341.

FOUNTAIN of life and light,
Sole well-spring of delight,
Jesus, let thy blessings flow
Upon every married pair;
May we in thy knowledge grow,
Fruit unto thy honour bear.

2 O may our marriage-state,
In duties small and great,
In relations far and near,
In its trials numberless,
In all cases whatsoe'er,
Serve Christ's holy name to bl

3 May we, by Jesus' love
Constrain'd, clearly prove,
That we are his flock indeed,
Living branches in the Vine,
Heavenly plants, a holy seed,
Lights, who in Christ's i
shine.

1041. T. 1(

HEAD of thy blest congregat
Look on every married pair
Be our strength and our salvi
Keep us from all needless

2 For our sake, most grac
viour,
Thou thy life and blood ha
May we now in our behavi
Thee and thy church rep

3 No spoil'd creature had been able
E'er to guide his steps aright
In this state so venerable,
Or to act as in thy sight;

4 Hadst thou not life and salvation
By thy sufferings for us gain'd,
And thereby sanctification
For the marriage-state obtain'd.

5 Bless, O Lord, thy married people,
In thy blood, O wash us clean;
Help us, for we're weak and feeble,
And preserve us from all sin.

1042.* T. 9.

LOOK on every married pair,
Jesus with compassion;
Grant that each may richly share
In thy great salvation.

2 Be thou with us, then indeed
We shall lack no blessing,
But with thee, O Christ, proceed
To meet joys unceasing.

3 O may we in all we do
Follow thy direction;
We commend ourselves anew
To thy kind protection.

4 Let our children, gracious Lord,
Share with us thy favour;
Grant they may be a reward
Of thy death for ever.

1043. T. 22.

O LORD, who number'st all our days,
Who guardest us in all our ways,
In whom we live, and move, and are,
Who know'st our wants, and hear-
est prayer;—

2 To this thy handmaid grant thy peace,
Who comes to offer thanks and praise
To thee her faithful covenant-God,
For the support thou hast bestow'd.

3 Thy powerful aid, thou, gracious Lord,
In travail didst to her afford;
Her sorrows now are turn'd to praise,
Her sighs and tears to grateful lays.

4 O Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
Both child and mother bless a
keep;
May they enjoy in their degree
The fruits of thy humanity.

5 Endow the parents with thy lov
And give them wisdom from above
To educate this child for thee,
As thy redeemed property.

6 Grant us and all thy children gra
So here on earth to run our race,
That we in heaven may meet a
sing
Eternal praise to thee our King.

1044. T. 581.

PARENTS, weigh before the Lord
The importance of your state;
Learn from his most holy word
Your whole walk to regulate,
That each to his family
May a blessed pattern be,

2 All your children are his own,
He hath bought them with
blood,
Unto him their souls are known,
Full of sin and void of good:
Yet he saith most graciously,
Suffer them to come to me.

3 'Tis by you they should be led
In the narrow way to bliss;
Grace is not inherited,
As a worldly fortune is;
'Tis free mercy, we must own,
And the gift of God alone.

4 In this vain and wretched world
Children are exposed and tried;
Many are to ruin hurl'd,
Few in Jesus Christ abide;
And no human prudence can
Save the soul of fallen man.

5 Here 's a task, may parents thi
Far beyond the reach of art;
But let not your courage sink,
Grace and wisdom he 'll impart
Your sincere endeavours bless,
Hear your prayers, and grant s
cess.

6 Hear, O Lord, a parent's prayer
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee:
How should I in heaven appear,
If my child were not with me?

Therefore thou my steps direct,
Lest my duty I neglect.

7 In thy grace my children keep,
That when once, on that great day,
Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,
I may gladly to thee say,
Here am I, through mercy free,
And each child thou gavest me.

1045. T. 166.

OUR children, gracious Lord and God,
With fervour we to thee commend:
Thou hast redeem'd them by thy blood:
Thy blessing on them all descend:
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into thy faithful arms of love;
Cause them to know thy saving name,
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,
That we, with care and faithfulness,
May lead them, thee our Lord to know,
To obey thy word, and seek thy face:
Teach us the duties of our state,
To love each other heartily,
Our children so to educate,
That they may love and follow thee.

1046. T. 83.

IN this world, so full of snares,
Take our children in thy keeping;
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,
When for them before thee weeping;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

1047. T. 586.

O MAKE each family a temple,
A consecra ed house to thee;
May we by word and by example,
To all around us patterns be:
To every husband grant that blessing
To lift up holy hands unceasing;
And to the wives give grace,
Array'd in lowliness,
Thy name to praise.

G. FOR WIDOWERS.

1048. T. 22.

IN God, the mighty Lord of hosts,
A lonely widower gladly boasts;
No trials need oppress the mind,
For we in Christ may comfort find.

2 Whene'er by faith our Lord we see
Clothed with frail humanity,
Bearing our griefs and sicknesses,
This doth alleviate all distress.

3 He is our Saviour and High-priest,
Who, when we suffer in the least,
Sustains us by his power and grace,
And in each hard and trying case.

4 Yea, he supports us every day,
He is our comfort, help, and stay;
We'll trust his boundless love and power,
Until our happy dying hour.

1049.* T. 22.

JESUS, accept the thanks and praise
We widowers offer, for the grace
Which thou so richly hast display'd
Unto us, as the church's Head.

2 Grant that we all, with heart and voice,
In thee our Saviour may rejoice;
Let us in our retired state
The joys of heaven anticipate.

3 Fill us with peace and joy and love,
And our support in trials prove;
When weaknesses of age appear,
Keep thou our mind and senses clear.

4 This be our aim on earth, thy will
To seek in all things to fulfil;
And when thou call'st prepar'd to be
To leave this world and go to thee.

5 Then at the end of all distress,
We shall depart to thee in peace:
Meanwhile thy coming we await,
Like Simeon, ready thee to meet.

1050. T. 14.

JESUS, our helper in all need,
And comfort in distress,
Thou art the widower's only stay,
And hope in loneliness.

foretaste of eternal joys,
Lord, to us dispense,
d 'midst our weakness bear us up
l'ill we are called hence.

1051. T. 167.

'HEY who for true consolation,
Here like Simeon humbly wait,
Shall behold the Lord's salvation;
Then their joy will be complete:
May we follow his example,
Trusting in God's promises,
Wait for Jesus, in his temple
Daily offer prayer and praise.

1052. T. 11.

ON our God we will rely,
Boldly unto him draw nigh,
And the Lord our righteousness
Both with hearts and voices bless.

2 We can from experience trace,
That in every trying case
Jesus truly can impart
Joy and comfort to the heart.

3 May we fix the eye of faith
On our Lord's atoning death,
Till we shall in heavenly bliss,
See our Saviour as he is.

H. FOR WIDOWS.

1053. T. 22.

'TIS true the lonely widow's state,
With various trials is replete;
But Christ, the widow's faithful friend,
Will guide us safely to the end.

2 He saith to us repeatedly,
Cast all your burdens upon me,
For I in all things kindly care
For you, and in your troubles share.

3 Therefore whate'er our trials be,
Or weaknesses, or poverty,
Sickness of body, soul's distress,
Or sorrows which we can't express:

4 Our comfort is, that he doth feel
Whene'er his needy children ail;
He sympathiseth with the weak,
Relieves the poor, and heals the sick.

5 He graciously regards our prayer,
And counteth all our sighs and tears;
Afflictions, whether small or great,
His comforts can alleviate.

6 May we like Anna persevere
By day and night in constant prayer,
And thus for his appearing wait,
In joyful hope the Lord to meet.

1054.* T. 22.

GOD will the widows ne'er forsake,
To whom we may our refuge take,
And on his care and faithfulness
Our whole dependence firmly place.

2 A widow, who her son beloved
With tears bemoan'd, his pity moved;
His mother he did recommend,
When on the cross, to John his friend.

3 Widows are objects of his care
Since scripture plainly doth declare
That to the church this charge he gave,
Widows to honour and relieve.

4 To Christ O may we closely cleav
And in communion with him live;
To love the Lord be our first care,
The next, to serve his people here;

5 Till we who here must often we
In heaven eternal joys shall reap
Till he shall say to us, Ye blest,
Enter into my joy and rest.

1055. T. 185

WE with joy confess, belove
viour,
Thee, the widow's special fri
We are objects of thy lov
favour,
Thou on us thy life didst sp
Thou with more than husban
dost lead us,
Thy all-bounteous hand do
feed us,
All our wants thou dost s
Thus our cruse is never d

2 Thou hast promised for o
lation,
That we shall not come

ifts, which to thy congrega-

dispensest, of each kind:
, to thy service dedicated,
thee, our Bridegroom deco-
d,
ıy blest appearing wait:
our bliss will be complete.

56. T. 74.

T is the widows' Friend,
se he doth defend;
complaints he hears,
ens to our prayers:
and faithfulness
ve in every case.

eble he makes strong,
he beareth long,
the weak can lean,
ithful he keeps clean;
ay in him confide,
er may her betide.

57. T. 121.

E thee we appear,
sus, hear our prayer;
ur heart with gladness,
away each tear,
lling all our sadness;
ıy face to shine
we are thine. :||:

58. T. 74.

D, the widows' Friend,
ıy Spirit send;
ır husbands' place,
us with thy grace,
whate'er we need
s to be indeed.

1059. T. 184.

THOU art our comfort, blessed Jesus,
To thee by faith O may we cleave;
For all thy mercies give thee praises,
In happy union with thee live:
Whene'er we call, thou Lord, wilt hear us,
And blessings on us all bestow;
Yea, for that awful time prepare us,
When we in peace to thee shall go.

2 The needy share thy consolation;
The poor are objects of thy love;
Thou on the weakly hast compassion,
Thy sure support the aged prove:
Thou helpest us in our distresses,
Supplying kindly all our wants;
We 'll cast each burden that oppresses
On thee, who hearest our complaints.

1060. T. 168.

'MIDST the trials we experience,
Let us not give way to fears;
But possess our souls in patience,
While here in this vale of tears:
Wean'd thereby from things terrestrial,
Let us look for joys celestial,
Waiting for that time, when we
From all sorrow shall be free.

2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
When above with Christ at home:
Oh, this blessed meditation
Yields us solid consolation,
That we shall, when time is o'er,
With the Lord be evermore.

XXXVIII. HYMNS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

61.* T. 10.

after year commenceth,
our life advanceth,
ength from Christ deriving,
ear by faith are thriving.

2 As in tempestuous weather,
A kind and tender mother
Her babe from harm protecteth,
And safely home conducteth:—

3 So shelters Christ our Saviour,
His children by his favour,
And proves in each temptation
Their refuge and salvation.

4 Lord, grant thy benediction
To every thought and action;
On youth and age declining,
Thou Sun of grace, be shining.

5 O keep our souls and senses
Under the influences
Of thy most Holy Spirit,
Until we heaven inherit.

6 O God of our salvation,
Withhold no kind donation
From us, but let us savour
In this new year thy favour.

1062. T. 585.

WHILE successive years are wasting,
Still our God abides the same;
All his words are everlasting,
All his works his love proclaim;
Men and angels, :‖:
Sing thrice holy to his name.

2 Out of love he man created,
And ordain'd him God's delight,
Nor was this his love abated,
When man lost God's image bright,
Then compassion :‖:
Brought redemption's plan to light.

3 Here is love divine portrayed,
So that man the lines may trace:
See, O man, God's love displayed
In thy Saviour's marred face;
Wouldst thou praise him, :‖:
Be thy theme redeeming grace.

4 Bear in mind, how Jesus suffer'd,
He, the righteous, for the unjust,
How his sinless soul he offer'd
Unto God for sinful dust;
Love thus triumph'd, :‖:
Mighty now to save the lost.

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Now all enmity is ended,
Man is reconciled to God;
All the ruin :‖:
Of his fall is now made good.

6 We shall see our Lord returning,
Then the saved their heads shall raise;
He will change their grief and mourning
Into notes of endless praise:
As Jehovah :‖:
Every tongue will him confess.

7 Sing with glad anticipation,
Mortals and immortals, sing,
Jesus comes with full salvation,
Jesus doth his glory bring;
Hallelujah, :‖:
Lord of lords, of kings the King.

1063. T. 14.

AGAIN another fleeting year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Now a new scene of time begins;
Pursue the way to heaven;
Seek pardon of thy former sins,
By Christ it will be given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
Unwearied walk the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1064.* T. 167.

FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's blessing
Crave on each succeeding day,
Asking, Are we onward pressing?
What may Jesus have to say?
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?
Do we hold our Saviour fast?
Are we more like him at present,
Than we were in seasons past?

2 Great defects are still revealed;
Short we fall of his blest aim;
Then the conscious soul is filled
With a deep but wholesome shame;
Earnest to improve the morrow,
We our yesterday review,
While the tear of godly sorrow,
Saddens, but enlivens too.

3 Jesus, for thy faithful leading
In times past, we humbly raise
Our thanksgiving, thus proceeding
Onward in the path of grace:
While another year we enter,
We renew our vows of love,
All for thee resolved to venture;
Our benign conductor prove.

5. T. 166.

sus, 'midst thy flock appear,
m'd congregation bless;
t to close another year,
e thanks our hearts ex-
:
ot able to record
dless favours we have
d;
w that we, most gracious

r defects by thee are loved.

6. T. 97.

u rehearse, most gracious

y which thou dost afford
people every year?
oor congregation, here
thank and praise thee ever-

bly in the dust thy name
.

, unworthy as we are,
hy faithful shepherd-care:
ays comfort didst impart
needy, contrite heart;
t to us thy dying love dis-

t our help and refuge every

ring of thy precious word,
ous presence, holy Lord,
er'd our hearts abundantly,
t in fellowship 'fore thee:
what blessings were on us
w'd,
enjoy'd thy body and thy
.

sus, we would fain express
ur cordial thankfulness,
y boundless love and grace:
imperfect are our lays,
ir hearts, to thee ourselves
ive,
more unto thy praise to

D

1067. T. 184.

ACCEPT, O God of our salvation,
The sacrifice of praise and prayer;
Upon thy gracious invitation
Unto thy altars we repair;
Thou bidst us come; all things are ready,
The treasure of thy boundless grace
Is open to the poor and needy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

2 Thee we approach, most gracious Saviour,
We pray thee, mark our sighs and tears;
Accept our thanks for all thy favour
Bestow'd on us these many years:
We conscious are of our transgression,
Ah, cleanse us with thy precious blood,
Seal with thy pardon our confession;
Thine are we, and thou art our God.

3 Thou God of mercy, thy salvation
Remain'd throughout this year our stay;
Thy care of us, thy congregation,
Was manifested every day:
Yea, even trials and affliction
Proved thee our gracious God and Lord:
In all we felt thy benediction:
Thee we now praise with one accord.

4 O gracious Lord, thy name be blessed
By us, for all thy proofs of grace;
For all the gifts by us possessed:
Thou crownest all our years and days:
Though we with deep humiliation
Own, that we basely thee requite;
Yet will we joy in thy salvation,
Thou art our Lord, and help, and light.

1068. T. 595.

LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And proved an early tomb.

3 When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
To form the lisping word.

4 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die;
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6 E'er since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been!
What dangers hath he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen!

7 Now through another year
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord hath help'd thus far.

8 Our lot in future years
We cannot, Lord, foresee,
But kindly, to prevent our fears,
Thou say'st, Leave all to me.

9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

B. MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

1069. T. 22.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning-sacrifice.

2 Thy former misspent time redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem:
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Thy conversation be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Glory to God, who
And hath refresh'd n
Grant, Lord, when I
wake,
I may of heavenly b

5 Direct, control, sug
All I design, or do, o
That all my powers
might
In thy sole glory ma

6 Praise God, from
ings flow;
Praise him, all creat
Praise him above, ye
Praise Father, Son, a

1070.*

MY soul, awake, an
To God, thy great de
Thy prayer and ador
For his kind preserva

2 With joy I still dis
Thy light, O Lord m
My thanks shall be t
Of morning-sacrifices

3 Bless me this day,
And be to me propiti
Grant me thy kind p
From every sin's in

4 Bless every thought
Afford me thy directi
To thee alone be tend
Beginning, middle, en

5 Be thou my only tr
Fulfil in me thy pleas
May I in every statio
Give thee due adorati

1071.

THAT favour grant t
That we maintain o
Unto thy voice attent
And seek instruction

2 Tho' often of encu
With busy Martha, w
Yet, gracious Lord, w
In Mary's happy lot a

)72.* T. 79.

esus' grace and blessing,
me without ceasing;
I stretch out my hand,
that work with pleasure,
in my call and measure,
od for me to do ordain'd.

)73.* T. 22.

h me, Lord, where'er I go,
me what thou wouldst have
do;
whate'er I think this day,
ne in the narrow way.

nt me lest I harbour pride,
n my own strength confide;
e my weakness, let me see
my power, my all from thee.

h me always with thy love,
d protector ever prove;
ut thy seal upon my breast,
thy Spirit on me rest.

t and teach me how to pray,
my nature to obey;
hou abhorrest, let me flee,
ly love what pleaseth thee.

)74. T. 595.

I me, my God and King,
things thee to view;
at I do in any thing,
ee alone to do:—

orn the senses' sway,
still to thee I tend;
do be thou the way,
be thou the end.

ay of thee partake;
ng so small can be,
ws, when acted for thy sake,
ness and worth from thee.

e to obey thy laws,
servile labours shine;
'd is toil; if this the cause,
eanest work divine.

)75.* T. 89.

nipotent Creator,
madest all things by thy
ht,
Rulest every thing in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By thy power alone dost guide:—

2 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by thy word;
Lord, thy constant preservation
To thy erring child afford:
No where but alone in thee
From all harm can I be free.

3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,
Keep in thine almighty hand;
Strengthen'd by thy powerful merit,
Let me follow thy command:
Thou, my glory and renown,
I would fain be all thine own.

1076. T. 79.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning-prayer shall offer'd be,
For thee my soul doth pant;
To me the enjoyment of thy love,
Than life itself doth dearer prove:
Renewed strength from thee I want.

2 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
When I lie down sweet sleep to find,
And when I wake at night:
Since thou to me dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

1077. T. 24.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercies mine
And whispers I am his.

1078.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day and night be near to thee,
Both when I close at night mine eyes
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my life and light,
I wish to love thee day and night;
Preserve my steps and guide my ways,
And let me live unto thy praise.

1079.* T. 14.

LORD, in the morning when I rise,
Accept my humble praise;
And when at night I close mine eyes,
Grant me thy pardoning grace.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, who is like thee?
Thou art both day and night
The source of my felicity,
And only true delight.

3 Thanks, dearest Jesus, for thy love,
And great fidelity;
O may I truly thankful prove
To all eternity.

1080. T. 106.

O JESUS, may our whole behaviour
Rejoice thy heart and please thine eyes;
In thy communion, gracious Saviour,
May we retire to rest and rise:
Be present with us constantly,
Then shall we sleep and wake to thee.

1081.* T. 79.

IN lying down to take my rest,
In rising and in being dress'd,
In all I think or do;
In eating, drinking, on the way,
In sickness, and in health I pray,
Thy blessing, Lord, on me bestow.

1082.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus, through all temporal variation,
Thy loving kindness be my consolation,
By night and day, whene'er I rest am taking,
Or when I 'm waking.

1083.* T. 22.

ANOTHER day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade extend;
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
And thee for every mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware;
Forgive them, Lord; thy children spare:
O Christ, our souls from guilt acquit,
Take us into thy care this night.

3 Now I 'll lie down and safely sleep,
Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship;
Thus, under thy protection blest,
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

1084. T. 14.

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest;
O that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2 This night my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode,
I gladly would myself divest
Of every thing but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend
In fellowship above:
Would hold communion with my Lord,
And feast upon his love.

4 Dead to the world when I 'm asleep,
I 'd be alive to God;
My soul would rest at peace with him
Who bought me with his blood.

5 O may I then of Christ this night
Be happily possess'd,
With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

35. T. 22.

ra' decline and setting sun
t my course this day is run;
ing-shade and silent night
y limbs to rest invite.

ny soul and frail abode
ommit to Israel's God,
ho slumbers not nor sleeps,
his own in safety keeps.

er I thee this day did
e,
ne graciously forgive;
a mind from trouble freed,
eep in thy peace indeed.

36. T. 22.

ise to thee, my God, this
,
e blessings of the light;
O keep me, King of kings,
ine own almighty wings.

r the sake of thy dear Son,
he ill that I have done,
th the world, myself, and

eep, at peace may be.

ne to live, that I may dread
e as little as my bed;
to die, that so I may
ant rise at the last day.

my soul on thee repose,
y sweet sleep my eyelids
;
at may me more vig'rous
,
my God when I awake.

in the night I sleepless lie,
with heavenly thoughts
y;
l dreams disturb my rest,
rs of darkness me molest.

37. T. 14.

, Lord, remember me,
h me through this night,
t to me most graciously
feguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my
eyes;
Thou wilt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my
last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

1088.* T. 165.

AUTHOR of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word,
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to thee, O Lord:
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with thee,
And perceive thy benediction
Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
While to rest I lay me down,
Let my grateful heart remember
All the mercies thou hast shown:
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above;
And bestow on me the favour
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan:
I confess the guilt of sin,
But thy blood can make me clean:
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

1089.* T. 164.

IN peace will I lie down to sleep;
O faithful Lord and Saviour,
Me under thy protection keep;
Let me enjoy thy favour:
Ev'n death I need not fear,
If thou to me art near:
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also doth with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse
beats,
My spirit would embrace thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,
May I adore and praise thee.

Thus I can go to rest
In thy communion blest,
United unto thee by faith;
Thou art my joy in life and death.

1090. T. 157.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
Which my God—hath bestow'd,
I will bless my Saviour:
O my Lord, what shall I render
Unto thee?—Thou shalt be
This night my defender.

2 Thou my rock, my strength, and tower,
While I sleep,—deign to keep
Watch from hour to hour:
Visit me with thy salvation;
Be thou near,—that thy care
Guard my habitation.

1091. T. 14.

REFRESH me, Lord, with grace divine,
Unto thy cross I flee,
And to thy care my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

2 Besprinkled with thy gracious blood,
May I lie down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

1092. T. 14.

CHRIST'S precious blood, which from each vein
Our sin and curse forth press'd,
When, overwhelm'd with grief and pain,
His soul was sore amaz'd;—

2 May that refresh us while we sleep,
And sanctify our rest,
And while we dream our spirits keep
With him in union blest.

1093. T. 79.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Turn in, my Lord, with me;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take:
Thus day and night I spend with thee.

1094.*

TO rest I now again re
Thou know'st thy pres
Of thee I wish to dre
Still near to thee by fa
And taste thy goodness
Who didst my soul v
deem.

1095.*

JESUS, hear our pra
For thy children care
While we sleep, protect
With thy pardon now
Leave thy peace divi
With us, we are thin

CRADLE HY

1096.

HUSH, dear child, l
slumber,
Holy angels guard thy
Heavenly blessings wi
Gently falling on thy h

2 Sleep, my babe; thy
ment,
House and home, thy fi
All without thy care a
All thy wants are well

3 How much better th
Than the Son of God c
When from heaven he
And became a child lik

4 Soft and easy is thy
Coarse and hard thy S
When his birth-place
And his softest bed wa

5 Was there nothing b
Wretched sinners coul
To receive the heavenl
Did they thus affront t

6 See the joyful she
him,
Telling wonders from
Where they sought hi
found him,
With his virgin-mothe

save thee, child, from
est Redeemer came;
s and bitter crying
from burning flame.

u live to know and fear

ve him all thy days;
ell for ever near him,
, and sing his praise.

.* T. 22.

l, dear child, sleep safe
nd,
gels thee surround,
s see thy Father's face,
lumber nights nor days.

hee with his heavenly

Christian course aright;
tree of blessed root,
ends with godly fruit.

ldren are to God most [fear;
ith reverence love and
are by Jesus Christ
blest, and highly prized.

e joys of God above
children of his love?
res to see his face,
ecome a child of grace.

ear child, in thy degree
n his infancy:
every grace display,
God, he learnt to obey.

y all he did and said,
blessings merited;
entailed misery
ecome a child like thee.

rtakest of his grace,
joy that happiness,
ncarnate God regain'd
n Adam's sin had stain'd.

is world will finish'd be
d may design for thee;
when this short life is
live for evermore. [o'er,

9 Sleep, now, dear child, and take thy rest;
If thou with riper years art blest,
Increase in wisdom and in grace,
Till thou shalt see thy Saviour's face.

C. BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

1098. T. 14.

THEE we address in humble prayer,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown,
Father of all; thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

2 May we enjoy thy saving grace,
Thy goodness taste and see,
Athirst for blood-bought righteous- [ness,
And hungry after thee.

1099.* T. 10.

TO God the Lord be praises
For all the gifts and graces
He hath to us dispensed,
E'er since our lives commenced.

2 No blessing he denieth,
Us all with food supplieth,
Grants us his preservation
In every age and station.

1100. T. 90.

THOU sovereign Author of all good
Whose providence for all doth care,
Giver of life, of health and food,
Be present with thy children here,
And to our use O sanctify
The gifts thy bounty doth supply.

2 All creatures, Lord, on thee depend,
And by thy power and bounty live;
May we each blessing thou dost send
With truly grateful hearts receive,
In every gift thou dost dispense,
Admiring thy wise providence.

3 We can't thy boundless mercies share,
And thee the spring of life forget,

For all thy goodness, love, and care,
Our thanks we offer at thy feet:
Lord, may we always taste thy grace,
Until we end our mortal race.

1101. T. 595.

SURE God is present here;
His gifts demand our praise:
The present instance of his care
Speaks him a God of grace.

2 In him we live and move,
In him our being have:
We thank thee, Jesus, source of love,
Who cam'st our souls to save.

1102. T. 11.

JESUS' mercies never fail.
This we prove at every meal:
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,
Gladly join to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow,
Can refresh and cheer us too;
But no gift can to the heart
Be what thou our Saviour art.

3 Praise our God! it is but just!
He hath raised us from the dust,
Gave us being, gave us breath,
Saves us from eternal death.

1103. T. 79.

WHAT praise to thee, my Saviour,
Is due for every favour,
Ev'n for my daily food;
Each crumb thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

1104. T. 22.

BE present at our table, Lord;
Be here and every where adored;
From thy all-bounteous hand our food
May we receive with gratitude.

2 We humbly thank thee, Lord our God.
For all thy gifts on us bestow'd;
And pray thee, graciously to grant
The food which day by day we want.

1105. T. 22.

LORD, bless what thou provided hast;
Give grace, that we at this repast
May have, in all we think or do,
The glory of our God in view.

2 Thy name be hallow'd evermore;
O God, thy kingdom come with power;
Thy will be done; and every day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

3 Lord, evermore to us be given
That living bread which came from heaven;
Water of life on us bestow,
Which doth from thee the fountain flow.

D. FOR TRAVELLERS.

1106. T. 79.

A STRANGER and a pilgrim, I
With thy command, O Lord, comply,
I go where thou dost send:
My high commission I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;
Open my lips to sing thy praise,
For blessings freely given;
In all my journeys here below
Let thy kind presence with me go;
Yea, grant me once to rest in heaven.

1107. T. 79.

THE Lord be with me every where,
And screen me with paternal care
By his almighty arm:
No traveller needs to faint or fear,
If he believe the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all harm.

2 By sea and land, by night and day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Though winds and thunders rear:
Bring me, when every peril 's past,
Safe to the destined place at last,
There to extol thy help and power.

1108. T. 157.

JESUS, thou art my salvation:
Bow thine ear—hear my prayer.
Grant my supplication:
Lo, thou seest me here a stranger;
Unto me—gracious be:
Lord, avert all danger.

2 In distress be thou my Saviour;
Hear my prayers—see my tears,
Show thy servant favour:
Thro' life's journey safely lead me:
Guide my way—lest I stray
From the hand that made me.

1109.* T. 22.

LORD, in thy name we go our way;
Be thou our guide, support, and stay,
Protect us by thy mighty hand,
Where'er we go, by sea or land.

1110.* T. 26.

LORD, let thy presence with us go,
Throughout our journey us direct,
Thy angels guard us and protect,
Yea, prosper thou whate'er we do.

1111. T. 583.

PRESERVE this ship and company,
O Lord,
And thy protecting aid to them afford;
Be their support when waves and tempests roar,
And bring them safely to their destined shore.

1112. T. 97.

WHEN Jesus calls we ready stand,
Our future life is in his hand:
Though separated for a time,
We yet continue one in him;
And therefore, while we part, need not complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

1113. T. 14.

BLESS'D be that sacred covenant-love,
Uniting though we part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
Show forth his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death, can part
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
In him are one in heart.

5 Soon will he wipe off every tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

E. FOR THE SICK.

1114. T. 166.

WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease or weakening pain:
When life fast spends its feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;
Joyless and flat all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh,
No medicines ease, nor cordials cheer,
Food can't support, nor sleep refresh;—

2 Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pray to him in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood;
This is to find a friend indeed:
And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3 When flesh decays, when vigour fails,
He will thy strength and portion be;
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, Trust in me:
Himself will be thy helping friend,
Thy good physician, yea thy nurse,
To make thy bed will condescend,
And from affliction take the curse.

1115. T. 22.

THOUGH I'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain;
And, should I die, I'm not afraid,
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.

2 Yet one thing will I ask of thee:
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;
But bless me often, keep my mind
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd;

3 Then shall I be supremely blest,
Nor ask, though sick, to be released;
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou rulest all things well.

1116. T. 22.

MY body's weak, my heart unclean,
I pine with sickness and with sin;
My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt I can't look up.

2 To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst
For guilty sinners, such as I. [die

3 Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode, [blood:
Oh, heal them with thy precious
And if thou wilt my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

1117. T. 22.

OH, how I long to go and see
The Lamb of God, who died for me!
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!

2 He loves and values me, I him;
Therefore I all things dross esteem,
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3 With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain,
To be released from all my pain.

4 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.

5 My loving friends, farewell, farewell!
I go with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Welcome, my heavenly country now,
Parents and brethren, all adieu!

F. CONCERNING THE HOLY ANGELS.

1118.* T. 22.

TO God let all the human race
Bring adoration, thanks and praise;
He makes his love and wisdom known,
By angels who surround his throne.

2 The angels whom his breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
With joy, they in his service move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3 With gladness they obey his will,
And all his purposes fulfil;
All those who Jesus' children are,
Are special objects of his care.

4 Our God defends us day by day,
From many dangers in our way,
By angels, who for ever keep
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless thee all our days,
Our souls shall glory in thy grace:
Thy praise shall dwell upon our tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray thee, let the heavenly host,
Be guardians of our land and coast;
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of grace,
That we may lead a life of peace,

1119. T. 22.

NOW let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angel's songs;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;

Not only say, He suffer'd thus;
But that he suffer'd all for us.

3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consigned them to hell;
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan,
To save and honour fallen man.

4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
He who redeem'd us with his blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

5 Immanuel, our brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

6 But ah, how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

7 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see our God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

1120.* T. 70.

THE holy angels,
When they to Christ draw near,
Fall down before him,
Their God, with holy fear,
And with profound humiliation,
Pay him the deepest adoration.

2 Heirs of salvation,
Redeem'd with Christ's blood,
Their ministration
Demands our gratitude;
They 'll guard us till we shall assemble,
Where our joint voices shall fill the temple.

1121.* T. 249.

THE seraphim of God
Exalt :‖: their voices loud;
With joy 'fore him they shout:
The holy choirs in heavenly blaze,
Sing constantly with cover'd face,
Holy, holy is God,
Holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

2 Thereto the church of Christ,
His flesh :‖: and bone confess'd,
Sings, Amen, God be praised;
Above and here one voice doth sound,
Praise him who hath for us atoned:
To God in highest strain,
To the Lamb slain,
All glory be: Amen.

3 When Christ, once crucified,
Returns :‖: with his pierced side.
In glory, to his bride,
And all the world shall quake with fear,
Then will with joy 'fore him appear,
The countless ransom'd race,
And sing his praise
In never-ceasing lays.

1122. T. 14.

YE angels, who excel in power,
Praise ye and bless the Lord;
Ye who delight to do his will,
Laud him with one accord.

2 Yea, all his works, in every place,
Extol his holy name:
My thankful heart, my mind and soul,
Unite to praise the same.

1123. T. 590.

THEE, Lord, the angelic armies praise,
Those first-born sons of light,
But cannot look on Jesus' face,
And bear the dazzling sight:
Ranks upon ranks, they fall before
His all-abasing name,
In silent ecstacy adore
The glories of the Lamb.

1124.* T. 583.

THANKS to our Lord for all the faithfulness,
Wherewith his angels guard his chosen race:
When they obedient to his bless'd commands,
Receive the charge, to bear us in their hands.

1125.* T. 141.

WHILE the pilgrim travels
On this earthly ground,

Watchful, guardian angels
Compass him around;
Like Elisha's servant,
He in faith espies
Hosts with fiery horses,
Flaming chariots rise.

1126. T. 166.

ANGELS astonish'd view their God,
As Son of Man, to sinners given;
With awe they saw his streaming blood,
Were struck, and silence was in heaven;

Now they, with light,
Worship the Lamb
And praise the le
the height,
And depth of God'

1127.

HOLY, holy, ho
Sings the ang
Might we, sinne
Glow with he
Praising all tog
Deeply bow'd
God, Jehovah, F
Son, and Holy

XXXIX. OUR DEPARTURE TO THE LORD, AN RECTION OF THE BODY.

1128.* T. 151.

FAREWELL, henceforth for ever,
All empty worldly joys;
Farewell, for Christ, my Saviour,
Alone my thoughts employs;
In heaven's my conversation,
Where the redeem'd possess
In him complete salvation,
The gift of God's free grace.

2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
According to thy heart;
Heal thou all my diseases,
And every harm avert:
Be thou my consolation,
While here on earth I live,
And at my expiration
Me to thyself receive.

3 May in my heart's recesses,
Thy name and cross always
Shine forth, with all their graces,
To yield me joy and peace:
Stand 'fore me in that figure,
Wherein thou barest for us,
Justice in all its rigour,
Expiring on the cross.

1129.* T. 146.

THE grace, enjoy'd by faith,
In Jesus' incarnation,

His wounds and l
Assures us of s
Engageth our wh
Prompts us to s
Until we hence d
To see him fac

2 If Jesus should
Now at this ve
What think ye, s
No, we with de
Yet joyful, would
The Lamb who
And own him ev
Our Saviour, I

3 Ah, might the
When thou, ou
Wilt fetch thy cl
Our inmost sou
To think we shal
Him whom by
Chief Shepherd o
In whom we 'r

4 Hear thou our
Most gracious
Let us in peace e
And rise to me
And when thou
His doom to ev
Thy righteousnes
Shall be our bo

1130.* T. 74.

THE Lord my portion is,
I know no other bliss,
Here nor eternally,
But that which flows to me
From Jesus' blood and death,
Whereon I trust by faith.

2 Thou know'st, O God, that I,
Were I just now to die,
No Saviour have beside,
But Christ who for me died;
He is my faithful friend,
Whose mercies never end.

3 I shall, when time is o'er,
Behold for evermore
My Saviour, Lord, and God,
Who bought me with his blood;
And view the wounds which he
Received once for me.

4 The time to him is known;
Meanwhile be this alone
My care, that through his grace
I so may run my race,
That I in faith may die,
And live eternally.

1131.* T. 149.

YE, who Jesus' patients are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither, where you wish to share
Bliss that 's never ending:
O may we—constantly,
Wean'd from things terrestrial,
Look for joys celestial.

2 Fixing all our thoughts above,
Where each true believer
Will, for his redeeming love,
Praise the Lord for ever,
Here, by faith—in his death,
We find consolation
And complete salvation.

1132.* T. 119.

HAD we nought, :‖:
Nought beyond this life to hope,
Here receiving our full measure,
Did no further prospect ope,
Laid we up no heavenly treasure,
Wretched were our state in life and death, Vain our faith. :‖:

2 Here on earth, :‖:
Here on earth in tears we sow;
He who here goes forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed below,
Brings his sheaves with him and reapeth
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows o'er, Evermore. :‖:

1133.* T. 132.

THANK God, towards eternity
Another step is taken,
My heart with longing turns to thee;
Though not by thee forsaken,
I long and pant for my release,
When I shall hence depart in peace,
To be with thee for ever.

2 I tell the hours, and days, and years,
And think them tedious ages,
Until the wish'd-for time appears,
Which all my grief assuages;
Meanwhile with haste, I forward press,
Till I arrive, with thankfulness,
At my desired haven.

3 Come, saith thy bride, who longs for thee,
And of all else is weary;
She prays to thee incessantly,
Come, Lord, and do not tarry:
Jesus, my Bridegroom, come to me,
Thou know'st, O Lord, my soul to thee
Already is betrothed.

4 I am assured, nor life, nor death,
Me from thy love can sever,
While I abide in thee by faith,
And taste thy love and favour;
What tho' this time seem long to me,
A foretaste of eternity
I have in thy communion.

1134.* T. 244.

HOW soon, exalted Jesus,
Thou wilt to us reveal,
Thy countenance most glorious,
That none as yet can tell:
Meanwhile thy followers here
By frequent visits cheer;
As to thy first disciples,
When risen thou didst draw near.

2 Till then, thou wilt call over
Out of thy family,
Now one, and then another,
To be at rest with thee:
O grant us needful grace,
That we may run our race,
Relying on thy mercy,
Till we shall see thy face.

1135. T. 11.

LORD, my times are in thy hand,
Be they then at thy command:
Let me live to thee alone,
Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,
Lord, for shelter, but to thee?
Thou hast gone before, in grace,
To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sin's heavy load,
All thy steps were mark'd with blood,
From the garden to the cross,
Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4 By thy bitter agony,
By thy life pour'd out for me,
O, let me, a sinner, find
In my God a friend most kind.

1136.* T. 14.

WHETHER the period of this life
Be long or short, we know
'Tis in itself of no great weight,
We're pilgrims here below.

2 Thrice happy they who in this time
In Jesus Christ believe,
And as a living sacrifice
To him their bodies give.

3 He is, as long as life shall last,
The source of all their bliss,
And when they from this world depart,
They see him as he is.

4 Lord, may I live to thee by faith,
To thee O may I die;
For thine I am in life and death,
Thine, thine eternally.

1137. T. 97.

ALTHO' a pardon'd sinner's mind,
To be with Christ is most inclined,
Yet, long as he remaineth here,
Be it a day, a month, or year,
If but his heart be daily cheer'd by grace,
With patience he can run his destined race.

2 We in this world no city have,
Where we to fix our dwelling crave;
For as a traveller on the road,
Oft rests, but hath no fix'd abode,
Life's comforts thus we welcome, not pursue,
But keep our heavenly mansion still in view.

1138. T. 166.

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,
When I go hence, but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest:
When earthly cares engross the mind,
And turn my thoughts aside from thee,
Then the successive days and nights
Seem long and wearisome to me.

2 My God, and can a needy child,
That loves thee in humility,
From thy dear presence be exiled,
Or ever separated be?
O no! for in thy wounded hands
By faith my name engraved I see;
Firm and secure thy promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends shall be.

1139. T. 96.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity.

1140.* T. 168.

MAKE my calling and election,
Jesus, every day more sure;
Keep me under thy direction,
Till I, thro' thy God-like power,
Unto endless glory raised,
In thy mansion shall be placed:
When in thee I end my race,
Weeping shall for ever cease.

1141.* T. 37.

MY happy lot is here,
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ my Saviour
Will call me hence, with him
To live for ever.

1142.* T. 124.

THEE we love and long to see,
Yea, dear Saviour,
We desire to be with thee;
But the favour
To have thee, though still unseen,
Ever near us
Doth revive and cheer us.

1143. T. 590.

OUR conversation is in heaven,
Whence also we expect
The Lord our Saviour Christ to come,
And gather his elect:
Then shall he our vile body change,
And fashion it like his,
A glorious body, form'd for realms
Of everlasting bliss.

1144.* T. 83.

CHRIST, my rock, my sure defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer liveth;
Oh, what pleasing hopes from thence,
My believing heart deriveth:
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Sa-
Of what should I be afraid? [viour;
I with him shall live for ever:
Can the HEAD forsake His limb,
And not draw me unto him?—

3 No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation;
And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

4 Closely by love's sacred bands,
I am join'd to him already,
And my faith's outstretched hands
To embrace my Lord are ready;
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5 Flesh I bear, and therefore must
Unto dust be once reduced;
This I own, but from the dust
I shall be to life produced,
And, convey'd to endless bliss,
Live where my Redeemer is.

6 In my body, when restored
To the likeness of his body,
I shall see my God, my Lord,
My Beloved in his glory;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

7 These mine eyes most certainly
Shall behold and know my Saviour,
I, no stranger, no, even I,
Him to see shall have the favour:
Grieving, pining, in that day
Ever shall be done away.

8 What here sickens, sighs, and groans,
There o'er death shall prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown my bones.
Heavenly they shall rise, and glorious:
What is natural sown here,
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9 Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transitory,
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory;
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.

1145.* T. 22.

MY life I now to God resign,
At his decree I 'll not repine;
Will he prolong my mournful days,
He 'll help me well to end my race.

2 I go hence at the appointed hour,
Nor would I wish to go before;
My hairs the Lord hath number'd all,
Without his will not one can fall.

3 Lord, what is man! a clod of earth,
A needy mortal from his birth;

Brought nothing with him when he came,
And naked leaves this earthly frame.

4 Teach us to number so our days,
That we apply to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly,
That all, both young and old, must die.

5 Evil and few, as Jacob says,
Alas, I count my pilgrim-days;
When God shall call his servant home,
In hope of joy I 'll meet the tomb.

6 How should I live in constant dread,
Harass'd by guilt, of death afraid,
Did I not know God gave his Son,
Who did for all my sins atone.

7 'Tis he, my Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Who for my sins was sacrificed,
And rose triumphant from the grave,
That he my soul from death might save.

8 To him I yield my life and breath,
His love will guide my soul through death,
And bring me to the blissful place,
Where I shall see him face to face.

9 My flesh meanwhile doth rest in hope,
Till in his likeness raised up;
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,
My body he 'll to life recall.

10 This gives me comfort and relief,
In all my greatest pain and grief;
He 'll wipe away my every tear,
When he in glory shall appear.

11 Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee address,
Ah, clothe me in thy righteousness;
Arrayed in salvation's vest,
I 'm sure of endless joy and rest.

12 Amen, thou sovereign God of love,
O grant that, when we hence remove,
Our souls, redeemed with thy blood,
May find in thee their sure abode.

1146.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, fountain of my life,
Sole comfort in this world of strife,
I come both weary and oppress'd,
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest.

2 When I shall yield my dying breath,
Support me by thy bitter death;
Thy mercy is my only plea;
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3 By all thou hast for me endured,
Thou hast eternal life procured;
Thy shame, reproach, and thorny crown,
Gain'd for me glory and renown.

4 Thy stripes have me, a sinner, heal'd;
My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;
Thy agony, thy dying breath
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5 Unto my heart, when speech I want,
The utterance of thy Spirit grant;
O that my soul to heaven may rise,
When death in darkness seals my eyes.

6 Thy bitter death shall sweeten mine,
My soul I to thy care resign:
Thou, since thou gavest thy life for me,
Wilt keep me to eternity.

7 How glad am I that I have known,
What thou to ransom me hast done;
How glad am I, that I believe,
Thou, when I die, wilt me receive.

8 Thanks be to thee, who hast endured
My curse, and life for me procured:
Nor doth the grave to me appear
A terror, since thou restedst there.

9 What songs of everlasting joy
Shall mine and angels' tongues employ;
How shall I to eternity
Exalt thy love and mercy free.

1147.* T. 132.

JESUS, by thy almighty power
My soul f om death deliver,
In that impo:tant, awful hour,
When soul and body sever;
Into thy ever-faithful hand
My spirit will I then commend;
I trust thou wilt receive it.

2 Tho' guilt would fill my soul with dread,
Despair, and consternation,
I know I need not be afraid,
Since Christ is my salvation:
His precious blood, his wounds and death,
Shall, when I draw my latest breath,
Be my support and comfort.

3 I of his body am a limb,
This is my consolation;
And death between my soul and him
Shall make no separation;
He in me, I in him abide;
In him who for me lived and died,
I've found life everlasting.

4 Since he did from the dead arise,
And then ascend victorious,
I likewise in the hope rejoice,
To rise again more glorious;
Thus free from fear, I can in peace
Depart to see him as he is,
And live with him for ever.

1148.* T. 244.

IN spirit I am waiting,
Lord Jesus, near to thee,
Thy sufferings contemplating;
I know they were for me:
I thee behold by faith
Bow down thy head in death,
I hear thee cry, 'Tis finish'd,
And watch thy latest breath.

2 Thy sighs, thy groans in anguish,
The tears which from thee flow'd,
When thou for me didst languish,
Thy wounds and precious blood,
Be present night and day
To me, while here I stay,
And at my dissolution
My soul to heaven convey.

3 'Midst joy beyond expression,
I shall abased be
With deep humiliation,
When called home to thee.
When I, completely blest,
Have leave with thee to rest,
Thy holy feet with rapture
By me shall be embraced.

4 O hasten thy appearance;
Yet as it pleaseth thee:
Meanwhile to me thy presence
Vouchsafe continually:
Fix thou my heart and eyes
Upon thy sacrifice,
Until, my race here finish'd,
I shall obtain the prize.

1149.* T. 151.

WHEN I shall gain permission
To leave this mortal tent,
And get from pain dismission,
Jesus, thyself present;
And let me, when expiring,
Recline upon thy breast,
Thus I shall be acquiring
Eternal life and rest.

1150.* T. 232.

LORD, let thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, though reduced to dust,
Thou wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,
Raise up to live for ever:
Then shall I see thee face to face,
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing with all the saints above
The wonders of redeeming love;
O Christ, my Lord, I'll thee adore,
Here and above for evermore.

1151.* T. 14.

O HOW I long with Christ to be,
And in his presence rest,
He draws my soul most powerfully;
I to his bosom haste.

2 Meanwhile may I in spirit view
His sufferings, cross, and death;
These to my heart be daily new,
Till I resign my breath.

3 Me for thy coming, Lord prepare,
Grant I may ready be,
Whene'er thou callest, without fear
To meet and welcome thee.

4 Thou know'st my insufficiency;
All my diseases cure;
O let thy stripes and wounds on me,
Exert their healing power.

5 Thus will my wants be well supplied,
Thus will my soul with grace
Abundantly be satisfied,
And kept in heavenly peace;—

6 Until the hour shall strike at last,
When I, from sorrow free,
Shall hasten to thy arms and breast,
And ever live with thee.

1152. T. 582.

THE spirits of the just,
Confined in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done:
Jesus who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
And made even death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
He 'll raise our bodies from the dust,
And unto life convey:
Sin 's pardon'd, we 're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin condemning power,
But Jesus for us died.

3 Confiding in thy name,
Jesus, the church's Head,
We give to earth the breathless frame,
Remembering thou wast dead:
A bitter death indeed,
Was thine, O Lamb of God;
But from the curse thou hast us freed
By thy atoning blood.

4 O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?
He that believes in Christ can sing,
He hath redeemed me:
Trusting in him by faith,
We now the victory gain;
In him we triumph over death,
Who for us rose again.

1153. T. 102.

WHERE is this infant? It is gone!
To whom?—To Jesus who redeem'd *it:*
It now appears before the throne,
Where he continues still to tend it,
His favour—for ever
To prove: he doth bear
This lamb in his bosom, 'tis safe in his care.

2 He took such in his arms on earth
And show'd to them peculiar favour
Hence we may know, that from their birth
He is their ever gracious Saviour:
He gave them,—he takes them,
Whene'er he sees best
For them to come to him, and with him to rest.

3 This infant rests now happily
In Christ, the source of our salvation,
Rejoicing to eternity,
Join'd to the perfect congregation:
The body—we bury;
We know that, from pain
Released, we once shall behold it again.

1154. T. 14.

HOW sweetly this our *brother* sleeps,
Enjoying endless peace;
The grave, wherein *his* Saviour lay,
Is now *his* resting-place.

2 Nought can disturb this heir of life
All worldly cares are fled;
To be with Christ was *his* desire,
And *he's* now perfected.

1155. T. 16.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Thou, by angel-guards attended,
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he set before thee,
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1156.* T. 79.

WHEN children, blest by Jesus,
To whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,

They are not lost, for heaven
To children shall be given;
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessed,
Let no one be distressed,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit
With his redeemed, happy sheep.

1157.* T. 14.

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost thou rest
From every toil and care,
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare!

2 His sufferings have deliver'd thee
From misery, wo, and death;
His word, 'Tis finish'd, proved to be
The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be;
Until the body, changed, obtains
Blest immortality.

1158.* T. 483.

NOW rest in peace :||:
Our prayers, when dying, thee attended;
Thou hast ended
Thy mortal life, and now through grace
Beholdest Jesus face to face:
The holy angels did convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day:
There bless thee, God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three in One:
With saints adore the Lamb
That sitteth on the throne.

XL. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1159.* T. 585.

DAY of Judgment: day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons :||:
Will the sinner's heart confound

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour, :||:
Own me on that day as thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, :||:
What will then become of thee?

4 To all those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever :||:
Shall my love and glory know.

5 Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs will then be turn'd to praise:
We shall triumph :||:
While the world is in a blaze.

1160.* T. 132.

'TIS sure that awful time will come
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from his throne give men their doom,
And change things transitory:
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,
When all will be consumed by fire,
And heaven and earth dissolved.

2 The wakening trumpet all shall hear,
The dead shall then be raised,
And 'fore the judgment seat appear,
On the right and left hand placed;
Those in the body at that time
Shall, in a manner most sublime,
Endure a transmutation.

3 Wo, then to him that hath despised
God's word and revelation,
And here done nothing but devised
His lust's gratification;
Then how confounded will he stand
When he must go, at Christ's com-
To everlasting torment. [mand,

4 When all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted;
Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,
That thou, my Saviour, by thy death
Hast purchased my salvation.

5 Before thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor,
And on that awful day declare
That I am thy confessor;
Then bring me to that blessed place,
Where I shall see with open face
The glory of thy kingdom.

6 O Jesus, shorten the delay,
And hasten thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation: [King,
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise for ever: Amen.

1161. T. 581.

HARK, the trump of God is heard,
And the archangel's voice on high;
Yea, the Lord himself descends
With a shout that rends the sky;
Lo, the bars of death are burst,
See, the dead in Christ rise first.

2 His blest people, still on earth,
In a moment changed, all rise,
In the clouds, caught up with them,
Meet their Saviour in the skies;
Fears and doubts are far removed,
Him they see whom here they loved.

3 See this transient mortal life
Swallow'd up eternally:
Death, O death, where is thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?
Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have
Victory over death and grave.

4 Now all tears are wiped away;
Free from curse and free from pain,
All Christ's people now with him
Kings and priests for ever reign:
Henceforth his unbounded grace
Is their theme of endless praise.

5 In the hope of all this joy,
Brethren, let us still be found;
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,
May we all in love abound,
Till we shall, when time is o'er,
Live with him for evermore.

1162. T. 585.

LO, he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in:
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine:
Hallelujah! :‖:
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain.

2 Now the song of all the saved,
Worthy is the Lamb, resounds;
Now resplendent shines his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
Great his glory; :‖:
Every knee to him shall bow.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Earth and heaven flee away;
All his enemies confounded
Hear the trump proclaim his day:
Come to judgment; :‖:
Stand before the Son of Man.

4 All who love him view his glory,
In his bright, once marred face:
Jesus cometh; all his people
Now their heads with gladness
Happy mourners, :‖: [raise:
Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes.

5 See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised,
Joyful meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! :‖:
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

1163. T. 590.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:

Ere long I know he shall appear
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment-day;
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him these mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally:
How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

1164. T. 14.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
Thy mercy I've not sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 That thou, O Lord, wilt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul:
How then shall I appear?

4 But thou declarest in thy word,
That sinners who to thee,
While here they live, repenting turn,
Shall live eternally.

5 Grant then, that I may favour'd be,
Full pardon to obtain,
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
Upon the *cross* was slain.

1165.* T. 592.

THIS transient world is not our home,
No soul finds here or rest or bliss;
The man by this vain world o'ercome,
Will of salvation surely miss:
Jesus alone yields comfort true,
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;
His mercies every day are new,
His friendship's fire doth still remain:
The scorn'd selected few thrice happy are,
Who have in Jesus' love and grace a share.

2 His shame to all will be display'd,
However specious here his dress,
Who is not in the robe array'd
Of Jesus' perfect righteousness;
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er received,
Will tremble at the judgment-day;
However righteous here believed,
Then naked must he go away:
Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice happy they,
Who to the mercy-seat have found their way.

1166.* T. 22.

REJOICE, thou happy little flock,
Which, grounded firm on Christ the rock,
Shalt dwell with him in lasting day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

2 Who doth not turn to him while here,
And love him truly, shall with fear
And trembling seek a sheltering place,
To hide himself from Jesus' face.

3 May Christ continue still to keep,
To feed and tend his dear-bought sheep,
Until his ransom'd flock shall be
Gather'd to him eternally.

4 Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray,
That we be ready every day,
To stand before thee thro' thy grace,
And in thy kingdom have a place.

1167. T. 151.

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,
To hear the trumpet's sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around;
O then among that number
May we thy call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber
To view a glorious day.

1168.* T. 16.

JUDGE me now, my God and Saviour,
Ev'n before the judgment-day;
Then to me, a worm, thy favour
Through eternity display.

1169.* T. 205.

ARE you form'd a creature new,
Cleansed by Jesus' precious blood?
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconciled by him to God?
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the virgin-row;
Have you oil, you need not fear,
Though this moment he appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not 'midst worldly care;
Let your lamps be all on flame,
For his coming now prepare:
Then whene'er you hear the cry,
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,
You will not confounded be,
But can meet him cheerfully.

3 Let us walk the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim our lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil;
Doubly doth the Spirit rest
On this happy, peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.

1170.* T. 588.

YE virgins, be
Girt with alacrity;
At midnight cometh He:
Cease all your mourning,
The Lord will be returning:
Him ye shall see
In majesty.

2 Now ready stand,
Yea, always ready stand;
The Bridegroom is at hand:
Sleep not, nor slumber,
Let nothing you encumber,
But ready stand;
He is at hand.

1171.* T. 244.

PREPARE your lamps, stand ready,
Your vessels fill with oil;
Be clean in soul and body,
Your wishes then can't fail:
Hark, 'tis the midnight cry,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
Arise, go forth to meet him
With songs of praise and joy.

1172.* T. 79.

BEFORE us place in dread array,
Lord Jesus, that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell us, Lord, that we shall there
Receive from thee a blissful doom.

2 Lord, for thy coming us prepare,
May we to meet thee without fear,
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound,
O let us, day and night, be found
Waiting with joy to welcome thee.

XLI. THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT, AND THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

1173. T. 159.

MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of God,
Who for our sins atoned,
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthroned:
Where his redeem'd and chosen bride,
Through endless ages shall reside;
Is here through faith in Jesus' name,
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death:
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall with all the saints in light
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with his chosen evermore,
His saving name adore.

3 Deliver'd from this mortal clay,
From sorrow, sin, and pain,
We shall with Christ in lasting day
True holiness obtain:
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
As needy sinners all prepare,
By faith in thee to end our race,
And to behold thy face.

1174.* T. 97.

HOW greatly doth my soul rejoice,
That, by my faithful Shepherd's choice,
My name is certainly enroll'd
Among the sheep of his blest fold:
May I by nothing e'er be drawn aside,
But be a happy member of his bride.

2 My faith victorious now doth rise
Above all earthly vanities,
And hath Jerusalem full in view,
That holy city, fair and new;
Through faith in Christ I am God's child and heir,
And shall the glories of his kingdom share.

3 Then all old things will pass away,
And a new scene itself display;
We wait for thee, Immanuel,
Come soon, thy majesty reveal;
Our voices then in higher strains shall raise
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

1175.* T. 585.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,
All his sufferings, death, and pain,
Prove in life our consolation,
And in death our joy remain;
Hallelujah! :||:
Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

2 On his precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
Sing his triumphs, :||:
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.

3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
Lo, he bows his head and dies;
From his death we life inherit,
Hence our happiness takes rise:
We now glory :||:
Only in his sacrifice.

4 Jesus' body, once interred,
Sanctifies his brethren's rest,
And the place which keeps their bodies,
Since earth lodged that heavenly guest,
Now is hallow'd; :||:
We lie down in hope most blest.

5 Our Redeemer rose victorious,
O what joy doth this afford!
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Raised to glory, like our Lord;
Blessed Saviour, :||:
Ever be by us adored.

6 Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading thine own blood and merit;
Here our faith rests on thy grace,
There in glory :||:
We shall see thee face to face.

7 Jesus, at thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
We, restored to thy likeness,
Then shall join thy happy train;
Make us ready, :|:
Lord, thy glory to obtain.

1176.* T. 58.

HAPPY I am, yet o'er my happiness
Can ne'er rejoice but with a blushing face;
For it is mere mercy,
Remains a wonder
Of Christ's long-suffering, when thereon I ponder,
Now and always.

2 In the glorious presence
Of God my Saviour,
Though with abasement, this great truth I'll ever
Own to his praise:—

3 That his incarnation,
His bitter passion,
And meritorious death procured salvation, And life for me.

4 In his great atonement
I'll trust unshaken,
Until I once to see Him shall be taken, Whom here I love.

5 Grant to me, Lord Jesus,
The special favour,
Depending on thy grace both now and ever, To look to thee,—

6 In that ever lovely,
Heart-piercing figure,
As for us bearing justice in its rigour, Upon the cross.

7 What ecstatic pleasure,
Shall I then savour,
When face to face beholding thee for ever, So as thou art.

8 On what joys celestial
Shall I be feasting,
When, in thy presence from all labour resting, I sabbath keep.

9 Oh, what songs of praises
Will then in heaven
Resound, when all the ransom'd souls thanksgiving
To Jesus bring.

10 Lamb once slain for sinners,
Receive our praises;
Honour and glory from all choirs and classes, To thee are due.

11 Now let all say, Amen,
The Lord be praised,
In heaven and earth his name for ever blessed
By all that breathe.

1177.* T. 71.

WHAT shall I feel, when I
The glorious choirs espy
In bliss unceasing;
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
With hopes most pleasing.

2 I hear the enraptured song
Raised by the blessed throng
Of the redeemed:
Seated upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain alone
Is worthy deemed.

3 Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
When here thy race is run,
Shalt have the favour
To go and join the blest,
And there at home to rest
With Christ thy Saviour.

4 Then shall our wo and grief
Find a most sure relief,
In joys unbounded;
Triumphant songs shall be
To the blest Trinity
For ever sounded.

5 How blest when we can say,
All else is fled away,
And love prevaileth:
No longer faith and hope
We need to bear us up,
Love never faileth.

6 See, how the victors go
In raiment white as snow,
With glory crowned:
He grants to them through grace
Around his throne a place,
On whom death frowned.

7 The Bridegroom now appears,
He wipes off all our tears,
And ends all sadness;
To him I had resign'd
Myself, and now am join'd
In perfect gladness.

nt my request,
'en at rest,
hy pleasure;
.ity
parted be
my treasure.

ugh-pierced feet
ake my seat,
.ven's enjoyment:
.hanks and praise,
ve and grace,
.oyment.

, I live by faith,
ıy death,
my Saviour;
sweetly rest,
thy breast,
· ever.

T. 136.

l God,
me atoned,
ı's agony for me hast
r, [groaned;
feeble song;
fe and death this medi-

ıe a sweet and strength-
ısolation:
sealed with thy blood,
My Lord, my God.

vill come,
ɜ consolation
ir lot, who wait for
alvation:
d,
ring heart;
ıe Lord, whose mercy
deth,
tears away, and all my
ndeth;
ɔe with him at home
At last will come.

, O come,
ıerein for ever
f saints I too shall have
ır
ɔrd:
r him wait;
ɔut I this day may leave

ɔ meet the Bridegroom;
ind me ready:
with him at home;
. Come soon, O come.

4 O happy lot,
To live in blessed union
With Christ, and with his church in close communion;
To look to him,
Prompted by love and need;
To feed by faith upon his death and merit,
And, purified in heart, become with him one spirit;
To love him, though we see him not;
O happy lot.

5 O happy lot,
To live with Christ our Saviour,
There to behold his countenance for ever;
In songs of joy
His holy name to praise;
To thank him for our blessed consummation,
And view his wounds, those pledges of complete salvation,
All pain and sorrow then forgot;
O happy lot.

1179. T. 30.

O YE heavenly souls, full joys possessing,
At the fountain-head of every blessing,
From your bright legions
Waft your praises to these lowly regions.

2 Songs of victory to the Lamb once wounded, [ed,
With immortal glory now surround-
O'erwhelm my senses,
And my heaven already here commences.

3 Hear I not the golden harps resounding?
See I not the crowds the throne surrounding?
Adore, adore him!
They exclaim, and prostrate fall before him.

4 O that I could join their adoration,
Lie with them in awful, deep prostration,
His feet embracing,
Bathed in tears, yet hymns of gladness raising.

5 O Jerusalem, from God descending,
To thy pinnacles my flight I 'm bending:
Begone for ever,
World and sin;—and welcome Christ my Saviour.

6 But what gentle voice my flight prevented?
Whispering to my spirit, Rest contented,
Thy days are number'd,
And thy sighs and prayers 'fore God remember'd.

7 Am I longer here, 'midst tribulation,
As a pilgrim to maintain my station,
May I unmoved
Lean upon the arm of my Beloved.

8 May the tears and sweat of Olivet's mountain,
May the scene of Calvary's purple fountain,
The dying Saviour,
Hover 'fore my eyes of faith for ever.

9 May this deaden nature's inclination,
Awe me from the world and sin's temptation,
And sanctify me,
Till each word and deed may glorify thee.

10 May I grow in spirit daily poorer,
Make my calling and election surer;
Thy word instruct me,
And thy guardian Spirit still conduct me.

1180.* T. 83.

JESUS' sufferings were for me,
That my hence departing spirit
Full of joy and peace might be,
And eternal life inherit:
I 'm from judgment freed, by faith
In his meritorious death.

2 When I leave this world in peace,
I shall have the grace and favour
To behold him face to face
Whom I love, e'en God my Saviour:
Then I shall for evermore
Him in endless joy adore.

3 When I shall permitted be,
To enjoy in fullest measure,
What his sufferings gain'd for me
And possess salvation's treasur
With what rapture shall I sing
Hallelujah to my King.

1181.* T. 119.

O WHAT joy, :‖:
O what joy awaiteth me!
I rejoice in expectation,
That I in my flesh shall see
Him the God of my salvation,
And behold the Lord in endless bl
As he is

2 Yea, amen, :‖:
Pardon'd sinners, here rejoice
In this hope and consolation,
Till we shall with sweeter voice
Sing in the great congregation,
Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us n
to God
By thy blood

1182.* T. 45.

MY lot of grace—will be always
Beyond description blessed;
Yea, the bliss I shall enjoy
Cannot be expressed.

2 Him I shall see, whose love to
My heart hath captivated;
From his presence I no more
Shall be separated.

1183.* T. 208.

WHAT hast thou, Lord Jesus,
To redeem and bless us,
For us undergone!
Here we know but partly,
But there will be shortly
More of this depth known,
When above—we shall remove,
And shall live with thee for ever
Our beloved Saviour.

2 I am lost in wonder,
When I duly ponder,
Jesus, on thy grace;
That I shall in glory
Evermore adore thee;
And that, face to face,
I shall see—eternally
Thee, the God of my salvation:
O what consolation.

1184.* T. 58.

WHEN Jesus had to his disciples given
His blessing, and ascended up to heaven,
With deep sorrow filled,
They upwards gazed,
Then to Jerusalem their steps retraced With inward joy.

2 When he in like manner
Shall be returning,
His church on earth will change her grief and mourning
To songs of praise.

3 This reflection fills us
With joy unbounded,
That we the Lord, who for our sins was wounded,
Shall once behold.

4 O might we, poor sinners,
For his salvation
Hunger and thirst until our consummation, By day and night.

5 Thus shall we believing
Ne'er be confounded,
And here already, with his peace surrounded,
Taste heavenly joys.

6 May we cleave to Jesus,
Till we've obtained
The prize, and till our faith and hope have gained
Their highest aim.

7 So as she believed,
Christ's congregation
Shall find it, and behold the Lord's salvation In endless bliss.

8 At his blest appearing,
Freed from all weakness,
Our bodies shall be changed into his likeness
By his great power.

9 Amen, Lord, afford us
Thy kind direction,
Keep us from evil, under thy protection, Always secure;

10 Till we shall in heaven
Behold thy glory,
And free from sin and sorrow there adore thee,
World without end.

1185.* T. 205.

O EXALT and praise the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord
With the angels him adore;
Thank him for the faithfulness,
Wherewith he his witnesses,
Who in heaven are perfected,
Through great tribulation led.

2 Here by Jesus' precious blood
Cleansed from sin and render'd
They, as ministers of God, [chaste,
Him by word and deed confess'd;
In their Lord's reproach a share,
Hated by the world, they bare,
Now they, with the angelic train,
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 They with patience having run
Their appointed race, in hope
Of the prize, at last the crown
Have obtain'd, for them laid up:
Now they serve the Lamb of God,
Having in his precious blood
Wash'd their robes and made them
In his temple day and night. [white,

4 In fine, spotless linen dress'd,
Palms of victory they bear,
By no sorrows e'er oppress'd,
Unmolested now by care,
Free from hunger, thirst, and heat,
They, possessing joys complete,
Unto living fountains led
By the Lamb himself are fed.

5 Since we likewise may attain
To this happiness through grace,
And, by following Jesus, gain
With the saints in heaven a place;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

6 May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue,
Giving heed unto his word;
In our bodies, while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.

7 Let us call to mind with joy
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtain'd the victory
Through the blood of Christ alone.

That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

1186.* T. 166.

UNTO ourselves with deepest awe
The spirits of the righteous
We represent, and comfort draw
From hence, when trials fright us:
Rejoicing, we behold them now,
In Jesus' presence blessed,
From the church militant below
To the triumphant raised.

2 There sits the princely company
Of those, who did surrender
For Jesus' sake most willingly
Their lives and worldly grandeur;
Undaunted meeting fire and sword,
No toils too great esteemed,
If they to preach his precious word
By him were worthy deemed.

3 All who in Jesus' presence live,
Removed from mortal vision,
The crown of righteousness receive,
In endless life's fruition: [home;
They are now with the Lord at
Our humble expectation
Is, that he 'll let us also come
To join that congregation.

1187.* T. 149.

O HOW excellent and fair,
Great beyond all measure,
Will to us our lot appear,
And how rich our treasure,
When we see—bodily
Our beloved Saviour,
As he is, for ever.

2 Countless hosts before God's throne
Where the Lamb resideth,
And, as God and Man, his own
To life's fountain guideth,
Now possess—perfect bliss,
Which to us is wanting,
And for which we 're panting.

3 What here sickens, sighs & groans,
There will prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown our bones,
They shall rise most glorious;
Death and wo,—every foe
Which us here annoyed,
There will be destroyed.

4 May this ever blessed hope
Fill our hearts with gladness,
And 'midst weakness bear us up,
Till from sin and sadness
We shall be—wholly free,
And above, for ever,
Praise our gracious Saviour.

1188.* T. 594.

AT God's right hand the countless numbers
Of just, made perfect, joyful stand;
Freed from whate'er on earth encumbers,
They 've gain'd the promised heavenly land:
Our souls, with sweet anticipation,
By faith these glorious realms descry;
And from each kindred, tongue, and nation,
We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 When, O when shall I have the favour
To see the approach of those blest days,
When I shall welcome my dear Saviour
With solemn strains, with joyful lays?
How blest will then be my condition,
When in my flesh I Christ shall see:
Though happy in his love's fruition
Ev'n here, with him I long to be.

3 What heavenly joy and consolation
This hope affords unto my heart,
That Christ the God of my salvation
Will me receive when I depart;
Then in his presence I for ever
With the redeem'd shall sing his praise:
O make me ready, blessed Saviour,
To leave this world, and see thy face.

1189. T. 79.

WHILE we anticipate the day,
That calls our longing souls away,
What transports fill the breast;
For lo, our great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
Which leads us to eternal rest.

to our expecting eyes
ı-built towers of Salem
with glad survey [rise;
ır mansions, that contain
form, the blessed train,
ɔ with everlasting day.

om earth's remotest end,
em'd of God ascend,
ute hither bring;
ı'd with everlasting joy,
praise is their employ,
vith songs the immortal

ıall join the choirs above
ı peace, and joy, and love,
ith is changed to sight;
we mix with that blest

ıe ransom'd sinner's song
of everlasting light.

). T. 14.

a house not made with
ınd above; [hands,
y spirit waiting stands,
ıll hence remove.

ur by his saving grace,
ı me for heaven;
earnest of the place,
own Spirit given.

by faith of joys to come,
ɔs upon his word;
he body is our home,
sent from the Lord.

ant to believe thy grace,
ould rather see;
ɔe absent from the flesh,
ent, Lord, with thee.

.. T. 14.

rd, and warm each lan-
art,
ıch lifeless tongue;
joys of heaven impart
luence to our song.

ınd pain, and every care,
ɔrd, there shall cease;
ı joy and love sincere,
e realms of peace.

from sin for ever free,
ırn its power no more;
d in spotless purity,
ıg love adore.

1192. T. 14.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church above no other theme
But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise his name,
We do the same below.

3 Him in his glorious realm they praise,
And bow before his throne;
We, in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

1193. T. 14.

THERE, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I shall a long eternity
Spend in ne'er-ceasing praise.

2 Dear Jesus, every smile of thine
Will fresh endearments bring;
And streams of ever-new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

3 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

1194. T. 14.

GOD hath laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Will place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all shall it obtain who love
The appearance of his Son.

1195.* T. 205.

WITH thee, Lord, while I remain,
Thou wilt near thy child abide,
Till, thy perfect aim to attain,
I throughout am sanctified:
All my wants, all my distress,
I'll to thee, my Lord, confess;
Soon will come the happy day,
When all tears are wiped away.

2 Amen, yea, Hallelujah,
Jesus, praise to thee be given,
That a place for me through grace,
Is by thee prepared in heaven:
Ah, how blest will be my case,
When I shall behold thy face,
And, from pain and sorrow free,
Live for evermore with thee.

1196. T. 114.

THE just made perfect, who in glory seated
Around God's throne enjoy eternal bliss,
Behold our God and Saviour as he is;
Ah, when shall I, poor traveller, be permitted
To join that happy, numerous company,
And my Redeemer face to face to see.

1197.* T. 588.

WHAT happiness,
What joy and happiness,
Lord, shall we then possess,
When we adore thee,
With angels fall before thee,
And see thy face:
What happiness!

2 Amen, Amen,
Then will in highest strain
Unto the Lamb once slain
Eternal praises
Resound in heavenly places;
Hallelujah. :‖:

1198. T. 249.

TO God we render praise,
Who grants :‖: us new displays
Of mercy all our days:
When Christ, the Son of man, again
Shall come, the angels in his train,
May all of us who here
'Fore him appear,
Then meet him without fear.

2 How great our joys will be
In heaven, :‖: O Lord, where we
Thy glorious face shall see!
We then shall thee for evermore,
As the Lamb slain for us, adore;
In realms of glory bright
With saints in light
In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,
Worthy :‖: the Lamb once slain!
Let all reply, Amen:
Blessing, and power, and majesty,
Through endless ages be to thee,
Who us by blood has bought,
In mercy sought,
And to thy fold us brought.

1199.* T. 159.

NOW, Lord, who in this vale of tears
Dost lift thy gracious face
Upon thy church, which thee reveres,
And givest us such peace,
That sweetly we anticipate
The heavenly bliss for which we wait,
In thee rejoicing here below,
Ev'n while in tears we sow:—

2 O form us all, while we remain
On earth, unto thy praise;
That each one fully may obtain
Thy blessed aim through grace;
Till we in heaven thy face shall see
May spirit, soul, and body be
Preserved by thee against that day
Blameless, O Lord, we pray,

CONCLUSION.

1200. T. 159.

SING Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice;
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise:
He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord:—
AMEN.

INDEX.

*Lines marked * begin a Hymn.*

A.....to.....ALL.

	NUMBER
d pattern Christ our...	980
d sense of guilt inp...	257
f grace, appearing	747
ul confidence I feel....	233
ul life enjoy ...	836
of God for ever pants..	563
rue happiness may....	980
ry 've found, ...	498
, risen Jesus,.....	337
ul memory bestow.....	994
ste of eternal joys.....	1050
, weak, and help'ess...	25
went forth.....	108
mind impart to me,...	599
nger of peace.....	836
l body he assumed.....	676
n'd sinner I remain....	27
it, a victorious mind ..	244
l look he gave, which..	335
eye, a faithful heart..	535
mind to me impart...	606
and full of blame..	419
on mere mercy cast..	342
er and a pilgrim I,....	1106
t I of Christ, my.....	499
or me he prepares.....	444
who her son beloved.	1054
ous change Christ....	61
e starry sky.....	663
iantly our Sav. hand..	719
or thy passion.....	95
God of our salvation.	1067
ur prayers and praises	51
s as we are, tho' poor.	395
g to the appointed....	76
to thy mercy,.....	714
ll of godlike majesty ..	944
s, we pray ..	936
l be the Lamb of God..	670
souls, await the end..	631
another fleeting year..	1063
as Teacher of man....	76
we raise the strain....	247
the fiercest powers....	27
g in the garden.....	275
old the Son of God,....	484
e, Lord Jesus, hear....	20

	NUMBER
* Ah, come, thou most beloved.	934
could we preach in every	870
do not of his goodness...	281
* give me, Lord, myself to.	538
Jesus, thy unworthy.....	42
Lord, enlarge our scanty.	346
* Lord, how apt am I to...	531
might in my behaviour..	977
might my heart a mirror.	76
might the time soon come	1129
remain our highest Good.	464
remember me for good...	295
should not the mercies. .	1002
then we feel, that life....	937
* whither should I go.....	296
* who are we, thou God of.	948
who can render thee just.	182
why am I thus blest.....	929
why did I so late thee....	459
* Alas, and did my Saviour.. .	125
I knew not what I did.	335
we own with conscious	127
we're sinful, vile and .	517
with shame I own .	579
All creatures, Lord, on thee .	1100
fears and terrors, when he.	291
* glory be to God on high....	43
glory, power, and might....	327
glory to Immanuel's.....	40
* glory to the Saviour's.....	242
* glory to the sov'reign.....	659
* hail, Immanuel,.	63
* hail! thou Lamb of God....	141
his glorious work is done..	162
* is the Lord's; the spacious.	867
may of thee partake.....	1074
my desires are fix'd on.....	460
my hope and consolation..	105
my own schemes, each....	518
our days, O Jesus.....	521
our wants thou knowest...	682
our woes he did retrieve...	78
pains and tribulations.....	106
* praise to thee my God.....	1086
righteousness did he.....	127
self-dependence is but.....	729
* the bliss which we possess.	432

All the merciful are blessed 495
the pains and sorrows 144
the pain thou hast endured 119
the pure in heart are 495
* the world give praises due 45
they who, weeping, now 79
things in beauteous form 187
things were made by Christ 310
things with thee are poss. 182
those are blessed 727
those who here enjoy by 110
those, who thro' a beam 326
thou demandest, I give 359
thy strength and life 753
we, who now are his, .. 328
who in Jesus' presence .. 1186
who love him, view his 1162
who possess true faith and 651
ye, who gospel preachers 835
your children are his own 1044
* Almighty God, thou Sov. .. 183
* Lord, Eternal 667
* Altho' a pardoned sinner's 1137
but little we can do 369
dear Jesus, we can't 363
his medicine cause me 630
* my deep depravity 558
* Amazing grace, how sweet 398
* Ambassadors of Christ 884
Amen, amen, ... 1197
Jesus' words are true 891
Lord, afford us..... 1184
Lord God Holy Ghost 256
* this the conclusion.... 724
thou sovereign God of 1145
yea, Hallelujah, 432 & 1195
* yea, Head of thy church 515
* Amidst this world's profane 610
* tribulation we follow 504
Am I longer here, midst 1179
I of him possessed 431
I of my salvation 530
Among the evils of the fall 79
And am I, Jesus, one of 741
as successively we quit 898
if I myself examine 7
now, even on thy throne 448
now he pleading stands 240
reflect on all the pain 562
should I longer journey 399
this at last our theme 388
tho' a rugged path it be 750
tho' in heaven exalted 180
tho' their bodies turn to 911
thus by faith we live.... 559
thus, to save our souls 31
what is then Jerusalem 730
when I 'm to die,..... 498
when I once of heavenly 915
And when I stand before thy 586
when thou hast done all 584
when we explore the end 562
* Angels astonish'd view 1126
principalities.. 203
sing before his 965
* Another day is at an end 1023
Archangels left their high.... 235
Are not the joys of God above 1097
* you form'd a creature 1169
Arise, and seek the things.... 624
exert thy power 663
my ransom'd soul 27
* my spirit, bless the day 42
* ye who are captive led 30
Art thou not refreshed with 736
As a hen is used to gather.... 188
a little child relies 198
a thick cloud, let all our 545
* birds their infant brood.... 730
children, we are own'd by 221
fallen creatures could not 2
ground, when parch'd 669
his redeem'd from this 833
in tempestuous weather 1061
in thy temple, keep thou 268
long as I have breath in me 659
* long as Jesus Lord remains 729
long as we on earth remain 805
Mary adored.... 470
much, when in the manger 233
oft as I approach the holy 699
oft as we enjoy this blessing 913
* oft as we expect the favour 931
oft, this night, as my pulse 1089
our Head, us move and.... 482
pardon'd sinners, we 394
part of thy church militant 792
Peter replied.... 470
sure as I prove 853
Surety, thou present'st.... 102
* the branches are connected 614
* the serpent raised by Moses 308
Thomas, with awe 470
thy chosen, blood-bought 1018
thy sheep 756
* thy will, O my Saviour 635
* 'twas of old, we now may 874
Ashamed of Jesus, of my God 506
of Jesus, of my Lord 506
of Jesus, of that Friend 506
we own our great defect 526
Assist and strengthen us, O 266
and teach me how to 1073
Assurance of our pardon 913
Assure my conscience of her 264
Assured that Christ our King 240
Astonish'd, at thy feet I fall 534
at thy footstool low 160

At all times may we ready be 480
all times to my spirit bear 647
* God's right hand the 1188
his blest appearing 1184
his call the dead awaken 1159
his cross's foot now tarry 111
last God's servants cease 653
* last he 's blest, who by the 653
parting from thy little fold 176
* thy feet 527
thy through-pierced feet ... 1177
* Attend, Lord Jesus, to my 854
me, Lord, in all my 1106
* O Saviour, to our 715
the gospel trumpet 277
* Author of the whole creation 1088
* Awake, and sing the song 679
my heart; my soul 48
* my soul, and with 1069
Away then, doubts and anx. 29

B

Back, the scourges ploughed 147
Banish from me what's not 355
Baptised into his death 907
Bearing my sin's heavy load 1135
the cross's weight 141
Bear in mind how Jesus 1062
then the reproach of 505
Be especially entreated 823
known to us in breaking 816
* not dismay'd in time of 302
* of good cheer in all your 228
* our comfort, which ne'er 380
our Shepherd every day 985
* present at your table 1104
* present with thy servants 846
present with us, Lord our 905
* still my heart, these 641
the carnal mind subdued 1039
* this our happy destiny.... 619
thou, dear child, in thy 1097
thou my only Treasure.... 1070
thou my pattern; let me 81
thou our strength, be thou 449
thou with us; then indeed 1042
* thy wounds and cross 435
* with me, Lord, where'er 1073
* Before Jehovah's awful thr. 893
my eyes of faith.... 333
* thee we appear 1057
* the Father's awful thr. 452
* the heavens were 235
the world I make my 364
thou shalt as judge 1160
thy cross we bow.... 306
thy face, O Lord.... 184
* thy throne we now 806
* us place in dread array 1172
* Begone unbelief for my.... 642
Behold a great, a heavenly light 36
at thy commanding... 895
for fallen, guilty man 220
he sinks in death 97
him, all ye that pass by 132
how he with Peter 273
* how in Gethsemane... 86
I fall before thy face .. 28
laid in a manger 41
* my soul, the Lamb of 137
* my soul, thy Saviour 413
our God incarnate 281
the dying Lamb of God 135
the great accuser cast 164
the Lamb of God who 281
the Lord Jesus..... 95
* the loving Son of God 127
the man, he beareth .. 92
* the Saviour of mankind 130
* the Saviour of the world 124
the streams of sacred 123
* the throne of grace.... 696
* to us a child is born... 33
* us, Lord, rough stones 480
* what love the Father 220
Beholding with deep 115
Believe, thou mourning 272
* Believing souls, rejoice and 159
we rejoice 336
* Beloved, white and ruddy 150
* youths, if 'tis your 1007
Beside him we will nothing... 425
Besprinkled with thy precious 1091
Besprinkle him, O Jesus..... 903
* with thy blood my 579
Bestow on me a simple mind 605
* Bethany, O peaceful 383
Beyond thy utmost wants 696
Bid me live 527
us call to mind thy cross 921
Bless every thought and..... 1070
me this day, Lord Jesus 1070
O Lord, thy congregation 762
O Lord, thy mar. people 1041
* O Lord, we pray, thy... 720
* O my soul, the God of.. 674
our covenanting together 786
us all both old and young 899
Blessed are the meek in spirit 495
are the poor in spirit 495
* are we, if believing . 1026
* Jesus, all our hearts 510
* Jesus, we implore thee 567
name of Jesus.... ... 73
* Saviour, with love's 1018
they, who live to..... 1022
who, without cessation 495
Blessing and praise we give .. 1[illegible]

* Blest are they, supremely 391
are they, who are 495
are they, who as poor 1022
are they, who follow 319
are they, who follow 1030
* are they, who human 1030
are they, who in his 1030
* are they, whose medi. 1022
are they, who suffer 495
are they, who thro' his 1030
* be that sacred covenant 1113
Comforter, vouchsafe 260
he, that comes to 59
inhabitants of Zion 726
Jesus, gracious Saviour 303
Jesus, what delicious 466
Saviour, condescend.. 179
* soul, how sweetly dost 1157
Blind unbelief is sure to err .. 620
* Bliss beyond compare..... 366
Blood and water from his side 98
* Body and soul 's at thy..... 850
Boldest foes dare never come 155
Bonds and stripes and tribul. 505
* Both to the seraph and the 62
* Bow down, ye followers of 794
* Bread of life 946
Break, O break this heart of . 299
Breathe comfort, where 258
* on these bones, so dry 265
* Brethren, let us join to bless 673
* 'tis but meet to .. 1014
* what do you desire 885
would you please 484
Bride of the Lamb, I 'm one .. 741
* of the Lamb, thou favour'd 754
Brought safety by his hand.... 641
* Buried in baptism with our 906
But, ah, how faint our 1119
alas, the spark how small 145
all who know themselves 543
are there such among us 746
as my strength is far too 101
examine first your case 922
give thyself, my Jesus... 352
gracious Lord, when I... 534
hence our confidence..... 127
himself I most behold... 463
how happy is the soul.... 564
I am proud, and headstrong 981
Jesus' blood and death .. 526
Jesus Christ, the Son of 157
lay your own foundation 867
oh, I 'm blind and ignorant 340
oh, might we such brethr. 1016
oh, the house of liv. stones 733
oh, what offering shall I 350
see the fields are white .. 884
since my Saviour I have 317
But since none these great.. 395
since words, the happiness 965
sinners who with pungent 326
tears of joy must ever flow 678
there 's a voice of sovereign 25
thine all-seeing eye then 528
thou declarest on thy word 1164
thou my kind, almighty . 539
thy reviving gospel-word 287
we can hope thy word and 844
what gentle voice my.... 1179
when Immanuel's face... 213
while here I 'm left behind 145
while on earth I tarry.... 150
who can pay that mighty 475
why do tears, grief, and.. 388
why do we Jesus see..... 52
why was Jesus born in... 39
words can never fully tell 930
yet his mercy to man 's... 62
yet she can in truth rejoice 833
By all in earth and heaven.. 51
all the saints around his 665
all thou hast for me endur. 1146
all thy grief, thy tears, and 85
Christ's dying love constr. 490
Christ we're screen'd with 631
day and night our steps.. 990
faith, I see the hour at... 317
faith, I plunge into this sea 315
faith, through outward care 83
* faith to Jesus cleaving ... 431
faith, we claim him as our 452
his blood shed, the Lamb 422
his own power were all.. 235
love's closest bonds united 755
my own strength I can't.. 532
none of all the human.. . 157
one man's guilt we were 18
sea and land, by night... 1107
thee, as Shepherd of the.. 711
thee protected, gracious .. 728
thine illumination..... 708
this sacrament we are.... 926
thy bitter agony 1135
thy reconciling love..... 483
thy Spirit me reprove 295
thy Spirit's light 245
* thy sweat, mix'd with.... 953
* various maxims, forms and 317

C

* Calling gratefully to mind.. 759
* Can any contemplation.... 381
any ill distress my heart 219
a woman's tender care 474
we thy triumphs e're forget 174
Cast thy burden on the Lord.. 636
Cause all disharmony and strife 266

e me, who now am thine, 929
ns of darkness 1018
tise me when I do amiss 528
r thy chosen witnesses .. 712
erish us with kindest care 482
f Shepherd of thy fold.... 757
ildren of God lack nothing 197
of God, look up and 163
of God, who walk 242
en flock, thy faithful shep. 791
souls who now assemble 786
rist being risen from the 166
by his blood atoned for 906
crucified! my soul, by 571
crucified we own as God 835
having all the law fulfill. 19
how are thy people blest 973
is the Head: each.... 248
is our Master..... 837
is risen from the dead 1144
is the church's Lord 737
is the Vine, we..... 612
is the widow's Friend 1056
Jesus is that precious 900
Jesus was to death abas. 157
my Redeemer, Lord, 443
my rock, my sure def. 1144
our ever blessed Saviour 505
our Saviour look on thee 790
the Bread that came 1030
the good Shepherd.... 22
the Lord, the Lord most 49
the true paschal Lamb 336
thy all-atoning death 742
thy atoning blood 288
thy flock doth hunger 940
thy wounds and bitter 105
was revealed in the flesh 923
whom the Virgin Mary 47
st's agony: his death.... 113
meritorious sufferings 260
precious blood which 1092
ransom'd people rest 835
stians are not here below 500
dismiss your fear; 161
urch of Christ be glad.... 753
of Christ, sing & rejoice 748
of Christ, thy destinat. 751
of Christ, within thy 749
who art arrayed 782
umcise our sinful hearts 78
ely by love's sacred bonds 1144
I'll follow Christ 741
join'd to thee, our.... 482
hed in thy righteousness 293
l mountains and the..... 81
is my love, hence sin 290
ie, all ye souls by sin oppres. 277
approach to Jesus' table 928

* Come, blessed Spirit, gracious 257
* faithful Shepherd!... 530
* Holy Ghost, come.... 252
* Holy Ghost, eternal.. 266
* Holy Ghost, inspire.. 450
Holy Ghost, my soul 271
Holy Ghost, the Sav. 206
Holy Ghost, with Jesus 939
* Holy Spirit, come.... 259
* Holy Spirit, on us br. 264
* let us join our cheerful 675
* Lord, and warm each 1191
* lowly souls, that mourn 912
* my soul, thy suit prep. 697
O my fellow-sinners 283
* O my soul, and sing.. 974
saith thy bride, who 1133
sinners, come, though 273
sinners, Jesus will... 32
* sinners, to the gospel 277
sinners, to your graci. 278
sinners, view the Lamb 126
sinners, view the incar. 33
soon, O come..... 1178
then, and to my soul 333
then let us follow ... 999
then, ye needy sinners, 127
thou divine interpreter, 4
* thou universal blessing 66
* to me, saith the Lord 284
to the living waters 279
* worship at Immanuel's 248
* ye redeemed of the .. 40
* ye sinners, poor and 275
ye that heavy-laden 273
ye weary, heavy-laden, 275
* Commit thou every grievance 191
Communing with the Lamb 597
Compassion for man's fallen 124
Complete thy work and 353
thy work my gracious 539
Conceal'd amidst the 320
Concern'd for more grace 367
Confiding in thy name 1152
Conqu'ring Lord, to heaven .. 1175
Convince us first of unbelief 257
us of our sin..... 259
us, that the Lamb was 265
Could even all the love 519
I exalt thee worthily... 453
I with him spend all my 471
we bear from one another 447
* we sinners fully tell.... 965
we tune our hearts and 91
Counsel and deed are one 182
me, dearest Jesus.... 1128
Countenance majestic 171
Countless hosts before God's 1183
Cover'd with a holy shame...

Creatures, with all their 182
* Cross, reproach, & tribulation 505

D

Daily Jesus' flock thanks 256
may I from thee receive 400
to Jesus we'll look up 995
Day nor night 1
* of judgment, day of wond. 1159
Dead to the world when I'm 1084
Death's horrors thou endurest 102
* Dear brethren, let us take to 1015
* children assembled.... 1002
Comforter, receive our 205
* heavenly Father, we 222
Jesus, ev'ry smile of 1193
Jesus, grant this my .. 570
* Jesus, when I think on 466
* Jesus, wherein art thou 101
* Lord, my soul desireth 577
* Lord, this congregation 933
Lord, thy sovereign aid 349
* Lord, when I trace 402
Lord, while we adoring 406
Saviour, I resign 343
Saviour bless us 898
Shepherd of thy chosen 895
* Dearest Jesus, come to me 467
* Jesus, in this world 409
* Jesus, we are here 3
Saviour, we adore 308
Deep engrave it on our hearts 744
in unfathomable mines 620
Deeply conscious of transgres. 829
convinced of sin, I cry 518
Deliver'd from this mortal.... 1173
Despairing we should never 79
* Desponding soul, thou 621
* Destroy, O Lord, the carnal 358
Devoutly yield thyself to God 1063
Did but Jesus' love and 472
ever mourner plead with 648
ever trouble thee befall... 641
* Didst thou forsake thy. 410
* thou, Lord Jesus, me 347
thou not in our flesh 333
thou thyself devise .. 929
Direct, control, suggest this 1069
Do not despise, I pray, my.... 101
thou with faith discharge 192
what thou wilt with me . 322
Doth howe'er in my frail nat. 523
* our gracious Saviour .. 645
Draw me, a sinner, unto thee 273
* me, O Father, to the.... 229
near, thou wilt discover 102
near to Jesus' table 942
* *nigh to Christ* your 569
Due obedience thou didst..... 983

Dust and ashes though we be 319
Dwell therefore in our hearts 259

E

Each day unto my heart 354
* division of thy fold..... 978
moment draw from earth 349
Earthly affections mortify.... 579
things do not regard 636
Earth's glory to inherit 482
Eat and rest—at this great... 917
E'er since, by faith, I saw.... 140
since his name we knew 1068
Effulgence of the light divine 244
* Embrace us in thy tender 950
Endow us richly with thy.... 268
the parents with thy 1043
Engrave this deeply in my.... 475
Enjoy then, with the church 833
Enrich me always with thy .. 1073
Enter his gates with thankful 898
Ere I close my eyes 1088
* I sleep, for ev'ry favour, 1090
* we know our lost condit. 307
we taste—the rich 917
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord 901
gates their leaves unf. 169
thanks be thine 416
Everlasting praise 171
Evidence by word and..... 755
Evil and few, as Jacob says 1145
Ev'n now to our expecting.... 1189
Ev'ry island, sea, and 1162
where with shoutings 880
Exalted on his glorious 317

F

* Fain would I, dear Redeemer 8
would I think upon thy 375
Fainting beneath the cross's.. 93
* Faith comes by hearing.... 311
is thy gift thousd. Lamb 322
on Christ's declaration 942
Faithful Lord, my only joy... 849
* Saviour, we to thee 595
* souls their Saviour's 1064
to thee I now engage 344
Faithfully thy Spirit me..... 529
Fall at his cross's foot..... 129
down in faith beneath... 867
Far be gone all carnal..... 998
* Farewell henceforth for.... 1128
world, thy gold is 133
Father, behold thy Son 224
I want a thankful.... 536
* of all, almighty Lord 237
* of angels, and of men 210
* of Jesus Christ our 998
of Jesus, Lord of all 209

Father of the congregation... 202
Fear not; for this is he 129
* not; without reserve.... 553
Feeling beforehand all the ... 831
Fill us with peace and joy.... 1049
First-born of many brethren, 346
First for his foes he intercedes 110
let us duly count the cost, 502
* Fit us for thy service, Lord 858
Fix'd on this ground may I... 315
Fixing all our thoughts above 1131
Fix, O fix our wavering 319
on that face thine eye ... 129
thy temple, Saviour in. 1032
Flesh I bear, and therefore ... 1144
* Flock of Ch. in fellowship .. 706
* of Christ with 959
* of Jesus, be united... 485
Food to which the world's a 15
For all our meetings, for each 710
all put in authority 722
all who flee from Sinai's 272
all who wait upon the.... 1021
ever be blest 853
ever he abides the same, 549
ever then remain engraved 412
food he gives his flesh 974
* grace I weep and pant .. 519
he thy case doth underst. 621
* mercies countless as the 683
mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask 537
our brethren we should too 484
our heavenly Father's love 256
our sake, most gracious .. 1041
* our transgressions thou .. 136
should I e'er so faithful .. 327
such poor sinners who ... 329
* that amazing love and... 968
that blessed day 1005
thee he hangs, my soul ... 678
thee, O may I freely 475
the joy he set before thee 1155
the Lamb of God 753
therefore poor on earth he 35
there thou choosest 727
these our God hath 729
this I 'm longing 727
this, let men revile my... 839
thou art gracious, wise... 601
thou within no walls 895
thy death 404
thy teaching, heavenly... 256
us he left his heavenly ... 592
us these wonders hath he 35
us to heaven thou did'st 176
we, thro' grace are taught 332
we, unworthy as we are, 1066
what is all the human ... 32
worthless me, O godlike 146
For you the healing current .. 283
Forbid, O Lord, each vain.... 531
* Fore thee, Lord, we appear 810
* Fountain of life and light 1040
Free from the noisy, busy.... 424
Friend of my soul, O how.... 389
of the friendless, and 648
From all anxiety and dread .. 975
all eternity, with love 441
* all that dwell below the 901
day to day, may we.... 843
death to life he raised 431
each idol, O deliver us 1025
grace to grace still 710
him descends a beam... 364
him true heavenly life 396
Jesus' blood and merit 431
* life and grace, this we 312
* my own works at last I 533
strife and tumult, God 722
the cross look down on 98
* the doctrines I 'll ne'er 7
thee I am, through thee: 189
the provisions of thy... 186
there being join'd in one 479
thence I 'll be taught... 102
this very day 617
* thy holy habitation. .. 809
thy majestic throne.... 788
various cares my heart 647
year to year, while we 990
* Full to my view, in bl. hue 422
Fulness of grace in him..... 478

G

* Gentle is the coercion 593
Give grace that as brethren... 832
me a lowly faithful..... 848
me an inly cheerful 848
me courage good..... 245
me grace in all 491
me grace to walk with 522
* me thy heart, my son... 351
me thy strength, O God 839
me what thy own mind 848
to my eyes repenting.... 450
* to our God immortal.... 185
* to the winds thy fears .. 196
us an humble, active.... 994
us an open door 872
us, O Lord, to feel thy.. 1034
us, ourselves and Christ 257
* us, thy Spirit, Lord 9
Gladly our own poor works .. 609
we spend our life 867
Gloomy thoughts must 650
* Glorious things of thee 726
Glory and obedience .....

Glory to God, the angels sing 42
to God, who safe hath 1069
* to God, whose witness 507
to our great Creator ... 57
* to the Father 207
unto Jesus 207
* unto Jesus be 162
Go, all ye wise, without 499
* Go congregation, go and.... 90
* follow the Saviour..... 95
* forth in spirit, go 129
* my soul, go ev'ry day ... 155
* up, with shouts of 172
* witness of the 886
* ye flatt'ring visions 602
God and man indeed 234
be praised, they who are 170
be praised, tho' in oursel. 574
be praised, thy love is.... 595
can this hour with every 192
fill thee with his heavenly 1097
* hath laid up in heaven... 1194
Holy Ghost, blest 216
* Holy Ghost, how glorious 254
* Holy Ghost, in mercy 253
* Holy Spirit, be for ever... 260
Holy Spirit, now impart 10
* in a garden, suffers in.... 89
in man's death takes no 315
is mighty to deliver 637
is my salvation 650
* is my Saviour and my.... 623
makes with man his 51
* moves in a mysterious .. 620
never yet mistakes hath 660
now to man is reconciled 29
* of my life, on thee I call 648
* omnipotent Creator 1075
our salvation 725
raised him up, when he .. 158
* reveals his presence 662
ruleth in heaven 672
sends you forth—his will 867
* who art love, the same .. 591
who to all things being... 47
whom we serve, our God 507
* will the widows ne'er.. . 1054
with us, God appears 74
with us, we vow to thee.. 783
* God's boundless grace 881
* holy word which ne'er 2
only Son, stupendous 450
* Good Shepherd hear 804
Grace and a sensation..... ... 520
* and peace from God.... 802
* grace, O that's a welc. 328
how exceeding great .. 328
is the only wish and... 326
through the blood of Jes. 428
Gracious Father, bless 802
Lord, blessed is our 756
Lord, I wish alone.. 356
Lord, may we believe 742
* Lord, our Shepherd .. 791
Lord, who, by thy pas. 495
* Lord, who us hast .. 762
* Lord, with fervent.. 717
* Lord, with one acc. 818
Redeemer, grant to us 363
* Redeemer, Lamb of 537
* Redeemer, thou hast 468
* Redeemer, who for us 442
* Saviour, bless thy con. 712
* Saviour, moved by.. 67
Grant her to thee an ever 711
* Lord, that with thy dir. 486
Lord, to thy congregat. 755
me a harmless, dove-like 704
me an upright, simple h. 704
me but this firm faith .. 929
me but this thou great 1004
me steadiness 245
me that meek and lowly 76
me the grace, while I .. 123
me the indisputable seal 271
me to know thy blessed 848
* most gracious Lamb of 356
none among us may.... 845
O Christ, thou Son of G. 109
that all of us may prove 562
that I may henceforth.. 544
that sustained 611
that we all, both young 761
that we all may 711
that we all, with heart 1049
that we may love thee 582
that we may never lose 256
that with thy chosen... 749
then that I may 1164
thy comforts to my mind 45
to me, Lord Jesus..... 1176
unto ev'ry married pair 1038
unto us continually.... 989
us a contented mind ... 978
us, and all our children 1043
us each blessing purch. 721
us, in meekness to 480
us resignation 662
us to increase 255
us to obey.... 255
we fervently implo. thee 807
we, impelled by thy love 857
Great defects are still revealed 1064
* High Priest we view... 94
is the harvest, truly.... 874
is the hidden mystery 33
* the feast, to which thou 945
* Grounded on the eternal ... 883

ounded on thy Saviour's... 755

H

ıd I an angel's heavenly.... 678
we angel's tongues. ... 201
we nought ... 1132
ıdst thou not life & salvation 1041
thou not sought me first 445
Hail, all hail, victorious.... 167
Alpha and Omega, hail 316
church of Christ, bought 741
First and Last, thou .. 316
Lamb once slain, thy 664
suff ring Lamb of God 96
thou wondrou fan 50
your dread Lord and ours 238
Hallelujah, praise be given 573
Happy I am, yet o'er my.... 1176
is each virgin's station 1029
meditation 144
O Lord, are they..... 739
race of witnesses.... 917
soul, thy days are.... 1155
the children who are 1004
the chil. who betimes 1003
the ma whose highest 601
the souls to Jesus.... 1192
the souls who contrite 332
they who are excited 1029
they who feel the 1027
they who here adore 53
they who oft for Jesus 1029
thrice happy hour of 977
who thus find in Jesus 1029
Happiness, delightful name 401
ırk, his dying word 133
how he groans, while .. 130
how the meek and 110
my soul, it is the Lord 474
O my soul, what sing 393
the Father welcomes... 171
the trump of God is.... 1161
ıste, my Beloved, fetch .. 1193
then, O Lord, to thee I 537
ısten, as for brides is fitting 927
ıth he aught to say to thee 497
he join'd us to the church 572
he not from our earliest 660
ıve patience with us 260
we thro' dang'rous paths 629
Head and Ruler of thy cong. 826
of thy blest congregation 1041
of thy church, behold.. 797
of thy congregation... 793
ɔal me, O my soul's Physi... 103
us, Immanuel, here we.. 320
ɔar him ye deaf; his..... 677
I not the golden harps? 1179
my requests, O Lord.... 623

* Hear, O Jesus, my complaints 269
O Lord, a parent's pray. 1044
the joint petition 546
thou our heart's desire 1129
* ye sinners, peace and 55
Heart-piercing sight, he 97
reviving is the view ... 415
Heavenly joy and holy..... 927
* Heaven's kingdom none.... 904
He as a poor mean child was 43
ascended up on high 170
blesseth me so sensibly... 471
bore the curse of all. ... 421
built the earth, he spread 165
calls us brethren ... 671
came to seek and save the 32
died for me ... 142
ever lives to intercede ... 181
every where hath way ... 196
freely laid his majesty ... 291
fulfill'd all righteousness 78
graciously conducts me .. 431
graciously regards our... 1053
grants us, for our tears .. 314
guides my soul to living 444
hath by all he did and said 1097
hath dearly bought my soul 133
hath himself the keys 161
hath now his Godhead's.. 661
hath with a pledge of grace 926
having triumph'd over... 100
his mercy doth remember 1033
in the days of feeble flesh 181
is and shall remain our 729
is, as long as life shall last 1136
is mine, and I am his 465
is our Saviour and High- 1048
is the blessed paschal Lamb 157
is the Rock; how firm he 248
is the Sun of righteous. 35, 248
is the Vine; his heavenly 248
knows the hours for joy .. 192
laid his glory by 240
left his bright, his glorious 36
left his Father's throne... 334
left his radian throne. . 406
loves and values me. . 1117
meekly all our sorrows. . 30
ne'er shall weep more . 1005
pardon'd me like Magdal. 166
prospers all his servants 834
rests now in peace..... 1005
riseth, who mankind hath 165
said, My flesh is truly 924
saith to us repeatedly 1053
sees us willing slaves.... 240
sent his Son with power 185
showers his choicest bless. 924
shows me how from him I 552

He sings now above..... 1005
sought and found us 397
speaks; and, listening to 677
subdued the infernal pow. 286
* that confides in his Creator 192
that hath help'd me..... 641
the mighty, he the.....53, 1033
took such in his arms on.. 1153
upon his heart doth bear 734
wash'd away my every... 27
was offer'd on the tree.... 294
when this feast was first 930
who in Jesus' death 517
who in self-righteousness 922
who is by Christ directed 603
who is to Jesus Christ ... 490
who Jesus' mercy knows 922
who nought but Christ ... 603
who prepared for every... 39
who rules both heaven and 44
* who striveth for sanctific. 564
who the wants of all 47
who unto his flesh and .. 975
who was scorned on the.. 835
who, without delay..... 1008
will present our souls.... 680
He 'll never quench the 181
He 's full of grace and truth .. 291
merciful and kind 314
mock'd and defamed ... 95
my God, my flesh and .. 409
your's with all his merit 569
Heirs of salvation 1120
Help us, O Lord, to watch.... 1166
us thy pleasure to fulfil 227
Heralds of grace would ye.... 835
Here all our wants are well . 943
* am I, blushing, weeping 118
* are we, children poor and 991
are we richly fed..... 784
by faith we're humbly 749
by Jesus' precious blood 1185
come I, my Shepherd.... 639
doth the Lord of life 131
I behold, as in a glass.. 131
I forget my cares and... 126
I 'll sit for ever viewing 426
* in constant, quick 632
* in thy presence we appear 10
is an ensign on a hill... 131
is a pasture rich and.... 387
is love divine pourtrayed 1062
is our hand; us, Lord .. 750
is the place, where weary 146
it is good for us to be.... 948
it is I find my heaven... 426
lies in death's embraces 150
many faithful souls are 834
may we prove the power 895
Here more than Tabor's glory 948
my sabbath is completed 152
of Christ's incarnation . 51
on earth in tears 1132
pardon, life, and joys... 450
faith our kind, redeeming 938
stands the promise fair .. 696
we now—most humbly.. 917
will I stay, and gaze.... 131
will I stay, engaged 146
Here 's a task, may parents .. 1044
Hereby we stand 877
Hereto we cheerful say, Amen 868
Herrnhut, the Most High's.... 786
Hidden from all ages past 145
in Christ the treasure 340
Highest King and Priest 245
* High in the heavens, eternal 186
* on his everlasting throne 834
Highly favour'd church, thou 748
* favour'd congre 749 & 755
* High-priest of thy church .. 776
on thee I call... 246
Him in his glorious realm 1192
I shall see, whose love .. 1182
His arm supports the sky 54
blest people still on earth 1161
blood thy cause will plead 129
blood, which did for you.. 169
body broken 914
body is dead 1005
boundless years can ne'er 194
church is still his joy and 163
comforts daily me sustain 634
cries and prayers—his.... 422
enlivening countenance.. 789
flesh is torn with whips.. 128
goodness and his mercies 414
good Spirit's blest instruc. 188
grace subdues the power 677
holy name for ever be.... 166
Holy Spirit we receive... 326
looks of grace insure..... 471
love in times past..... 642
love is mighty to compel 277
love produceth love: 1028
love, what angel's thought 406
loving heart we open see 975
loving-kindness those shall 600
mercy claims our highest 794
mercy every sinner claims 988
meritorious industry..... 995
name, his nature soar.... 54
people now confess 309
purposes will ripen fast .. 620
redeem'd his praise show 162
resurrection's power divine 158
shame to all will be dis. .. 1165
sovereign power without 893

Spirit cheers my spirit .. 622
Spirit is the Sovereign .. 622
Spirit purifies the heart .. 313
stripes whereby I 'm heal'd 116
sufferings have deliver'd 1157
thorns and nails pierce .. 126
word's a lamp unto my .. 18
words with due attention 502
wounds are open fountains 262
ther each afflicted soul 922
from earth's remotest 1189
sinners, all repair 145
lo, every one that thirsts .. 279
ye needy, come and 273
lold o'er thy church, Lord.. 766
over us thy gracious .. 714
ly awe pervades my heart 170
Ghost, e'ernal God..... 3
Ghost, thou God and 256
holy, holy, in earth and 171
holy, holy, sings the 1127
Lamb, and Prince of.... 496
Lord, by thy body given 149
Lord, holy and almighty 1
Spirit, we adore thee.... 202
Trinity 201
nour to the almighty Three 206
sanna, Hosanna..... 999
to the royal Son .. 59
to the Son of David 243
low amiable thy 727
are thy servants blest 889
bitter the cup none can 642
blessed is thy family .. 739
bless'd am I, most 389
blest are we, when we 964
blest he is—who 148
blest, how excellent .. 461
blest, when we can say 1177
bold and vain 768
bright appears the 364
can a sinner here 563
can I view the 433
condescending 'tis that 633
could I bear to be 586
couldst thou love such 449
do we blush with cons. 79
doth the old corruption 528
fast can love-cords 489
glad am I that I have 1146
glad am I that thou so 529
good and pleasant is it 478
great and wondrous .. 157
great at last my joy .. 513
great our joy will be .. 1198
great the bliss to be a 387
greatly doth my soul .. 1174
greatly he forgiveness 543
greatly man incenses 102
How happy feels a contrite .. 166
* happy we, when guilt .. 629
* heart-affecting Christ .. 998
highly blest, how.. 386
highly favour'd had I.... 115
highly is poor man by .. 120
highly wonderful is 101
is Jesus' sacred soul.. .. 91
is my soul delighted.. .. 413
* lost was my condition .. 337
merciful art thou, O.. .. 341
much better thou 'rt.. .. 1096
* much we 're loved by.... 458
* needful strictly to 541
* pleasant is love's har. .. 488
pleasant is our lot, yea.. 388
pleasing 'tis a new-born 272
precious are thy thoughts 395
pre. are thy thoughts of pe. 566
* precious is the book 13
* sad our state by nature 25
* shall a young man 1013
* shall I meet my Saviour 34
should I, slaughter'd.. .. 929
should I live in constant 1145
* soon, exalted Jesus 1134
soon, when Satan 532
* sweetly this our brother 1154
* sweet the name of 71
sweet the precious 678
* sweet thy dwellings.. .. 732
that blest moment I.. .. 115
the blood, which from .. 927
vast is here display'd ... 929
very weak I am 343
wondrous thy love 524
wretched they, who 32
However weak and helpless .. 439
Human reason is too shallow 927
Humbly, Lord Christ, I 1145
Hungry and thirsty after 372
Hungry and thirsty, faint.. .. 816
* Hush, dear child, lie still.... 1096

I

* I am a poor sinner 520
am assured, nor life, nor 1133
am lost in wonder 1183
* am needy, yet forgiven .. 554
am the chief of sinners .. 445
* ask not honour, pomp, or 590
confess, O Lord, with 522
confidently do believe 230
deliver'd thee, when bound 474
do not praise my lab'ring 189
fall at thy feet 402
feel how much in debt I .. 418
feel the load of sin so vast 293
fully am assured 413

I give myself to thee anew .. 544
give thee thanks unfeigned 100
gladly will show forth thy.. 531
go hence at the appointed .. 1145
hear the enraptured song .. 1177
I and my transgressions ... 102
in the dust adore 343
* kneel in spirit at my Sav. 134
know I worthless am 451
know my poverty 288
know that nought in me ... 518
know that through thy grace 519
* know the weakness of my 549
know, through mercy free .. 451
I 'll be like Magdalen at thy .. 292
be my flesh denying 102
be with the beholders ... 102
bless thee, and thou shalt 878
* glory in nothing but only 464
go with thee, my Saviour 92
here with thee continue.. 100
make thy wondrous. dying 982
never cease repeating ... 339
* praise thee with my heart 660
spare all needless thinking 635
speak the honours of thy 72
trust my great Physician's 630
weep, whene'er he's not to 469
I lay in fetters groaning 34
live now, and to God 966
look to Golgotha 414
love his people and their ... 992
love his tears and sufferings 992
love mount Calvary, where 992
* love the Lord, who died ... 992
love to hear that he was ... 992
love to think the time will.. 992
I 'm lost in deepest wonder .. 428
lost in wonder and amaze 86
often stubborn, vain, and 980
* overcome with humble .. 424
well assured.. 700
I now believe, in thee 296
now my soul and frail 1085
now wish to be 402
of his body am a limb 1147
once was wholly dead 344 & 528
open heart and soul to thee 934
own the fault mine 470
plead thy rich promise 639
recommend myself for ever 321
resign myself to thee 355
saw One hanging on a tree 355
see him in the garden 413
see him lead a suffering ... 317
see him look with pity 317
see his countenance defiled 93
see his hands and feet 93
see my Saviour kneeling ... 85
I see my Saviour languish ... 92
see thee scourged, plunged .. 101
send my cries unto the 18
shall, when time is o'er 1130
sinful worm, with awe..... 134
* smite upon my guilty breast 97
tell the hours and days 1133
thank thee, gracious Lord .. 46
thank thee, that in mercy .. 353
thank thee, with sincerest.. 445
thee adore my gracious.. .. 344
then at thy throne 853
thirst, thou didst upon 272
thy unworthy child 288
* to my God am reconciled .. 324
trust in Jesus' merit 429
trust my guilt was done.... 298
unworthy sinner 420
I've nought to give 658
I view in thee, thou wan and 146
view the Lamb in his own 333
was defiled all over 118
* weep for joy 142
* will a little pilgrim be 99
will my heart to thee resign 993
* will rejoice in God my 64
* will sing to my Creator 188
wish, as faithful Christians 590
with sacred sorrow 420
* with the fallen human race 27
would go from pole to pole 168
If any thing in us appears 563
ask'd: hast thou already.... 593
but his arm support us 507
done to obey thy laws..... 1074
early thou wilt take me.... 984
* father, mother, children, wife 502
he all my wants supplied .. 626
he his grace on us confer.... 995
he shed his precious blood.. 626
Jesus should appear 1129
love unfeign'd we in our.... 478
my sins' burden would 389
once the plough in hand.... 502
one member honour'd be ... 482
our all on him we venture.. 509
question'd by thee 367
the Lord protect me 650
there's a fervour in my soul 373
thou, our Comforter..... 259
thou partakest of his grace 1097
thou through thorny paths.. 389
thou wilt have me longer... 984
* to Jesus for relief 626
to Jesus they appeal 391
* to me experience 430
unto us our friends are..... 988
we are to thy cause but ... 869
we in Jesus' saving name .. 559

forgiveness 1028
y guilt oppressed 1009
rightness 1008
g resignation ... 637
ardon may be... 1164
carnate God 48
r Brother now, 1119
thee we sing... 46
meritorious.... 79
hat needful 990
ruth upon my .. 323
ounds upon 528
ith filial fear ... 427
image on my .. 981
stands before,... 330
oleness extreme 1139
o him I 'll cry .. 633
or speak, or do.. 83
s he takes a share 181
n all distresses.. 751
onstrain'd by ... 158
ine to them he 915
ppiness they ... 1004
d in youth 1068
ike me tractable 704
les if thou 1077
stray'd..... 255
hou my Saviour 1108
fix thy dwelling 760
nd condition.... 747
ce rejoice 790
ook delight 335
s linen drest.... 1185
ms and lands ... 889
ghty Lord of.... 1048
urified 576
earth who is ... 806
e I shine 421
for evermore ... 327
and move 1101
onement..... 1176
plation 116
is avow'd 310
teful lays 694
and peace 777
s of praise,..... 686
rest, O Lord ... 761
tness this, with 835
nner 999
ber this thy 798
to take my rest 1081
love explain ... 333
l, remember me 1087
l, this grace 857
gers, fears 889
and harmony.. 750
en restored 1144
I raised with... 659
condition ... 339 & 413

In my Saviour's intercession 643
our degree and measure ... 752
* our short warfare here.... 870
* peace will I lie down and 1089
peace with all may I be ... 704
pity look upon my need ... 287
search of empty joys below 279
servant's form, lo! he 61
* spirit I am waiting 1148
spiri we behold him,..... 924
strains of wo 151
suff'ring be thy love my .. 441
sweet communion 914
temptation may we firmly 1032
that ever lovely, heart-pier. 1176
* that glorious vest arrayed 509
that most dark and doleful 915
* that most dark and doleful 916
that most precious river... 981
the dust we sink before.... 823
the glorious presence 1176
the grave for me he lay; .. 170
the hope of all this joy 1161
the hour of dark temptation 15
the lonely house of mourning 491
* the name of Jesus Christ.. 832
the Redeemer, as my head 311
* thee I live, and move, and 189
thee I trust by faith 414
* thee, O Christ, is all my... 293
thee we trust for ever..... 698
these degenerate evil days 6
these our days exalt thy... 868
* thine image, Lord, thou ... 21
this humble, happy frame.. 594
this sepulchral Eden 150
this vain & wretched world 1044
* this world so full of snares 1046
thy death is all my trust .. 145
thy family, O Jesus, ... 749
thy garden here below ... 613
thy grace my children keep 1044
thy hands and feet I see .. 98
* thy love and knowledge... 616
thy most precious blood .. 343
thy righteousness array'd, 78
thy wounds, O Jesus, ... 420
true simplicity 576
want, my plentiful supply 376
weakness, power divine he 601
wisdom, infinite thou art: 183
Incarnate God, exert thy power 36
Inclined to me in tenderness 27
* Incline thine ear in favour 825
Indeed, had Jesus ne'er been 647
* Infinite Source, whence all 38
Inspire our hearts with 831
Into the bosom of our Friend 738
Is crucified for me and you ... 738

* Is God my strong salvation 622
good in contemplation ... 593
* that my dearest Brother? 924
there a thing beneath the 348
there a thing that moves 393
there a thing that warms 745
* this indeed our happy lot, 868
this our high calling 492
Israel's seed—from slavery ... 917
It also shows God's boundless 2
caused thee pain, O Son of 344
gathers God's elected flock 2
is as tho' my eyes now view'd 115
makes the wounded spirit .. 71
ne'er can be expressed 747
plain appeareth 725
sweetly cheers our drooping 13
Its fresh representation 102

J

Jehovah founded it in blood 730
* holy Lamb 489
in thy person show.. 333
is thy name 241
Jesus, unto God 216
Jerusalem the church above .. 1173
Jesus, above all else I love ... 321
* accept the thanks and 1049
all-creating Word 795
all our souls inspire.... 479
* all praise is due to thee 35
and didst thou bleed for 128
* and shall it ever be ... 506
as water well applied . 908
at my dissolution 103
at thy blest appearing.. 1175
blessed Jesus 73
bows his head and dies 98
* by thy almighty power 1147
* by thy Holy Spirit 582
* Christ, thou leading Star 500
* Christ, who bled and... 795
cometh to fulfil..... 954
cured my soul's infection 345
for thy faithful leading 1064
gives us life and peace 75
* God of our salvation ... 823
* grant me to inherit 491
grant to me the grace .. 355
great High-priest of 826
* hath procured salvation 1009
hear my fervent cry.... 356
hear my supplication .. 37
* hear our fervent prayer 716
* hear our prayer 1095
* hear our supplication .. 778
* how great was thy desire 918
* I am richly bless'd 109
I humbly thee implore.. 599
* Jesus, I love thee fervently 4
I love thy charming name
I never can forget..... 1
* is become at length 8
is my joy 3
* is my light most fair.. .. 4
* is our highest good .....
is the loveliest name ...
is worthy to receive 6
* knit all our hearts to ... 6
* lead each married pair .. 10
* Lord most great and glo. 4
* Lord of life and glory ... 9
Lord of the creation 9
lo! to thee we bow 6
* Lover of my soul 6
* makes my heart rejoice 9
my All in all thou art ... 3
* my All, my highest good 6
* my All, my soul's best .. 6
* my highest treasure 4
* my King, thy kind and 3
* my Lord, my God 9
my only God and Lord .. 6
* my Saviour, full of grace 3
my Shepherd, Saviour,
* O may we thee obey 7
* our glorious Head and .. 3
* our Guardian, Guide ... 6
* our helper in all need, .. 10
* our High-priest and our 1
* Prince of life once slain 1
* Redeemer of mankind... 4
seek thy wandering sheep 8
* Source of gladness 6
* of my salvation.. 1
* th' almighty Son of God
* the children's dearest ... 9
* the church's Lord and .. 3
the hind'rance show 9
* the Lord our Shepherd .. 9
the name, that charms .. 6
the rock on which I ....
* the whole creation's 6
thee alone I call.... 4
thee I view, in spirit.... 1
their work delighted sees 8
therefore, let us own 1
* thou art my heart's deli. 3
thou art my King, praises 9
thou art my King, to me 9
* thou art my salvation ;.. 1
* thou hast reveal'd 3
thou fain wouldst have.. 1
thou my only rest 1
thou Source of calm rep. 9
thou Source of life, im... 9
thy dying love 1
thy feast we celebrate... 1

Jesus, thy light again I view 350
thy love exceeds by far.. 448
thyself to us reveal;.. .. 580
thy word is my delight.. 11
till my latest breath 98
to thee I bow 421
to thee our souls we raise 994
to thy garden lead us.... 94
we look up to thee 483
we now devote to thee 1017
when in majesty..... 45
when stern justice said.. 75
when thy blessings..... 520
where'er thy people meet 895
who art the Tree..... 246
who died, is now 179
who died, the world to.. 163
who died upon the cross 864
who for me hast died ... 613
who hast once been dead 109
who is always near 168
who passed the angels 1119
who to save hast pow'r 967
who with thee can comp. 245
whose hands once pierc. 393
will I never leave 465
wipes away their tears.. 394
yieldeth up his spirit, ... 1175
yields me delectation; ... 345
Jesus' body once interred 1175
bride, his congregation.. 928
death thy strength abi... 751
life of grief and sorrows 1175
love unbounded.... 521
mercies never fail 1102
name, source of life and 74
suff'rings were for me .. 1180
John's portion so blest 367
Join'd in one spirit to our Head 1113
Join earth and heaven to bless 421
his church in this confes. 751
to render thanks and pra. 1033
Joy divine & heavenly peace 813
for thy torments we receive 124
Judge me now, my God and 1168
not the Lord by feeble 629
Just as thou art, to Jesus come 272
Justice and truth maintain... 238

K

Keep me through thy grace... 853
thou me, a feeble child 496
Kindle within us, and preserve 268
Known to thee, whose eyes are 299

L

Lamb, for thy boundless love 120
of God, all praise to thee 415
of God beloved,..... 420
of God, display the virtue 523
* Lamb of God, I look to thee 983
of God, most holy ... 171
* of God, my Sav. thou 147
of God, once wounded 207
of God, thou shalt rem. 91
of God, thus dearest 144
* of God,—thy precious 423
* of God, who thee rec. 319
once slain for sinners 1176
Leaders would ye faithful prove 838
Lead us so, that we may honour 582
* Learn, church of Jesus 611
Leave to his sovereign sway 196
Let all with love and filial fear 227
every tribe, & every tongue 242
* hearts and tongues unite 1068
him that is thirsty 639
human arts make others 8
me, above all, fulfil 983
me by faith behold thy face 466
* me dwell on Golgotha.... 133
me in all things conqueror 571
me my weary mind recline 647
me perceive thy friendly.. 462
mercy pardon all our crimes 227
more unto thy church coll. 845
my life and conversation .. 1075
neither honours, pomp, nor 606
neither lust nor fear prevail 575
no false comfort lift us up 258
not conscience make you 275
no temptation us befall .. 227
nothing dwell within my 461
nothing in our minds take 986
our children, gracious Ld. 1042
our mutual love be fervent 800
the false raptures of the mind 5
the minds of all our youth 899
* the splendour of thy word 17
the sweet work of prayer 988
the whole earth his power 674
* the world hear 877
thy power divine, we pray 967
* thy presence go with me 865
thy Spirit, which is Truth 783
us call to mind with joy 1185
us for each other care ... 483
us, 'fore thee abased 764
us from all our sins be.... 939
us raise our minds above 1144
us stand ready, let each... 1031
us then, with the heavenly 160
us things excellent discern 994
us walk the narrow way 1169
us watch and pray, lest we 574
Life deriving from thy death 319
thou diedst for me 245
Lift up thy heart to him on hi. 624
* up thy pierced hands most 765

Lift your hearts and voices high 44
Like her, with hopes and fears 320
the king of Salem 940
Living faith with clearest vis. 307
* Lo! he cometh! countless .. 1162
he in the manger lieth ... 37
methinks, his body..... 147
the incarnate God 275 & 1062
this is the race 498
we fall down with filial . 439
Long as live . 700
* ere the lofty skies were 194
* I strove my God to love, 294
my imprison'd spirit. . 334
this was from my sight 550
Long-suffering, merciful and 363
Looking to Gethsemane 98
* Look on every married pair 1042
on me, ... 527
up, and see 139
up, my soul, by faith 97
* up, my soul, to Christ 624
Lord, assist us in each trying 1025
at my dissolution 100
* at thy feet amazed we 875
* bless what thou provid. 1105
by the power of thy death 947
by thy flesh the soul is 913
by thy Spirit us prepare 868
* Christ, I give thee praises 969
* Christ, I thank thee.... 915
Christ, reveal thy holy 781
come dwell within us ... 662
conform us to thy death 78
* dismiss us with thy bless. 902
do not in displeasure.... 623
dost thou suffer thus for 86
evermore to us be giv'n 1105
for grace we thee intreat 783
for the sake of thy dear 1086
for thy coming us prep. 1172
from such teachers us 6
give us an attentive ear 707
* God, Abba, Father..... 225
God Almighty, ceaseless 184
* God, our Salvation 894
* God, thy praise we sing 657
grant me thy protection 100
grant me thy salvation 92
grant thy benediction 1061
* grant thy servants grace 847
* grant to me a simple mind 607
grant us a forgiving mind 480
* grant us, though deeply 852
* had I of thy love 456
have mercy on each land 841
* how divine thy comforts 938
I am thine, O take me 400
* *I am vile*, conceived in 28
I approach thy mercy-se. 287

Lord, I believe thou h
* I contemplate w
I despair myself
I 'll praise thee
I look back to s
I will not let the
in every sore op
in the day thou
* in the morning
* in thy name we
* in thy name we
it is my chief co
Jesus, be for eve
* Jesus, be near,
* Jesus, by thy de
Jesus Christ, aff
Jesus Christ, all
* Jesus Christ, if
Jesus Christ, in
Jesus Christ, m
* Jesus Christ, m
Jesus Ch. O ma
* Jesus Ch. thy b
Jesus Christ, we
Jesus Ch. who i
* Jesus, for our c
* Jesus, fountain
* Jesus, from thy
Jesus, in that v
* Jesus, in thy pr
Jesus, let us be
Jesus, may each
* Jesus, may I co
Jesus, may the
* Jesus, may thy
* Jesus, midst thy
* Jesus, my most
* Jesus, my praye
* Jesus, praise to
Jesus, receive..
* Jesus, sanctify
Jesus, thine we
Jesus, thou my
* Jesus, thy atone
* Jesus, thro' all
* Jesus, 'tis with
Jesus, to our he
Jesus, unto me
* Jesus, we bless
Jesus, we would
* Jesus, when I t
Jesus, when we
* Jesus, who befo
* Jesus, who for
* Jesus, who hast
Jesus, who is li
* Jesus, with thy
* Jesus, with thy
lead us in thy h

ord, let thy bitter passion .. 106
let thy blest angelic.... 1150
let thy presence with... 1110
let us be increasing 250
look on me, 'midst all .. 981
may I live to thee by ... 1136
may not one among us 773
may the congregation.. 764
may thy love with 1028
my body, soul and spi. 1075
my times are in thy.... 1135
of the harvest..... 870
of thy wondrous love... 929
our God, may thy preci. 1
our High-priest and Sav. 708
our matchless Friend... 202
receive our thanks and 791
shouldst thou be induced 557
strengthen thou my heart 288
take my heart, just as it is 353
take my sinful, worthless 357
teach us how to prize .. 416
the gifts thou dost 1102
thou hast chosen us 612
thou madest the universe 355
thy body ne'er forsake.. 742
thy body's Sav. comfort 521
thy body's Sav. Sheph. 775
thy church's rock 830
thy deep humiliation... 104
to thy people aid disp. 892
we fain would trust thee 94
what is man! a clod of 1145
when bef. the Father's 798
when thou saidst, So let 190
while my faith to thee 321
whither can I sinner... 1138
who didst sanctify 576
who ordain'dst the mar. 1036
who thine own and Fa. 244
with thy glorious pres. 805
ve and grief my heart div. 426
by whom I was ordain'd 21
caus'd thy incarnation 34
God with all my heart 584
he most strongly did en. 487
is his nature still 519
my Life and my Salvat. 21
so strikingly displayed 107
thou me wi.t raise to gl. 21
thy yoke I gladly carry 21
who, as my bleeding Sav. 107
who hast for me endured 107
who hast for me—keenest 21
who interced'st in heaven 21
over of little children 987
ving Jesus, holy Lamb 983
w at thy feet O may I bow 984

M

Make me a bosom friend of... 357
me a clean 527
me thine abode 853
* my calling and election 1140
my heart a garden fair 613
thou us monuments of 964
us all one heart and mind 483
* Maker of all things, Lord .. 58
Man at his first creation 34
* by Satan's wiles deceiv. 53
* of sorrows, and acquaint 77
* Many complaints to Christ 702
May all our pastors 710
all those blessings on us 84
all thy people, far and near 710
Christ continue still to .. 1166
every drop of blood 929
happy Mary's better part 1031
his presence constantly.. 706
I be faithful to thy call .. 347
I be serious, childlike too 704
I grow in spirit daily.... 1179
I, in thy communion 854
I no more resist thy love 323
I, of thy chosen bride.... 463
I still enjoy this feeling.. 426
in my heart's recesses ... 1128
it in our walk be seen... 562
it to the world appear ... 479
Jesus Christ the spotless 82
* Jesus' grace and blessing 1072
many wild, uncultivated 879
none of us, which we ... 991
our mind and whole be. 583
spirit, soul, and body be 561
that refresh us while we 1092
* the grace of Christ 209
* the stream from thee 957
the tears and sweat of... 1179
this deaden nature's..... 1179
this each day be my em. 418
this ever-blessed hope ... 1187
this place exist no longer 786
thy blest Spirit to my.... 372
thy ransom'd people..... 744
thy whole flock, by thee 710
to Jesus, while we 're ... 959
we a grateful sense ret.... 124
we all be ever so dis..... 568
we all then stand before 55
we always have in view 1185
we, by Jesus' love..... 1040
we cleave to Jesus 1184
we enjoy thy saving gr. 1098
we faithful in our service 841
we fix the eye of faith... 1052
we like Anna persevere 1053

May we show forth continually 746
we so captivated be 971
we this testament fulfil 488
we, tho' gifts be manifold 480
we thy mind still better 989
we to thee, in all our.... 369
we to thee, our Shepherd 827
Mayst thou live to know..... 1096
thou with us thy grace 761
Meanwhile, God, the Holy ... 1060
his promises we trust 670
I 'll love and thank .. 146
may I in spirit view 1151
our let is fallen in ple. 395
that we might bear in 930
they tread the narrow 866
Meek and lowly see your Sav. 55
* patient Lamb of God .. 605
they are to all mankind 479
Meekness and true humility.. 1021
Me for thy coming, Lord prep. 1151
heavy-laden sinner, hear 287
nor the saints on earth can 293
thy all-seeing eye 343
with thy gladd'ning oil... 347
Mention to him ev'ry want... 636
Mere mercy 'tis, that thou.... 348
* Met around the sacred tomb 145
Methinks, I hear them joyful 1004
'Midst danger's blackest frown 663
joy beyond expression 1148
* the trials we experience 1060
Might all his loving heart but 273
every one, who knows us 761
I in thy sight appear .. 295
thy dying love, dear suf. 143
we all, young and old 756
* we unto our Saviour... 1010
with an iron pen 416
Mighty God, we humbly pray 562
Mine is an unchanging love 474
* Mistaken souls, that dream 313
* Moments of ecstatic pleasure 382
* Monarch of all with humble 184
More and more our joys..... 883
* than shepherd's faithful 962
Mortals with joy beheld his .. 235
* Most awful sight, my heart 88
* faithful Lord, thyself 848
gladly I to others leave 592
gracious Comforter... 270
* gracious God, to thee 16
gracious God and Lord 414
gracious Lord—Eternal 205
gracious Saviour, to .. 4021
holy and Almighty Lord 4
* holy, blessed Trinity 200
* holy Lord and God ... 156
* *holy Lord*, mankind's 106
Most holy Lord, thou know'st 985
merciful Saviour, who 294
Mould me as clay and fashion 290
* Mount Zion, where the..... 1173
Mourn, whene'er thou hast... 636
Mourning souls are truly..... 1030
souls, dry up your.. 286
Much of my dubious life is... 1063
* My All in All, my faithful 399
blessed Saviour, is thy love 448
body and my soul combine 592
* body's weak, my heart 1116
* case to thee is fully known 540
conscience felt, and.... 335
* dear Redeemer, God and 81
dearest Lord, shouldst 461
debt to they, God, who art 123
earnest prayer, while abs. 471
* faith shall triumph o'er 1163
faith victorious new doth 1174
faith would lay the hand 336
faithless heart, O gracious 537
fav'rite theme is Jesus.. 413
flesh meanwhile doth rest 1145
* God a man, a man indeed 76
God, & can a needy child 1138
* God, the spring of all my 1077
griefs and cares, to thee 230
guilt is cancell'd quite.. 473
* happy lot is here..... 1141
heart in thee and in thy 518
heart no condemnation 27
heart, while here 'tis mov. 196
heart with fervour 727
heart with love is glowing 92
heart's fixed on Jesus, 464
Jesus and his merit 622
Jesus is always desirous to 464
King benign, ... 370
King, thy noble statutes 499
* life I now to God resign 1145
* life supplying element 115
lips shall be employ'd to 993
* Lord and God..... 1178
* Lord, how great the fav. 339
* lot of grace will be always 1182
loving friends, farewell 1117
mind enlighten with thy 340
only joy and comfort here 368
portion is the Lord;.... 314
prayer is, Jesus, let me 535
ransom from the power of 29
* Redeemer knoweth me 638
* Redeemer, overwhelmed 91
Salvation, welcome be 45
Saviour, by his saving 1190
Saviour, learned Joseph's 70
* Saviour left his throne 400
* Saviour sinners doth rec. 273

r's death and passion 118
r's pierced side 951
, that I without... 598
, thou thy love to 441
r was betrayed.... 92
ow deliver..... 116
rd is the Lamb.... 963
el, my guilt I know 28
numerous as the.. 123
thy great loveliness 108
all bless the Lord.. 233
k what thou wilt 696
vake, and render.. 1070
fore thee prostrate 518
lieve and pray.... 696
n't delay 498
ey the gracious call 25
repare to meet 929
en with assurance 191
ough deeply bow'd 390
ough here by various 653
aiteth on the Lord 789
velfare he advances 188
im embraces..... 431
ow, with solemn.. 85
e doth spread 963
aith Christ upon you 503

N

me into this world 189
ver sacred..... 73
luctance over-rule 344
the poor returns I 473
cross I tarry..... 413
nearer draw us ... 715
lejected,—unaffected 703
I depart from..... 23
r, will we cease... 885
iath in this world 484
o heart his anguish 110
e draw me..... 245
g he denieth 1099
nation now I dread 334
blood thou deem'st 114
go to-night but stay 1093
I'll in deed and.. 839
g sword doth guard 131
s availeth 560
burns our love 259
n truly say 263
greater love can.. 448
vith trembling heart 628
doth know..... 498
d he cannot leave.. 1144
man's endeavour... 34
creature had been 1041
, therefore, that we 310
can ever fully tell.. 975
t Christ, my Saviour 446
23

None can be so overwhelmed 651
* e'er shall be ashamed .. 644
from God too distant... 594
* God the Father's favour 599
in his own wisdom trusts 479
is so holy, pure, and just 331
Nor hath the King of grace ... 1194
is there any other way... 331
joy, nor grief, nor time.... 1113
* Not all the angels of the.... 678
* all the blood of beasts.. 336
for your own worthiness 838
* one of Adam's race 26
the labour of my hands 960
* Nothing but thy blood, O... 301
else can ease our burden 301
in my hand I bring..... 960
you in exchange need .. 279
Nought but blessings 1018
but Jesus' grace his 751
but my Saviour's passion 429
can disturb this heir.... 1154
can such pleasure yield 592
in this world affords.... 368
on earth can satisfy.... 465
Now am I, though dust..... 853
a new scene of time be. 1063
all tears are wiped away 1161
* begin the heavenly theme 286
behold him bleeding.... 91
bless and praise the 925
dear Brethren, know ye 786
dearest Lord, we inly .. 328
doth our Lord, the Son 220
* haste, my soul, with.... 146
* I have found the ground 315
I'll lie down and safely 1063
is come our time sabbatic 928
is his sympathising 273
let us all say, Amen.... 1176
* let us join our hearts... 1119
* let us praise the Lord .. 666
* Lord, who in this vale 1199
may the very God of.... 771
ready stand..... 1170
* rest in peace..... 1158
* sing, thou happy church 218
the conflict is decided .. 567
the song of all the saved 1162
then, before his face ... 659
then, my Way, my Truth 647
then the sequel is well 647
through another year .. 1068
through thy wounds my 344
to Bethlehem we're inv. 55
to Joseph's tomb conv. 98
to the earth let these... 1157
to the Lamb upon the.. 806
unite to render praises [illegible]

* Now will I, like Mary..... 147
while on earth I stay.. 658
* with joyful songs app. 685
with tears of love & joy 145

O

O all-wise sublime decree,.... 508
all ye just, ye rich, ye wise 647
* at last I 've found my Sav. 345
baptise me with thy fire.... 522
* behold your Saviour 111
* be mindful of us gracious... 1025
* bless the ministry..... 862
blessed truth, which with .. 249
* blest condition, happy liv... 604
* blest Redeemer, in thy 911
boundless love and grace ... 489
boundless love, O love..... 101
* can it be, that I should 334
change my vile and stub.... 982
* Christ, my only Life and... 461
church of God, lift up thy... 949
* church of Jesus, now draw 943
church, rejoice. though 947
* church, thy Saviour praise.. 757
* church, thy strength abide.. 812
* come and view the greatest 39
come then, Father, Son 903
* Comforter, God Holy 199 & 267
* comfort words can ne'er.... 173
could we be resign'd and.... 192
* could we but love that Sav. 472
days of solid blessing..... 731
* days of solid happiness 388
* Day spring from on high.... 246
* dearest Lord, take thou my 373
death, where is thy sting? 1152
* deepest grief, which the.... 148
delightful theme, past all... 91
* eternal Word..... 234
* exalt and praise the Lord .. 1185
* Father, hear our humble.... 205
Father, us with pleasure ... 704
* Father of mercy, be ever ... 204
Father of thy people, we ... 709
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost 904
* for a thousand tongues, to.. 677
for grace our hearts to soft. 447
for thy name's sake, let me 287
forgive each deviation 758
form us all, while we rem. 1199
* Fountain eternal of life.... 639
from my heart God H. Gh... 543
give me, Jesus, give me still 596
give us that good part..... 784
* glorified Head 936
glorious hour, it comes 1119
* *glorious Master*.....844 & 861
* O God at thy command we 669
God, create my heart anew 98
God, how dreadful was thy 219
God, my eyes with plea..... 5
* God, my gracious God to.... 1076
* God of all compassion 303
* God of mercy, grace and.... 344
God of our salvation 1061
* God, thou bottomless abyss 182
* God, whose love immense.. 348
gracious God, bestow 666
gracious Lord, thy name be 1067
grant me, thro' thy precious 590
grant that we may thine ... 714
* grant thy servant thro' thy 855
grant us new displays..... 784
grant us thy divine, thy.... 253
greatest King, whose power 101
ground us deeper still in.... 440
had not Jesus' blood been... 417
* happy days, days mark'd ... 395
happy hour, by faith I see . 419
happy lot..... 1178
hasten thy appearance 1148
* Head so full of bruises 100
* Holy Ghost, eternal God.... 258
Holy Gh. kind Comforter ... 252
* Holy Ghost, on this great .. 268
Holy Gh. to thee we raise .. 200
Holy Ghost, with power ... 998
how basely wast thou used 104
how beyond expression great 220
how blessed are the mom. 701
* how blessed is the station 740
how enraptured is my heart 517
how exceeding rich and gr. 592
* how excellent and fair 1187
how great are the blessings 404
* how great, how rich, how fr. 300
* how I long to go and see... 1117
* how I long with Christ to .. 1151
* how I love thy holy word .. 12
how kindly hath he led us.. 758
how shall I the goodness ... 283
how shall words with equal 193
how wondrous is his love .. 542
* if the Lamb had not been .. 394
if this night should prove .. 1087
I 'm lost in deepest wonder 345
* in love what stores 490
Jerusalem, from God desc... 1179
* Jesus, bless thy witnesses .. 718
Jesus blest, my heart's true 148
* Jesus Christ, most holy 774
Jesus Christ, my Lord and.. 340
Jesus Christ, thou only holy 39
Jesus Christ, thou Son..... 199
* Jesus, could I always keep 534
* Jesus, everlasting God 365

re whose radiation 321
· thy matchless 405
d of my salvation 604
sus, my good Lord 528
rd of heaven and 996
ty our whole beha. 1080
r Lord 853
orten the delay 1160
ow thy great comp. 321
rce of grace 288
ore we through thy 588
pe away my tears 531
ys exceeding.... 462
contrite, low 598
souls and senses 1061
banquet, Lord 934
lory, Christ the 327
eace, our Sovereign 820
God, for sin. 200 & 556
God, the book... 11
God tormented .. 429
God unspotted 99 & 99
God, who wast 529
ce slain, my Lord 419
member of thy fold 799
e behold in faith 418
use and temple be 189
l with thee con. 374
ifth which thou 316
ngregation feel 711
untena ce most 371
ve our hearts 481 & 794
ty thee constrai 449
iri stay with me 536
irit still attend me 321
ength and might 872
ays think thee 580
n repeat the theme 220
thy gracious.... 721
r countenance... 744
ept my worthless 454
rd a sinner light 290
amed and blush. 721
ore us go..... 872
thou my shield.. 350
mand us what.. 879
e thee abased I 544
give a sinful child 982
Holy Ghost 531
nt my request... 1177
r very short I fall 362
v vile am I..... 297
treasure in my 448
me fulfil 354
thy countenance 779
up thy countenan. 763
serve me sound 651
contrite sinner's 596
widow's Friend 1058

O Lord, thou great High-priest 705
Lord, thy everlasting grace 315
Lord, thy grace impart 519
* Lord, we highly magnify... 869
Lord, we 'll bless thee all... 1118
Lord, what thee tormented 100
* Lord, when condemnation.. 106
Lord, who dost thyself ... 925
* Lord, who number'st all ... 1043
* love, all love exceeding 457
love divine, how strong 918
* love divine, what hast 132
love, no human tongue..... 219
love, thou bottomless abyss 315
love unbounded, refuge 627
lovely Infant, thou art full 42
majestic Being 662
* make each family a temple 1047
make us quite conform'd to 480
* Maker of my soul..... 828
may he so sensibly..... 706
may his love our hearts 378
may I humbly onward move 434
may I in his love be blest .. 469
may I look to Christ without 366
may I never from thee stray 350
may I never speak a word 992
may I then of Christ this... 1084
may I with submissiveness 599
may my life and labour..... 106
may my soul on thee repose 1086
may our fellowship abide... 737
may our friends, thy serv... 986
may our lives thy power.... 834
may our Lord, the God of... 832
may our marriage state 1040
may the sweet, the blissful 406
* may the witness-spirit..... 850
may thy church before thee 705
may thy flock still more in. 480
may thy name still cheer. . 72
may thy ransom'd people... 845
may thy word in Christen... 713
may we ever feel thee near 989
may we ever walk with him 1113
may we feel thy healing ... 1034
may we in all we do 1042
may we, Saviour, step 369
merciful Saviour..... 1002
might all my wishes tend .. 170
might but resemble thee .. 981
might I live in the enjoyment 114
might it be our hearts delig. 1007
might our souls and bodies 947
might this church of Christ 743
might this mystery great ... 1035
might thy dying love divine 115
* might we all Christ's name 1011
* might we all, Lord God .... 1[illegible]

O might we clearly trace 876
might we, poor sinners..... 1181
most mighty, O most holy .. 56
* my dear Saviour, when thy 80
* my God, I come oppress'd .. 522
my Immanuel 519
* my soul, mark every word.. 497
* my soul, what means this.. 640
mystery of godliness 1001
no, I shall in all things prove 627
* precious thoughts of peace 1035
Prince of peace, thou Source 148
* rejoice, Christ's happy sheep 403
righteous Father, how div. 216
* sanctify us by thy truth, we 223
shed abroad, Lord Jesus.... 250
Shepherd of thy chosen..... 1043
sing again..... 139
* sing, ye people raised from 408
Spirit in the Godhead's th... 822
* Spirit of grace..... 255
Spirit of wisdom, of love ... 204
sustain us on the road..... 921
take me as thy property.... 984
* take my heart and whatso. 352
take us up into thy arms... 987
teach us all thy perfect will 846
* tell me no more..... 498
tell me often of each wound 475
that I could join their ad... 1179
that I like a little child 441
that I may faithfully..... 496
that I may so favour'd be .. 1004
that I might still more en. 571
that I never might forget .. 534
that I thus could always.... 126
that I were still more pos... 461
* that in Jesus' church, his... 947
that my heart, which open.. 441
that my sins might find 97
that such may be our union 486
* that the Comforter would .. 271
that the world might know 263
that to this heavenly strang. 77
that we could for ever sit .. 378
that we all could quite fulfil 487
that we, his steps to follow 485
* that we, with gladness of .. 693
the amazing demonstration 37
* the delights, the heavenly .. 237
the happy hours I spend.... 465
* the love wherewith I 'm lov. 107
the rich blessings which.... 633
the rich depths of love di. .. 450
then turn to him and live .. 280
therefore impart 255
therefore, my Jesus, per..... 639
this makes me think with .. 112
* *thou, before* whose Father's 997
* O thou Day-spring from on
* thou God of our salvation
thou life-giving Stream, the
thou matchless Source of...
thou, our first-born Brother
thou, our highest comfort ..
thou, the church's Head,....
* thou, the church's Lord ....
thou, the sole Defence and..
thou well-spring of salvation
thou, who always dost abide
* thou who in the sanctuary
* thou who out of sin's dark
* thou, who pardon canst im.
thou, who to redeem my....
* thou, whose goodness .....
* thou, whose human life for
thou, whose love extends ..
* thou, whose mercies far....
'tis the greatest happiness..
Well of life, we pant for....
Well-spring flowing.....
were his death impressed ..
were my whole mind .....
were we free from strange..
* what a depth of love and ..
what a privilege is this.....
what a striking exhibition..
* what a wretched heart have
what blessings are from Jes.
what comfort flows .....
* what complete salvation ...
* what happiness divine .....
* what is Christ to me .....
* what joy..... 1
* what love is here displayed
* what peace, divinely sweet
* what songs in highest strain
what songs of praises 1
* what would be my condition
when will the time draw...
* whether shall I flee,.....
wonder, far exceeding.....
* world, see thy Creator .....
* ye heavenly souls..... 1
yes, having found in the....
yes, I feel I am forgiven....
yes, nor would I change....
yes, our free election.....
Object not, I 'm a wretch too
Observe the sympathy and....
O'erwhelmed with grief, and
Of all the crowns Jehovah....
all, thou the beginning art
Christ, we 'll gladly testify
each weight still more div.
his complete salvation ....
life, the fountain thou ....
nothing we have ever done

Of our lives, we will be careful 509
such love, what mortal can 52
this great truth, we boldly 249
this I am persuaded 622
Oft as, in spirit, Christ he 563
* as the church the blessings 722
he was hungry, spent, and.. 76
to prayer, by night, retreated 77
* Often I call to mind the place 87
oppressed with human 76
Oftentimes for thee I sigh 467
One day is better 727
of those sheep in deserts 22
suit in mercy to us grant 797
* there is, above ll others 447
* there is, to Christ well kno. 734
thing I'll gladly do to ... 101
* view, Lord Jesus, of thy 114
wish, with holy transport 732
with Christ their head... 391
On fallen men he cast his.... 676
him we'll venture all we 837
his precious death and ... 1175
Israel's scatter'd tribes ... 710
me, my King, exert thy .. 528
me, thy helpless worm ... 293
my heart, thy wounds, for 103
* our God, we will rely.... 1052
that day of consummation 567
the cross, thy body broken 94
thee, almighty Lord of ... 660
thee, alone, my hope relies 450
* this glad day a brighter .. 165
those, who faithful prove 502
* thy ransom'd congregation 760
us, he spent his life and blood 291
us, their parents, grace... 1045
what joys celestial..... 1176
withered grass reclines ... 46
Only, against offence 884
Or, art thou at a loss 129
he that consolation 796
Other refuge have I none 656
Others may seek satisfaction 345
* Our baptism first declares .. 907
* children gracious Lord 1045
comfort is, that he doth 1053
* conversation is in heav. 1143
Cou sellor we praise. 54
elders and all other ser. 845
enraptured hearts shall 91
eternal, kind Creator... 37
faith is feeble, we conf. 320
* Father, great and glori. 232
* Father, who in heaven 231
God defends us day by 1118
God is fully reconciled 127
* gracious God be praised 249
gracious Saviour, Head 160
Our hands for blessing hallow 707
hearts thou didst cheer ... 255
heavenly Father, hear.... 822
* heavenly Father is not kn. 219
* heavenly Father, Source 206
lips would gladly mention 793
life, our death.... ... 881
* Lord and Saviour doth... 1021
Lord contradiction of ... 504
Lord now calleth const... 20
* lot how blessed ... 397
lot in future years ... 1068
* lot of grace how truly ... 803
meek, suffering Saviour .. 95
only stay is Jesus' grace.. 729
pleasure and our duty.... 565
Redeemer rose victorious 1175
Saviou was lovely child 980
souls and bod es feed 227
souls and bodies, Lord 440
* souls with nmost shame 788
thankfu tears then testify 79
theme withi the church 310
hirsting can never. 24
weak endeavours bless ... 872
* whole salvation doth. ... 19
works and merits we. ... 837
youth decay'd, his powe 674
Ourselves, dear Lord, we now 794
Outcasts of men to you I . . 283
* Out of love and boundless . 985
of love he ma created 1069
of mere grace unmerited 31
* of the deep I cried..... 304
* of the deep I cry to thee 289
Own me, Lord, my preserver 100
* thy congregation 782

P

Pardon all our sins, O Lord .. 921
Jesus, each transgression 1088
* Parents, weigh before the .. 1044
Peace and good-will are now 220
* be to this congregation 808
* be to thy every dwelling 807
on earth, good-will to .. 44
* on earth, heaven is pro. 57
Perhaps, with the aim 498
Pervade, thou precious flood .. 929
Pilgrims on earth 664
Pledge of the promise given .. 262
Plenteous grace with thee i 656
Poor sinners, sing the Lamb 177
though I am, despis'd, for 648
Poverty, and every want..... 562
* Praise be given to Christ ... 970
be to Christ, for us he 408
* be to God, the Holy Gh. 825
be to thee in Christendo. 951

Praise for every scene distressi. 407
* God for ever, ... 725
God, from whom all bl. 1069
on earth to thee be given 319
our God, it is but just 1102
* the Lord, bounteously 756
the Lord, for on us shi. 49
the Lord, God, our sal. 49
the Lord, whose saving 49
the Spirit's mighty work 203
* to Christ, the Son of God 562
to the slaughter'd Lamb 694
ye the Lord, ... 700
ye then his glori. name 897
* Praises, thanks, & adoration 695
* Preachers of the gospel-word 838
* Precious Bible, what a treas. 15
* Prepare a thankful song.... 240
* your lamps, stand rea. 1171
Presence of mind on me..... 704
Present alike in every place .. 183
* Present your bodies to the.. 361
Preserve by thy most gracious 715
in constant love and 713
I pray, my heart secu. 984
O Lord, our garments 561
* this ship and company 1111
thy church, Lord Jes. 766
Preserves believers in the 2
Prevent me, lest I harb. pride 1073
Princes to his imperial name 237
Prophet, to me reveal 246
Prostrate before thy mercy-seat 948
Pursue, my soul, the sacred .. 85

Q.

Quick as the apple of the eye 590
Quickly, O Lord, thy angels 1117
* Quiet, Lord, my froward ... 198
* Quite alone, and yet not ... 701

R

Raise again the joyful sound 897
thy down-cast eyes, and 276
* your devotion, mortal.. 175
Reach out thy sceptre, King.. 439
Ready for you the angels 278
our Saviour is indeed.. 312
the Father is to own .. 278
the Spirit to impart ... 278
Reality and solid ground..... 540
Reason gives no saving light 3
Receive him, O Christ, as a .. 909
our cordial thanks, O 2
our thanks, O Lamb of 251
* Redeemed congregation 411
* souls, adore and 750
* Redeemer of mankind..... 845
of my soul, ... 343
Redeeming Lord, O be thou... 290
Reflecting how our Lord and 597
* Refresh me, Lord, with 1091
* Rejoice in Jesus' birth 54
* my soul, God cares 230
my soul, thou soon 1177
* O church, the Savi. 160
O heavens and earth 30
* our nature Christ as. 36
* the Lord in triumph 164
* thou happy little floc. 1166
ye contrite hearts .. 912
your conquering Sav. 159
Rely on God, thy Saviour 191
Remain our Lord, our Sheph. 710
Remember him who once..... 339
Remind thy little flock, too... 486
Renew'd in heart, we 're then 561
Renew thine image, Lord, in 244
Repeat the solemn strain 1198
Resolve, my stubborn heart .. 290
* Resting in the silent grave 154
Revive our drooping faith 259
Rise, and your pilgrim-path.. 948
brethren, we to all the 417
* exalt our Head and King 742
go forth to meet the Lamb 1169
* my soul, shake off all sad. 37
* ye followers of the Lamb 508
* Rock of ages, rent for me... 960
Round each habitation hov... 726
his pierced feet I 'll cling 463
* Tabor heavenly glories 121
Ruler of the congregations ... 823

S

* Sacred name of Jesus, ... 73
Saints and angels join'd in ... 275
Salvation be brought unto..... 672
thus did he obtain.. 130
Sanctify us for thyself..... 744
Save me from liking what is 979
Saving name of Jesus..... 73
Saviour, if of Zion's city..... 796
* of thy chosen race... 295
* through grace divine 451
to my heart be near 299
* visit thy plantation 800
Say, O thou love's eternal Son 592
ye blest seraphic legions 50
Scarce had Adam fallen 52
Scorn'd and reviled as was ... 507
Screen me in each unguarded 606
Search me, O God, and know 537
out, discover, and erase 532
* Searcher of hearts, thou 359
* See from the rock the water 955
him bear his cross, in deep 91
him set forth before your 277
his faithful witness-strain 508

e how the victors go 1177
Jesus, seated 'midst his .. 915
my soul, God ever blest .. 78
redemption, long expect. 1162
th' almighty God descend 52
the dear sheep, by Jesus.. 647
the joyful shepherds..... 1096
the judge our nature wear 1159
the streams of living wat. 726
this transient, mortal life 1161
where the servants of their 834
world, upon the shameful 123
your Saviour in a manger 37
ems this subject ever new.. 885
lf-will, that cruel enemy ... 982
nd down thy likeness from 350
Servant of all, to toil for ... 83
of God, be fill'd..... 836
rvice, not gifts, thou dost ... 182
t on our breasts thy Spirit's 986
Shall I, thro' fear of feeble .. 839
I, to soothe th' unholy 839
e, Christ, her faithful Sheph. 745
to Christ, her matchless.. 734
too, who touch'd thee in 320
ed wisdom's ray 195
elter our souls most gracious 771
Shepherd, help thy chosen .. 856
of souls, refresh .. 816
of thy blood-bought 899
ould any one of serious 312
any think, he 's so.... 312
any virtuous seem to be 326
bitter be mix'd..... 639
earth lose its foundation 622
I in earth's pleasures 467
I thus to thee have clea. 77
my bosom with lewd.. 105
not I for gladness leap 961
our minds to earthly.. 574
self-complacency take 326
they be early hence re. 1003
we not rejoice to see.. 508
ouldst thou desire her beauty 933
ow'rs of blessings from the 841
ow them what their ways 899
us daily more and more 856
us our poverty, relieve 257
ck outward y, or in distress 659
gh after sigh to thee I send 8
nce all that I meet with 642
God bestow'd his only.. 18
he became my sacrifice 27
he did from the dead.... 1147
he o'er heaven bears sov. 175
he welcomes every soul 941
Jesus' body I have ate.. 972
Jesus died, my guilty... 966
Jesus' pardon, love, and 332
Since nor end, nor bounds,.... 188
* our Saviour call'd us to 849
thou hast deliver'd us... 744
thou our wretched, lost 561
thou to me didst bring.. 399
'tis the Lord's command 696
* we can't doubt God's ... 625
we likewise may attain 1185
* we, thou unworthy..... 546
* rulers are ordain'd..... 723
* Sing Hallelujah, Christ 158
* Hallelujah, honour, pra. 437
* Hallelujah, praise the 1200
of his dying love,..... 679
praises to our risen Lord 159
* praises unto God on ... 671
* with awe, in strains me. 112
with glad anticipation 1062
* with humble hearts.... 407
ye ransom'd to his praise 226
* Sinner, hear thy Saviour's.. 276
Sinners, attend to Jesus' voice 20
* come, the Saviour see 274
* hear the joyful news 280
in ourselves unworthy 523
* obey the gospel-word 278
* Redeemer, gracious.. 843
rejoice, he died for you 169
who in thee believe.. 319
* with adoration..... 41
* would ye be healed .. 282
* your Maker is your Fr. 285
Sin-sick souls, repair for..... 751
Sin's rankling sores my soul.. 1116
Sit thou at my right hand 171
* Slaughter'd Lamb, Immanu. 783
* Lamb, my Redeem. 149
Sleep, my babe, thy food 1096
now, dear child, and .. 1097
* well, dear child, sleep.. 1097
So as she believed..... 1184
closely in mind..... 498
long I 'll pray below to live 993
loved me the eternal God 87
may I, each day..... 470
shall I walk the narrow.. 290
shall my every power to.. 184
shelters Christ our Savio. 1061
sure may I be..... 853
Soft and easy is thy cradle,... 1096
Sometimes thy rod may seem 195
Soon as the Spirit shows 241
as we draw our infant br. 28
in this world will finish'd 1097
make us to be 617
shall we hear him say.... 679
soon will he wipe off ev'ry 1113
Songs of victory to the Lamb 1179
Sorrow, and pain, and every 1191

* Soul, at this most awful.... 927
spirit, and mind 853
Speak, gracious Lord, my 533
O Lord, thy servant .. 7
* Spirit of truth, come down 263
* of truth, essential God 4
of truth, who Christ's 709
Spread thy blessing here and 770
Stand still, and see what..... 43
Steadfast in faith to Jesus.... 624
Still as we grow in years, in.. 987
be thy wounds to me more 433
* may we keep the aim in 995
will I wait, O Lord, ... 518
* Storms of trouble may assail 637
Straight to Jesus' wounds 523
Stripes and cruel mockeries... 91
Stronger far his love than 52
Strong let us in thy grace abi. 987
Such grace on me is spent ... 929
unexampled boundless.. 439
was thy truth, and such 81
* Suffering Saviour, Lamb of 921
Sure as thou art the church's 831
as thou livest..... 667
* God is present here..... 1101
never till my latest br... 335
* Surely God is present here.. 170
once thy garden flour. 800
Sweet is the memory of thy .. 183
majesty and awful love 237
* the moments, rich in .. 426
Sweetly may we all agree.... 483

T

Take full possession of my ... 518
* Lord, all self from me,.. 349
* me into thy hands anew 851
our poor hearts, and let 346
us under thy protection 760
* Teach me, my God and..... 1074
me to live, that I may 1086
me to show forth thy 983
* me yet more of thy bl. 475
us, Lord, to follow.. 795
* us, O Lord, the cross 272
us to number so our 1145
us to pray for all the 711
Tell me, little flock beloved... 77
Tender compassion may we .. 480
pity, love sincere 479
* Ten thousand talents once.. 473
thousand thousand prec. 193
* Thank God, towards eternity 1133
Thanks, adoration, glory..... 873
* and praise, Jesus,.... 404
and praise, Lord our 1
* *beloved* Saviour..... 682
* *be to thee*, O Lamb of 684
* Thanks be to thee, thou sla. 439
be to thee, who hast 1146
dearest Jesus' for thy 1079
* for ever be 655
for his boundless love 757
for revealing to us 200
for thy last heart-pier. 405
for thy sufferings, tears 405
for thy thirst, O Prince 405
Jesus, for thy sacred 868
* to our Lord for all the 1124
to thee for all the care 985
to the Father now be 47
* to the Man of sorrows 417
we give, and adorat. 902
wisdom, majesty... 489
* Thanksgiving, honour, praise 665
That blood which thou hast.. 297
bond of love, that mystic 913
cause shall never suffer 729
dear blood, for sinners.. 133
* doleful night before his 919
* favour grant to us, O.. 1071
grace upon us all bestow 990
he, all who in him believe 221
he, as man, might sym. 62
he who ascended..... 171
he will guide us, whom 633
his incarnation 1176
* I am thine, my Lord 647
I'm an honourable vessel 658
love of thine, thou sinner 473
mighty pow'r thou then 827
mystery, from ages seal'd 875
* our Lord's views with us 203
* peace which God alone 211
precious fountain..... 914
rich atoning blood 695
soul and body on thy.... 371
spark, enkindled in my 536
this redeemed, happy... 805
thou for us didst live... 11
thou, O Lord, wilt stand 1164
thousands by our minis. 805
truth and mercy, while 633
way is holy, Christians 920
we never should forget 922
were a grief I could not 648
which is by the world.. 604
which the law could.... 386
The aim and purpose 397
almighty Former of the 450
almighty God is He 54
almighty Judge condem. 30
angels at his birth rejoice, 47
angels, whom his breath 1118
answer, humble thanks.. 404
assembly which with thee 174
best return for one like me 683

of Christ alone can 260
sweat trickling.... 570
which thou hast . 461
of life we eat n faith 157
a, which can the. . 949
groom now appears 1177
groom of our souls.. 1031
and glory, Lord 6
of this, I know it .. 38
sweetly rests 1005
h above no other.... 1192
h, hi ransom'd bride 1035
h of Christ who views 745
h on earth, in humble 236
h submits to Christ, 1837
h, thro' her bounds 663
egation while below 930
crated house we love 733
ant is made . 853
the cross, O, hat's 131
s, which the law of . 29
favours of my God 189
vill come when Jesus 866
ne of Christ's blood 326
ne of our dying Lord 837
thief rejoiced to see 140
's the Lord's, to culti. 879
holy choir 489
faith he giveth. 431
ees water 910
ment of Christ's.... 487
ment of the flesh.... 943
al an almighty God 35
er from eternity 364
er in heaven 1002
er loved us as his ow 33
er sent hi Son, to di 258
er's equa God the 236
er's garden here below 750
er's kind nspection 747
he makes strong . 1056
souls thou dost sust. 267
love that burns with 468
st mother ca not 273
ne mind of Christ 581
of Christ re so nest. 386
f mercies let us pr 158
f peace to guilty . 158
f peace you sanctity 832
as a polish glass 11
, in these blessed... 875
enjoy'd by faith ... 1129
is great, unspeakable 392
of our Lord Jesus .. 217
salvation of the.... 738
d of my profession.. 622
church of Christ... 767
ng of thy precious... 1066
nly hosts with awe 659

The high and mighty ones the 599
highest obligations..... 102
* holy angels..... 1120
* holy bread which now.... 925
* holy child Jesus..... 999
Holy Ghost had long..... 33
Holy Ghost he sends 240
Holy One, made sin for us 30
Holy Spirit hath revealed 1038
holy, spotless Lamb of God 327
* hour of sleep is now at... 1084
* hour's decline and setting 1085
humble sinner's shame 326
husbands sanctify and ble. 1036
* impression of what Christ 434
joyful sound is news of gr. 311
* just made perfect, who in 1196
Lamb of God has shed his 148
* Lamb of God unspotted .. 691
* Lamb of God was slain . 309
* Lamb of God, who saves 559
Lamb was slain, both day 669
* Lamb was slain, let us... 669
Lamb, who, by blood, our 693
* language of true faith.... 322
last, attention due demands 110
law condemns, and Justice 29
law cried, Justice must... 19
law revealed sin's sinfulness 19
load, which caus'd us an 629
* Lord ascendeth up on high 169
* be with me ev'ry.... 1107
* bless and keep thee 214
* descended from 292
draws near us 914
* ere he appeared..... 731
* first empties whom 291
for us great things.. 750
hath ever to his flock 659
hath promised good 398
* himself gave forth .. 873
is risen again 161
* my portion is..... 1130
* my Shep. is and Guide 444
Lord's joy be our strength 846
love I owe for sin forgiven 473
love of Christ constraining 889
* love of Christ to me is.... 699
love of sin depart .. 240
* love which Jesus Christ .. 1037
loving Jesus passing by .. 27
* Man of sorrows whose... 178
many drops of blood 705
merits of thy death..... 390
message as from God re. 277
mighty seraphs join..... 663
mighty from their..... 1021
* mist before my eyes remove 298
* more forgiveness thou.... 341

* The more I know of Jesus'.. 550
more the Lamb of God we 393
more thro' grace myself 375
mystery of redeeming love 372
needy share thy consolat. 1059
nightly watches would I 1084
* one thing needful, that 340
op'ning heavens around 1077
patience, love, unwearied 746
peace of God then fills the 388
* prayers of the needy.... 698
precious flood..... 130
Prince of life reclined his 159
privilege, to be with Christ 377
promise of immortal bliss 311
purity our God requires 1031
reproach of Christ is glori. 505
root of David, here we 59
* sabbath is for man, that 817
Saviour, oh, what endless 450
* Saviour's blood and right. 327
Saviour's ransom'd race 680
Saviour, whom they loved 1004
* seraphim of God 1121
seraphim with sweetest 182
sheep of Jesus, which .. 267
simple heart no care perp. 604
* slaughter'd Lamb, my Sa. 117
Son of God, who framed 35
soul, from sin for ever free 1191
souls that believe..... 498
spirit is gone 1005
* spirit of the witnesses 769
Spirit which anointed 729
* spirits of the just 1152
Spirit's witness, full and 541
* springs of salvation.... 878
stony heart dissolves in 131
* suffering of this life's sh. 511
* Son of grace is rising .. 51
thieves, expiring on each 128
thought of blood and water 93
time to him is known.. 1130
time will come 1178
* unbounded love of my.. 365
unworthiest of his friends 179
venerable train..... 663
* virgins who enjoy our Sa. 1028
wak'ning trump, all shall 1160
water flowing from thy 570
water is in baptism seen 903
whole creation join in one 675
whole salvation of thy Son 221
* will of God is always best 634
* wise men from the east 82
Word eternal did assume 32
word of God like plent. 478
word of Jesus' bloody .. 745
world and Satan rage.. 240

The world, death, sin, oppose 244
* worst of evils we can.... 553
wrath upon thee poured. 102
Thee for thy care we bless.... 757
* God's own Son, with joy 1016
gracious Lord, we now 989
I adore, most gracious Ld. 469
I exult to feel..... 962
* Lord, I love with sacred 460
* Lord, the angelic armies 1123
of ourselves we could not 270
* O my God and King..... 224
the angels ceaseless sing 673
to approach with awe we 823
* we address in humble pr. 1098
we approach, most graci. 1067
* we love, and long to see 1142
* will I love, my Strength 459
would I view and daily pr. 182
Then, after supper, took the .. 916
after walking in thy... 984
all grief is drown'd 366
all old things will pass 1174
at the end of all distress 1049
ev'n in storms I thee... 518
his own hand shall wipe 1163
in a nobler, sweeter.... 140
let our humble faith.... 181
let us adore him, and... 672
let us follow Christ, our 503
let us rise, and serve the 1019
let us sit beneath his... 132
let us thank him for his 988
Love broke forth, Behold 31
murmur not, but be.... 660
on clouds, in glory seated 55
renew'd by grace, the .. 1024
shall I be supremely.... 1115
shall our wo and grief.. 1177
shall we go from..... 316
shall we in every state 562
so refers my state to him 647
sup with us in love 816
then to have recourse to 1114
the soul he join'd 485
tho' the worms my flesh 1163
thro' his enabling grace 562
to your great Physician 547
we forget distresses..... 796
we suit ourselves to.... 883
we with pity look on .. 332
will be of ransom'd 917
* There hangs the Saviour.... 128
* is a fountain fill'd with 140
* is a house, not made 1190
is asserted 727
is no good at all in my 101
overwhelm'd with grief 87
saith the Saviour I will 801

here shall our raptur'd..... 679
sits the princely comp. 1186
the rich bounties of our 938
we, to all eternity..... 1200
where my blessed Jesus 1193
with trimmed lamps... 567
here's but a small beginning 870
herefore, all his agony and.. 21
I 'll humbly cleave 314
I 'll thee adore..... 70
I 'll view the Lamb 419
my hope is in God's 289
my Saviour's blood 327
my soul, delight no 599
this be our concern 1027
we 'll follow willing. 511
whate'er our trials 1053
hereto the church of Christ 1121
here are the wounds I bore.. 937
mine eyes most certain. 1144
our faltering lays 661
were the unrelenting... 298
hey are objects of God's 495
by the Father are esteem. 273
can cast by faith their.. 542
praise the Lamb who .. 1119
that are whole, need not 516
that mourn, blest is their 495
who always our Saviour 471
who feel their want and 962
who for true consolation 1051
who him their Saviour 542
who hunger after Christ 941
who Jesus' followers are 479
who know our Lord.... 542
who search their hearts 274
who see themselves 44
who simply to him..... 391
with patience having... 1185
hey 're delighted, when 479
hine eye observed from far,.. 224
eyes be open on this.... 806
is the kingdom, thine .. 222
hink, how on the cross he... 276
my soul, how great ... 749
not, 'tis time enough.. 273
on our brethren' Lord 872
his alone can keep us steady 1023
awful, blessed meditation 93
be my support in need... 299
be our aim on earth, thy 1049
be our supreme delight .. 706
blessed truth, I firmly... 134
child is therefore blessed 1156
confirms me when I 'm .. 299
day is holy to the Lord.. 814
flock of Christ receiveth 833
gives me comfort and.... 1145
gospel cheers the poor... 2
This grace as long as life shall 412
* habitation..... 811
holy bread and wine... 974
infant rests now happily 1153
is my blood, of which .. 930
is my joy, which ne'er 647
is the day the Lord hath 157
is the Man, the exalted 237
is the time, no more.... 277
Lamb is God omnipotent 108
lamp thro' all the tedious 13
Lord, I do, with many.. 433
makes us all, with one.. 976
mysterious, heavenly... 928
mystery, every throne.. 236
night my longing soul.. 1084
now, with heaven's 837
* one thing needful grant 618
precious blood is full of 903
reflection fills us 1184
sacred word exposeth sin 2
territory 727
* transient world is not.. 1165
unction may I ever feel 353
while on earth, we will 393
will I do, thou Child... 38
wondrous grace to place 911
* yields me joy 700
* yields true joy and plea. 560
Though all earthly joys be fled 391
* but a little child I am 979
by nature I 'm defiled 555
by threat'ning storms 632
* Christ was God, and 980
comforted, they still 332
dark be my way, yet 642
distresses now attend 640
* ev'ry child of God 314
foes on every side ass. 730
guilt would fill my ... 1147
hated, tho' despised... 875
heaven's his throne, he 291
he was dead before... 272
his majesty be great.. 276
I 'm a sinful creature 418
* I 'm in body full of ... 1115
I to mercy had no ri. 443
in the very form of God 448
man, by sin deceived 731
often of encumb'ring 1071
pinch'd with poverty 896
press'd, we need not.. 240
rough and thorny be.. 641
seated on thy Father's 176
sin with us does much 289
sins exceed a mount.. 106
ten thousand ills beset 640
then unborn, though not 272
the outward mark and 258

Tho' thou hast but little..... 748
thou 'rt unseen, yet we by 822
to his boundless mercy .. 41
vine, nor fig-tree neither 197
waves and storms go o'er 315
we are feeble 397
* we can't see our Saviour 384
we feel, that soul and... 1026
weak and poor, I am thine 598
* Those are partakers of our 600
children are to God.. 1097
* souls are truly blessed 942
Thou anxiously complainest.. 92
art coming to a King... 697
art destruc. to the grave 123
art my daily Bread..... 246
art my faithful Friend 362
art my inward Guide... 262
art my Life; thy power 362
* art our comfort, blessed 1059
art our Father and our 221
art our Shepherd, glo... 996
art the earnest of his... 264
art the eternal Light... 663
art the eternal Source of 660
art the loveliest..... 489
art the only Comforter 266
art the Truth; in thee 362
art the way; thy Spirit 362
art thyself the Seal 252
* Bridegroom of the soul
camest in love, to res... 461
canst alone to us true .. 785
canst discern our ignor. 195
canst not by our eyes .. 183
canst true comfort to... 108
chosest us to show thy 466
* Comforter and Guide of 261
comfortest the heavy... 258
countenance transcend. 100
count'st thy children's.. 660
dost deliver..... 727
dost thy sanctifying 266
drewest me with cords 344
explainest unto us 256
fill'st with the gospel-lig. 256
for our griefs didst..... 663
for their sake who hated 23
for thy foes entreatest.. 92
* Friend of sinners, hear 323
Friend of sinners, love 528
God of mercy, thy..... 1067
God of my salvation... 92
* gracious Saviour, for... 984
* great Teacher, who 269
* Guardian of thy lambs 986
hast a tender sympathy 180
hast cancell'd my trans. 119
* hast kindly led us..... 782

Thou hast no pleasure in the 272
hast o'erthrown the foe 663
hast promised, for our.. 1055
* hast the world so greatly 221
* hast thy church appoin. 711
hast, with shepherd's... 728
heavenly Teacher, thee 270
* hidden Source of calm.. 376
* holy, spotless Lamb 23 & 605
in grace, hast look'd on 463
Jesus, art my God and.. 93
* Jesus, art our King.. . 663
* Jesus, more than thirty 566
know'st our wants, and 711
know'st my inmost soul 529
know'st my insufficiency 1151
know'st, O God, that I 1130
* know'st, the congregat. 772
know'st which way to 528
Lamb of God once slain 784
* Lamb once slain, thy... 976
Light divine, most gra. 252
Lord, art good, and 184
art Light; thy ... 184
art Love; from .. 184
art present to ... 1076
* must for thy..... 342
of life, fix thou .. 146
tho' heaven..... 46
wilt not forsake 530
loving, all-atoning Lamb 292
lovest whate'er thy 183
* Maker of each creature 250
* Master of thy family .. 863
* meek and patient Lamb 501
* Monarch of all 736
my Rock, my strength.. 1090
O Christ, art all I want 656
of all nations the desire 704
* O Jesus, art a gracious 455
on my neck didst fall... 224
open'st us a door..... 767
* our Light, our Leading 688
* promised Comforter 262
* ransom'd church....752 & 924
* reign'st above on 239
richly dost deserve 120
River of life dost refresh 639
* Saviour of the world... 871
say'st, dear Jesus, all .. 374
seest our weakness, Lord 196
shalt my comfort be ... 288
shalt see my glory soon 474
* slaughter'd Lamb..... 370
Source of love, God 253
Source of love, I rest in 386
* Source of love, thou sin 439
* Source of love, we pray 787

'hou Source of my salvation 92
sovereign Author of all 1100
sovereign Lord of earth 735
stretchest to infinity.. 182
the good shepherd art 246
the great, victorious .. 496
thy table spreadest for 945
to purchase our salva. 407
wast more spotless than 981
when we are oppress'd 660
who a divine repast... 967
who art present with thy 971
who as our High-Priest 113
who didst love me first 390
who in heaven art.... 599
who in the days of thy 909
who on earth the sick 715
who so graciously didst 827
whose name is inexpres. 770
wilt be our Saviour... 1000
with great tenderness 180
Thousand times by me be.. 103
Thrice happy congregation 747
happy congregation 747
happy I esteem my.. 592
happy they who by.. 396
happy they, who in 1136
iro' all eternity, to thee 193
every period of my life 193
grace, afford us 727
hidden dangers, toils... 193
him alone we live, for.. 669
his atonement's powers, 615
his poverty, the poor... 274
many dangers, toils, and 398
this vain world he 185
thy atoning blood..... 288
thy grace, may we 423
ius Abraham was saved by 327
by thy power I here shall 344
Father, Son, and Holy.. 33
hast thou bought us.... 23
in communion may we 363
in number and in grace 790
Mary could with cheer. 1021
may we, as thine anointed 760
might I hide my blushing 125
our bliss will last for .. 823
penitents who die to sin 911
preserved from Satan's 198
saved by God's unbounded 32
shall we believing..... 1184
shall we with willing .. 856
strengthened in the inner 855
the soul at once obtaineth 330
while his death my sin 335
will my wants be well 1151
will our infant tongues 989
y bitter agony 96

Thy bitter death shall sweeten 1144
blest people, trusting in.. 826
blood preserve my garm. 605
blood shall wash our garm. 160
blood, so dear and precious 138
* blood, thy blood the deed 418
* blood was shed for me.... 419
body slain for me 929
bounty gives me bread ... 189
chastisements are nought 660
child so minded ever 369
* children laud thy name... 757
church, great Saviour,.... 728
* church, O Lamb of God... 745
closest enter, pray and... 624
communion's celebration 927
conversation be sincere .. 1069
countenance divine 96
cross and saving name ... 390
cross, thy shame, thy..... 468
dying love all other love.. 101
dying love doth justly.... 501
faithfulness eternal 191
faithfulness I oft have ... 539
flesh to us a pledge is 139
former misspent time ... 1069
gifts, blest Comforter..... 262
glorious gospel spread 871
glory be to all the world.. 774
goodness, as thy power, is 765
grace thou freely dost 763
gracious call invites me .. 348
head bow'd down in..... 96
Holy Spirit with us leave 968
holy unction power affords 266
incarnation claims our... 251
incarnation, wounds, and 327
joyful Spirit gives me 287
* law, O Lord, be my delight 589
love and mercies all..... 466
love divine is perfect..... 461
love hath always been.... 461
love hath thawed my 298
love is great, beyond all.. 918
love, my Saviour, all..... 461
* love unchanging is our... 545
love uphold me when 461
love, which always is the 429
* majesty how vast it is.... 236
* mercies & thy faithfulness 453
mercy is our only stay ... 763
mercy, Lord, to us dispense 868
mercy may I ne'er forget 412
mercy ne'er from me 418
mercy sweetens every toil 889
messengers, who storms.. 710
name be hallowed everm. 1105
name dispels my guilt.... 126
pierced hands, for us ..... [illegible]

Thy powerful aid, thou graci. 1043
powerful presence, Lord 844
* precious, all-atoning 958
precious blood for sinners 968
providence is kind and large 186
providence my life sus. .. 193
purposes of love remain 545
sacred body thou didst... 968
sacred, meritorious infancy 39
sacred word is all our boast 6
saving name be hallow'd 408
secret hand we bless; on 629
servants and thy handm. 710
sighs and groans annum. 102
sighs, thy groans in..... 1148
statutes to thy church.... 822
stripes have me, a sinn. 1146
suffering life I cannot ... 80
sufferings, Lord, each.... 919
sufferings then, & bitter 412
sweet communion..... 258
thoughts are high and ... 195
* thoughts of peace o'er.. 445
thoughts of peace o'er us 713
unction freely dost impart 267
unction, O may I obey... 704
wisdom scatters, Lord... 195
wondrous love to eviden. 123
wounds present to our... 425
youth unspotted, full of.. 990
Till death's pale ensigns o'er 124
fleeting time shall have .. 678
* God in human flesh I see 213
I shall once behold thy ... 418
* permitted hence to go 668
that time mine eyes I 'll.. 668
the day when I shall 668
* the hour shall come, with 926
then, I would thy love.... 71
then, thou wilt call over 1134
to heaven I go in peace .. 668
to that happy fold I 'm ... 558
we in heaven shall take.. 270
we shall in heaven..... 1184
we the Lord our Righteou. 487
we, who here must often 1054
we with angels join to ... 781
* Time's undefined dimensions 436
'Tis by you they should be.... 1044
* done, my God hath died.. 421
done, the precious ransom 130
* evident that Jesus loves.. 469
faith that changes all 313
faith that conquers earth 313
finish'd, Jesus cries,....96 & 141
* finish'd now, ... 139
finish'd! was the solemn 116
* *heaven* on earth, by faith 374
heaven on earth, to taste 373
'Tis he, my Saviour, Jesus.... 1145
here my needy soul is 915
his almighty love 680
his body and his blood.... 926
Jesus Christ, who taketh 622
mystery all; my Maker.. 334
only this which Christ of 351
our desire, to follow thee 763
pleasant to believe thy... 1190
strung and tuned for..... 140
* sure, that awful time,.... 1160
sure, that by his bitter.... 310
that the kindness of our 633
the desire of all our hearts 873
* the most blest and need. 368
the most lovely attitude .. 113
then with happy John I.. 424
thine alone to change the 533
thine to cleanse the heart 250
* through the grace thou ... 377
* true, the lonely widow's 1053
vain, in earthly things for 373
well; it shall my glory be 473
To all my weak complaints.. 193
all those who have confes. 1159
* avert from men God's.... 922
be his priests and witnesses 670
* belong to Christ our Savio. 609
Christ draw nigh,—for.... 302
Christ, O may we closely 1054
Christ, the anointed King, 243
* Christ we homage pay ... 824
* comfort men was his 76
* day we celebrate the birth 48
* earth no longer cleaving 428
* follow Jesus, is his people's 512
gain remission of our sin 289
* God let all the human 1118
* God on high all glory be.. 199
* God our Immanuel, made 69
God, the Father, and the 781
* God, the Lord, be praised 1099
* God, the only wise. 680
* God we render praise 1198
* God we render thanks.... 32
grant us pardon, peace.... 35
heaven's bright realms he 679
him I wholly give..... 343
him I yield my life and .. 1145
him poor sinners may 331
him we owe our breath... 1168
him, who ever doth abide 665
his name give thanks and 786
his voice attentive be 790
Jesus Christ is due eternal 539
Jesus, our exalted Head .. 676
look to Jesus, as he rose.. 347
love thee, Lord, ah, this.. 421
our Redeemer-God 1080

To our Redeemer's glorious 406
redeem us from the fall 744
rest I now again retire 1094
save mankind from ruin 36
scorn the senses' sway 1074
such he saith: Arise and 326
that Lord, who unconstra. 583
the dear Fountain of thy 25
the Father's glory..... 171
the Father thanks and 202
the Father thanks are due 203
the soul that seeks him 572
the throne go undismayed 661
thee, almighty God, to 988
thee, God Holy Ghost .. 270
thee I make confession 304
thee I send my fervent 575
thee, O Lord, in faith I 1116
thee, O Lord, our righte. 763
thee, our Lord, all praise 176
thee, our Shepherd ever 803
thee our vows with sweet 1037
thee, the Lord of all, I hu. 658
thee with guilt oppressed 443
this thy handmaid, grant 1043
this world crucified 747
those the Lord will deign 600
thy brethren ever be pro. 1020
thy care ourselves we now 765
thy name be evermore 795
world and sin they bid 332
you he calls, My goodness 270
Together with these symbols 639
Triumph and reign in me 238
True faith, by Jesus in us 19
faith obeys its Author's 313
faith receives the offer'd 311
Truly blessed is this station .. 426
that eventful day 52
Trusting his mild staff always 961
in thy Saviour's 1155
Tune all your notes to songs 364
Turn, my soul, unto thy rest 636
us to thee 804
'Twas by an order from the 5
grace that taught my 398
he, my soul, that sent 674
then the children join'd 998
to save thee, child, .. 1096

U

Under shadows and reproaches 1159
Unexampled in that love..... 638
Unfathom'd wisdom of our.. 728
Unfeigned thanks receive 390
Unfold thy grace's treasure... 764
Unhappy those who turn..... 32
United firmly by thy grace ... 481
Unnumber'd comforts to my.. 193
Unspotted robes you wear.... 192
Until the hour shall strike at 1151
Unto Christ's congregation... 261
Jesus' cross I'm now... 143
my heart, when speech 1146
our Father and our King 723
ourselves no praise is .. 850
* ourselves, with deepest 1186
* thee, most gracious Sav. 1023
thee we render..... 225
* the Lamb of God 343
the wives, that grace .. 1036
thy praise my all I'll .. 101
us thy name's sweet ... 567
Upon that dear majestic 237
the cross he died 240
the cross I see him bleed 317
thy call I'm here..... 929
* Urged by love on every..... 890
Us deliver from the world 1032
into closest union draw... 481
thy congregation own 929
to Jesus thou hast brought 256

V

* Vain are all efforts made to 532
are all other helps 338
are our fancies, airy .. 313
Vanquish our lusts, our 258
Vile worm, shouldst thou 290
Virtue goes forth from him... 329
Vouchsafe to be present thou 909

W

Wait still on God, my soul ... 623
Walking, speaking, in devot. 77
* Warrior, on thy station stand 885
Was ever grace, Lord, rich as 177
ever grief like thine..... 122
it for crimes that I had.. 125
there nothing but a mang. 1096
Water and blood in streams.. 911
the body laves 907
Waters of life I hence may... 579
Weak are the efforts of my... 71
helpless babes, 'tis true 442
We adore—thee evermore 423
all at thy throne..... 524
all have reason to rejoice 40
all in spirit are agreed.... 750
all know who, and what 440
all say, Amen, deeply 900
are baptised into thy death 980
are forgiven and reconciled 975
are, if we in thee believe 561
are redeem'd..... 139
behold in him, our Brother 573
* bow before thy throne.... 247

We can from experience trace 1052
can't thy boundless mercy 1100
cast ourselves into thy... 792
* covenant with hand and 514
dead in sins and trespasses 31
deeply bow'd can nought 442
eat his body, slain for us 937
entreat, Lord. lift up thy 756
feel our sufficiency to 843
for whom thou once wast 921
have nought good in us to 964
here unite in prayer to thee 798
humbly pray support the 728
humbly pray, that, with 994
humbly take what he 'll .. 750
humbly thank thee, Lord 1104
humbly thee adore and ... 199
* humbly thee adore, O Ld. 1038
in every nation will boldly 504
* in one covenant are join'd 494
in this world no city have 1137
join the ransom'd church 835
join together heart and .. 487
know his boundless love 743
know that in our flesh.... 516
* know that we 're poor ... 524
know the righteousness .. 331
know the Shepherd's love 331
know, thou never canst.. 160
love the Lamb of God.... 310
magnify thy grace, pure.. 195
meet at thy command.... 801
now no longer need rema. 1013
now return each to his... 814
now, with the angels 1001
offer gladly unto thee 840
* often, in our course thro' 840
* O Jesus, claim thy special 1032
one Lord and Saviour own 734
praise thy name that we 996
pray thee, bless them all 847
pray thee, fill us all with 261
pray thee, let the heavenly 1118
pray thee, O Being most.. 24
* pray thee, wounded Lamb 346
reply Amen thereto 789
rest in Christ, and yet.... 326
see his beauty and admire 808
see in hearts as cold as ice 874
shall possess for ever..... 731
shall see our Lord return 1062
sing, and we hear..... 1001
* sing thy praise, exalted... 177
* sing to God, whose tender 676
sinners humbly crave 788
* sinners, void of good..... 416
stand, unto this very hour 835
steadfastly this truth..... 837
surely are a work of thy 761

We thank thee for thy day... 886
thank thee, that thou wilt 1000
thee intreat with one 842
thirst, O Lord, give us this 328
this offered Saviour needed 56
thy little flock, adore 673
too shall join the choirs.. 1189
tread on consecrated grou. 493
unite to render praises. .. 52
walk by faith of joys to.. 1190
* who here together are.... 891
will dwell on Calvary's .. 567
will, of Jesus' passion.... 794
wish, and what we wish 792
wish to afford..... 255
with joy confess, beloved 1055
* worship thee with filial .. 735
would not live by bread .. 816
We 're poor and needy, but ... 1021
Weeping, or rejoicing..... 446
* Weep, Zion, weep..... 151
Weigh next the pardon and .. 110
Welcome, all, by sin oppress'd 286
* among thy flock of 822
* blessed, heavenly.. 56
O welcome, noble.. 48
thou Source of every 42
* Well art thou leading 195
might the sun in dark. 125
Were health, and strength.... 651
we but all desirous, day 363
* What affords the Christian 888
am I, Lord, that thou 80
are our works but sin 346
are the mines of shining 12
are we? what do we 660
* brought us together .. 492
can be laid unto my cha. 29
can from Christ me .. 627
can we now give to thee 423
can we offer thee, O.. 834
can we poor sinners.. 921
* causeth me to mourn, is 477
comfort, what supreme 738
ecstatic pleasure..... 1176
for myself I thus request 704
gain'st thou by thy .. 192
* glorious pattern for the 1012
* good news the angels 44
grace, what great benev. 32
* happiness 1197
harm can I from death 108
* hast thou, Lord Jesus 1183
heavenly consolation 160
heavenly joy and consol. 1188
heights, what depths of 58
here sickens, si. 1144 & 1187
* human mind can trace 85
in thy love possess I not 441

	What is created by our God ..	659	*	When duly I weigh 470
	is his covenant of love..	633		earth and hell's malicious 194
	is it keeps me back	296		e'er, by faith, our Lord.. 1048
	is it that makes us stand	736		e'er I mourn, and humbly 471
	is my anchor, if you ask	628		e'er I survey 853
	joy or honour could we	331		e'er the Holy Ghost..... 79
	love can be compared ..	499		e'er we to mankind procl. 870
	my soul, should bow ...	636		ever my frail nature 412
	offering shall I bring to	38		ever we this highest..... 964
	of the Father and the ..	260	*	ever we with ardent 709
	peace divine, unutterab.	396		faith and hope shall..... 963
	peace divine, what	363		fill'd with humble shame 532
	peace do we derive.....	705		first before his mercy.... 641
	praise to thee, my Sav.	1103		flesh decays, when vigour 1114
	praise unto the Lamb is	425		from the curse he sets us 313
	rich returns of thankful.	746	*	having been with guilt.. 535
	shall I feel, when I....	1177		he applies his healing... 291
	shall I now give to thee	52		he had prevailed..... 95
	shall we pay our heav.	938		he in like manner 1184
	shall we say for this thy	180		he lived on earth abased 447
	should I do, a sinner ...	305		heavenly bread he gives 966
	songs of everlasting joy	1146		his hour strikes for..... 637
	splendid rays of truth	471		his name was quite 626
	strikes, O wounded La.	412	*	I am conscious truly.... 525
	sure prophecies foretold	52	*	I, by faith, my Saviour.. 126
	the fathers wish'd of old	45	*	I Christ in spirit trace .. 415
	thou the world foam....	464		I depart, my latest breath 115
	thou shalt to-day provide	198		I give up my spirit..... 106
	tremblings seize the....	631		I hence depart 245
	true disciple e'er would	867		I in heaven shall rest ... 108
	undeserved favour	413		I leave this world in 1180
	welcome shall I give ...	51		I review my misspent... 287
	wonder in the soul takes	440	*	I shall gain permission.. 1149
	Whate'er I am, whate'er I do	551		I shall permitted be..... 1180
	I ask, I surely ...	625		I shall yield my dying... 1146
	is carnal, thro' thy	563	*	I survey the wondrous .. 135
	thou wilt, thou,..	183	*	I visit Jesus' grave in... 153
	Whatever honours thee, our..	561		in our blood we lay 1068
	I do	853		in the night I sleepless.. 1086
	When a sinner in affliction	330		in the slippery paths of.. 193
	Adam fell, the frame....	18	*	Jesus calls, we ready.... 1112
	all my labours o'er, in...	399	*	Jesus had to his disciples 1184
	all our labour here is o'er	870	*	Jesus hung upon the 110
	all thy mercies, Lord,...	687		Jesus' suffering life we.. 79
	all thy mercies, O my God	193	*	justice did demand its... 29
	all with awe shall stand	1160		my faith is faint and 15
	angels by transgression	1119		my Jesus, from the cross 430
	bemoaning our undone	1024		my mind pursues this ... 365
	brethren dwell in unity	493		O when shall I have the 1188
	by adversity I'm tried ..	630		on the breast we hung .. 1068
	children, bless'd by Jesus	1156		on the soul this b'essed .. 329
	children, honour Jesus ..	988	*	on thy goodness, Lord... 548
	Christ, once crucified....	1121	*	our great Sovereign from 831
	Christ, our life, shall once	318	*	pining sickness wastes.. 1114
	Christ, our Saviour, lives	385		pride would stir within 598
	Christ in majesty shall..	236	*	rising from the bed of... 1164
	Christ, who sav'd us by..	226	*	rising winds and rain... 325
	conscious sinners	1167	*	shall I gain the glorious 318
	doubts and fears	399	*	simplicity we cherish.... 68

When simply we obey his voice 1021
* the due time had taken.. 20
the Lord appears..... 366
* the Lord of glory died... 950
the Lord's disciples saw 170
the true believer's mind 490
thee in faith addressing 698
this favour'd creature fell 52
this we felt to be our.... 270
thou art near, I must.... 466
thou, dear Jesus, wast... 981
* thou, dear Saviour, didst 174
* thou in death didst bow 113
thou, my Saviour, shalt 83
thou dost Christ reveal to 254
thou shalt give to me a 101
thou shalt on Zion 496
thou thy unction dost ... 254
thro' his merits we obtain 563
thus I cried in deep..... 318
thus the blessings of his 332
thus we contemplate the 388
to the cross nailed..... 95
* we baptise a sinner..... 903
* we before our Saviour's 937
we commemorate his.... 937
we have fail'd and 394
we have that great bliss 79
* we in spirit Jesus see... 84
we, like wandering sheep 526
we on his faithfulness... 748
* we rejoice, that Jesus... 796
we see our names enroll'd 562
we shall see our Jesus... 731
we, thy boundless love .. 442
we thy mercy weigh 416
with him, my Lord, in .. 365
with sense of guilt oppress. 294
worn with sickness, oft 193
* Where is this infant? it is.. 1153
* my Redeemer's blood.... 935
* shall my wond'ring 283
should I turn, or how ... 651
thou hast thy work 899
* two or three with sweet 801
Where'er I thee this day 1085
these faithful lab'rers .. 834
we look around, both .. 261
* Wherein is for children..... 1001
* Whether the period of this 1136
Which of all our friends, to ... 447
teaches me what is ... 353
While a flood of tears is 330
he doth himself reveal 795
here, I live by faith ... 1177
here on earth I'm living 102
here on earth I still.... 327
here on earth no place 592
here on earth we run.. 526
While human nature doth exist 390
I draw this fleeting.... 969
I hear this grace reveal'd 133
I know, his providence 626
like a tide, our minutes 194
on earth we tarry 171
passing thro' this shad. 631
saints in glory praise 408
* successive years are ... 1062
* the pilgrim travels 1125
thus thou feed'st the... 913
* we anticipate the day 1189
we at honest labour toil 629
we, deeply humbled ... 546
we partake thereof in 922
* we take our seat..... 578
we the kiss of peace ... 832
we, thy past dealings, 520
with her fragrant 34
with repenting tears,.. 912
Whither should I, sinner, flee 1135
* Who can condemn..... 158 & 627
can describe the lovelin. 76
* can rehearse, most... 1066
* can the love of Christ 743
can thy kindness prove, 427
can thy operations trace 267
can to love his name 124
doth not turn to him 1166
doth preserve our life 660
early, by a living faith, 1003
finds that sin hath quite 272
hath thee thus abused, 102
in Jesus Christ abideth, 603
in the Spirit's light can 745
is so full of tenderness, 543
* overcometh, shall abide 654
sincerely loveth Jesus, 663
spread the lofty firmam. 660
* through Christ's blood 565
to Jesus humbly cleaveth 603
would not now pursue 481
would still such mercy 274
would venture to explain 52
* Whoe'er in Jesus doth believe 597
this truth believeth 569
to me will come,.. 284
would spend his days 387
* Whom, dear Redeemer 449
Why art thou afraid to come 276
is his body rack'd with 127
need we mourn, as in.. 660
should I complain,..... 642
should we fear to trust .. 1152
was thy soul with pains 101
Wide as the world is thy com. 893
Widows are objects of his care 1054
Will he forsake his throne abo. 333
Wisdom and faithfulness allied 1036

Wisdom and power to Christ 65
ith all our errors and mistak. 394
a mind from earthly cares 143
ardent longing, at thy 704
awe, and deeply bowed 68
awe and reverence 'fore 239
cheerful heart I close ... 1087
contrite tears I thee adore 412
deep devotion 914
deeply humbled hearts 306
deep reverence we draw 926
each of us fulfil thy 843
fervour all thy people's 761
fire and with spirit end. 882
gladness they obey his 1118
gladness we will follow 860
glorious clouds encomp. 333
God, my habitation 117
grateful heart's sen... 131 & 116
grateful hearts we all.. 392
grateful hearts we humbly 216
great desire he long'd .. 915
heart and hand you now 832
heavenly wisdom me... 855
holy awe we sing 692
his ransom'd people,... 171
humble faith on thee I.. 533
joy, I still discover..... 1070
joy, we meditate the... 181
joy we hasten to the place 896
longing eyes, thy creatures 183
love's ardour to be fired, 485
maternal faithfulness .. 256
mouth and hand I give 851
my Jesus I will stay... 465
my sin's heavy load oppres. 93
my whole heart I cleave 460
new grace, dear Lord .. 554
new life endow'd by Chri. 568
pining sickness I decay 1117
pity view me at thy feet 8
pleasing grief & mournful 335
power from on high end. 805
sin oppress'd and wearied 547
tears interceding..... 95
thanks before his throne 743
thanks before the Lord 681
thanks we call to mind 745
the deepest adoration .. 103
thee, Lord, while I rem. 1195
the same faith our bosom 507
these my happy lot is cast 647
thirsty souls we drink the 923
this desire 'fore thee I bow 607
thy presence, Lord, our 212
us in Jesus to be one... 832
what unwearied faithful 539
Without a consciousness ... 543
beginning or decline 233
Without thy aid we nought can 842
thy blessing how could 870
thy favour while I live 537
Witness here to all around thee 755
true and faithful..... 520
Wo, then, to him that hath... 1160
Wonders without end we see 542
* Worship, honour, praise, and 690
* Worthy, O Lord, art thou .. 238
the Lamb that died 675
the Lamb that every 681
* Would our youth grow in .. 1008
* the world our passp. 880
the world with gay 105
* we by our behaviour 615
we for those things 1031
* we inward peace enjoy 594
* we, sinners needy .. 608
* you know the grace 1027
Wounded head, back plough'd 112
Saviour, full of grace 145

Y

Yea, all his works, in every.. 1122
Amen, pardon'd sinners 1181
an obedient, simple mind 1007
by thy blood once shed.. 953
he supports us ev'ry day, 1048
he, with uplifted hands 795
his condition..... 727
his own he guideth 446
his Son, his heart paternal 188
his sympathising heart.. 790
I give my heart to thee.. 98
Lord, we wish to cast... 1068
midst failings numberless 562
only he who feels 241
should it ev'n to man app. 507
this be our concern, to... 480
tho' the eternal Son of God 592
when all creatures here 659
when I see in spirit 525
with joy ourselves address 661
Ye, alas, who long have been 286
* angels round the throne.. 215
* angels, who excel in power 1122
* bottomless depths of God's 24
* brethren, saved by Jesus' 1019
chosen people of the Lord 1013
fearful saints, fresh courage 620
* followers of the slaughter'd 952
heavy-laden, sin-sick souls 279
mourning souls, look upward 175
* people of the Lord..... 876
pilgrims on the road..... 679
purchased souls, Christ's.. 1013
saints in glory, who with joy 242
* servants of God, your great 672
servants of our God..... 787

* Ye sinners, in the gospel trace 281
sinners, who with grief 26
sons of men, this doleful 178
spirits of the just above 664
that feel quite poor and 37
* the Lord's redeem'd 171
* virgins, be..... 1170
who believe in Jesus, .. 924
* who called to Christ's serv. 841
* who freely offer praises 758
who from Jesus Christ have 822
who in Christ believe.. 912
who Jesus' death proclaim 742
* who Jesus' patients are 1131
who love him, cease to 162
who profess his sacred 659
who see the Father's grace 286
who with deep contrition 34
with your Lord are risen 912
* Year after year commenceth 1061
Yes, gracious Saviour, I be... 979
Lord, we will remember 916
my dear Lord, in following 647
midst failings numberless 262
* since God himself hath .. 643
thou art precious to my.. 72
Yes, we feel indeed our own 1014
when this flesh and heart 308
with grateful hearts sen. 758
Yet amidst our songs of praise 759
countless are his promises 639
faintly to us mortals here 948
'fore thee, Jesus, I must 347
I enjoy thy grace..... 222
led, by faith, my penetration 281
let me not thy grace abuse 598
O, how faithless is my.... 528
O rejoice 151
one thing will I ask of thee 1115
since the Lord forgave my 473
tears of grief, at times ... 79
the warmest mutual love 484
this acknowledgement ... 683
this is confest, ... 498
we are of defects aware.. 1063
we are thine, most gracious 868
when my Saviour I shall 287
while we with joy adore 758
Your crimes and self-made ... 32

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* Zion, where God records his 898

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JUN 1 1983

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